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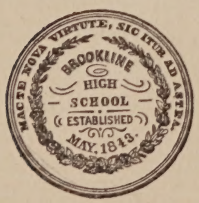
THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME II. NOVEMBER–JULY

1895–6



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BROOKLINE MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1

NOVEMBER

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 2 NOVEMBER, 1895 NUMBER 1

THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL

AT length the Brookline High School has a new and substantial home. The dream that has haunted us so long is realized, and we see a beautiful and inspiring edifice, ready to be dedicated to the highest of all human ends, the education and culture of the young.

The location chosen by the town for the new building is most fortunate, being near the geographical center of the town, and only a moment's walk from the Brookline Hills Station. It is also within easy reach of two lines of electric cars.

The beautiful public Playground which lies directly in front, will now become the High School Close, and in years to come will, perchance, be as renowned as the playgrounds of Rugby and Eton, the memory of which is enshrined in the affections of all their sons.

Whether looking across the Close from Cypress street, or from any point on the amphitheatre of hills that sweeps to the north and west, one is impressed with the new structure, which is perhaps more commanding than any other in the town. Its general lines are simple, dignified, and pleasing. The tower is unquestionably a fine piece of graceful architecture; and the building, taken as a whole, will give increasing pleasure the more it is seen.

No attempt will be made in this brief sketch to give a technical description of the building, or to settle the question whether the architect, with the means at his command, has reached the highest possible ideal. Opinions will differ, and it cannot be expected that every taste will be satisfied; but I venture to affirm that in a few

years, when the beholder views the edifice, well covered with ivies, in a luxuriant setting of shrubs and trees, he will sanction the wisdom that sought spaciousness, convenience, and beauty within, with simplicity and dignity without.

The attractive entrance in front is intended for parents, visitors and teachers. There are ample entrances to the basement at the east and west ends of the building, for the boys and girls, respectively.

The basement, like the floors above, has a broad and well-lighted corridor extending 240 feet, which is the length of the building. It also contains gymnasiums for both boys and girls, rooms for baths and lockers, a kitchen and lunch-counter, lavatories and sanitary arrangements, which are provided here, as well as upon the three floors above.

The first floor contains six class-rooms, three recitation-rooms, and a book-room.

Upon the second floor are four more class-rooms, a suite of rooms for the head master and teachers, a library and a reception-room. The furniture for these rooms has been specially designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mellish & Byfield of Boston. The chairs in the library are of the same pattern and workmanship as those in the Boston Public Library. The rugs for these rooms were made under the direction of Messrs. Goldthwaite & Co. Upon the same floor is the Assembly Hall, which will accommodate eight hundred people. This hall has been decorated under the direction of Mr. Herman Schladermundt.

The third floor contains four laboratories, for physics, chemistry, biology, and domestic economy, with ample spaces for apparatus, science lecture room, and drawing room, with studio for the instructor, and an art room.

Concerning the provision made for art and science on this floor, it may safely be said that no school in New England is so well equipped.

The woodwork throughout the building is of red oak, finished in a thoroughly workmanlike manner, while the walls are tinted in colors that give an unusually warm and homelike appearance to the build-

ing throughout. There is nobleness and grandeur in the ample corridors and staircases, and when once the walls are suitably adorned with works of art, and the building as a whole has received its finishing touches, there will be much to please the eye, which recalls to mind a statement of Ruskin, that "The first condition under which education can be usefully given, is that it should be clearly understood to be no means of getting on in the world, but a means of staying pleasantly in your place there."

The town has dealt very generously with the High School problem, as it has with all others touching the welfare of the young. How can we better express our gratitude than by resolving to be more diligent in the use of these rare opportunities, and so helping to permanently establish the fair reputation which Brookline has long sustained for good schools.

The writer shares the pleasure felt by every student and teacher in the High School, in view of what has been done, and does not hesitate to predict for the school a great and illustrious future.

SAMUEL T. DUTTON.

WHY PANSIES STAND FOR THOUGHTS

ONCE upon a time, three beautiful blossoms came to the Queen of Flowers to be named. One was tall and white; another, pink and very sweet; and the third, a tiny purple flower, so small and insignificant that her two companions would scarcely deign to look at her. The queen, although she had christened many other plants, was greatly troubled in finding names for these newcomers. At last an old witch came to her and offered to make the decision, and the queen gladly gave her permission.

First, the witch called to her three princesses, each of whom had a child about a year old, and then, summoning the nameless flowers, she requested them each one to choose the baby they liked best. The pink blossom at once selected the most beautiful one; the white one the fair, sweet baby; and to the purple flower was left a shy, thoughtful baby, hardly pretty, but very winsome.

"Now," said the witch, "for sixteen years we will wait, until these children have grown to maidens, then we will hold a royal court where their names shall be decided, and your blossoms shall be called after the child which you have chosen."

The sixteen years were soon over; June, the month selected for the gathering, had arrived, and hundreds of sovereigns, seated in the out-of-door court, awaited the appearance of the princesses. Soon they came; each one dressed simply, her only ornament being the flower to whom she was to be a god-mother. As the princess with the pink bud stepped forward, she was at once greeted with the one word "Love," "Love," and so many of the young princes immediately wished to marry her, that there was danger of the court turning into a battlefield. So the pink bud was called "Love," or in their language, "Rose."

As this princess retired, the one bearing the white flower came forward, looking as fair and spotless as the blossom in her hand. So, with hardly a comment, she was named "Purity," or "Lily."

Soon the third princess arrived, carrying her tiny god-child. So shy and modest was this maiden that many wished to call her "Violet," but the deep, dreamy look in her great brown eyes was too impressive for the name, so she was called "Pansie," or "Thoughts."

M. B. D., '98.

EVERY-DAY FRIENDS

HE stands erect. The good-humored gleam in his eye shows that his native Irishness has not been quenched by the responsibility of his position; he is a motorman. His daily work is to pilot a good part of Boston over the rough road of a street railway. Conscious of his power as he stands with one hand on the controller, he has as proud an air as if he were the ruler of a realm instead of the motorman of an electric car.

An attempt at style: a dragged-out-looking waist, trimmed with lace, which is too evidently "tired," and a stained serge skirt com-

plete her costume. Her hair is drawn into a forlornly small Psyche knot, carrying out the impression made by her dress. But her face,—have you ever seen one like it? Patient and weary amid the buzz of the store, she sighs as she calls, "Cash! here, Cash!"

He hails the car, he boards it. The people look at one another as he sits down. The coat-tails must be carefully cared for,—if they should be wrinkled! He touches his hat to a lady in a far corner, and he does it with the inimitable grace of the society man. His spotless boots, the shade of rich Jersey cream, are as pointed as toothpicks; his cane is as absolutely correct as his hat. His face? It makes one quite sure that he smokes a cigarette.

Who is this? Someone whose identity is lost in her surroundings: a hat loaded with plumes hides her face, a very modern cape covers the sleeves nearly to the elbow—which is quite a feat when one considers the size of the sleeves. The daintily gloved hands are gracefully held. She herself is quite "*comme il faut.*"

A face, as wizzened as a monkey's, looks up with a pitiful smile. The little box for pennies rests on the top of the music-box. The old woman grinds on;—does no one notice the stunted figure in its thin calico dress and its skimpy shawl? Someone has seen her, for there is one penny in the cup. How much will the penny buy?

G. W. M., '98.

THROUGH THE EARTH TO CHINA

WHEN I was in the West, a few years ago, a party of us went to visit a silver mine called the "Molly Long." At first I was timid about venturing into the bucket, but after much persuasion I stepped in, clung to the rope, and felt myself going down, down, down. At last we stopped, and our guide led the way to a large room.

In the centre of this room was a little car, and, obeying instructions, I stepped in, supposing that the rest of the party would follow. Just as I seated myself I heard a loud explosion, and felt that I was falling rapidly, presumably down another shaft.

I experienced this sensation only for a moment. I was so dazed that for another moment I could not move; but when I did look around, I found that the room I seemed to be in was blazing with jewels, and that the walls were covered with gold and silver ore.

I had no time to stop, however, for a little man in red knickerbockers and a green blouse had suddenly appeared, and said, "Follow me."

After passing through a number of very strange places, we stopped in a room about forty feet square. I had a peculiar sensation of dizziness; and, strangely enough, I felt irresistibly drawn toward a large, crystal ball in the centre of the room.

When I reached it I saw that it was balanced in mid-air, and then it came over me that I had arrived at the centre of gravity. As I passed on, it seemed as if I were twisted around, and had it not been for careful observation, it would have seemed that we were going back. In truth, I found that I had only been turned around, so that my feet were nearest the centre of gravity, pointing toward it.

In a second we started on again. I felt very warm. Soon the atmosphere had become unbearable, and my little man gave me a large, wet cloth to wrap my head in. I was positive we were nearing that far-famed place, Perdition. I asked my guide how it happened that we had not reached it before, and he replied that he had taken me by a route employed by those who were not to stay in Hades, and so the road had been made as comfortable as possible.

While he was talking, an awful discord arose. Shrieks, groans and wild howls, all betokening that I was surely in the "resting-place of sinners." I implored my guide to hurry, for I felt my hair scorching, and I was almost deafened by the noise. Soon the air around us became cooler. What a relief!

The rest of the journey was short. In a very little while I found that I was again in a mine; but this one was worked by almond-eyed, yellow-faced men, with pig-tails coiled around their heads, who stared at me with open mouths, and did not understand when I spoke to them. In fact, I was in China.

Then my guide disappeared, and, finding my way out of the mine, I hunted up the American consul,—for I was in Pekin — and sent a telegram to my anxious friends in Colorado.

The answer came soon,— "Explosion in the mine. Thought you were lost. Return on next steamer." T. I. R., '98.

ATHLETICS

FOOT-BALL NOTES

THE High School foot-ball eleven turned out for practice early in September, almost immediately after school commenced. The only men lost by graduation were Macomber, Winch, Morse and Stearns, so that the greater part of the team is composed of experienced players. Mr. Wilson, who coached last year's victorious team so efficiently, has kindly been acting once more as coach, so that the prospects are quite bright.

The first game of the year was with Newton High School on the Brookline playgrounds, September 29th. This game was played to decide whether Brookline High or Newton High should be a member of the Senior League for the ensuing year. Last year Brookline won the Junior Interscholastic series and Newton came out last in the Senior Interscholastic. In previous years Brookline would have entered the Senior League without playing a game, but a new rule now requires the position to be decided by a game.

The Newton team came upon the field with a band, playing "Onward Christian Soldiers." The home team came on in Harvard style, on the run, headed by Capt. Cook. The game commenced about four o'clock; there was a large crowd of spectators present. Newton kicked off, and in the next three minutes of play Brookline had scored a touch-down. From then until "time" was called at the end of the second half, there was little doubt as to the issue of the contest. Nevertheless the game was one of interest from beginning to end, and Brookline won by a score of 22–0.

The next game played was with Newton A. A. second eleven. This game took place on the playgrounds on October 9th. In this instance, as in the former, the home team had little difficulty in winning. The score was 20–0. At this game the players were much hindered by the crowding up of the spectators. Efficient ushers are much needed.

On October 16th the 1st eleven played the class team of Harvard '99. At the end of the first half neither side had scored. In the second half a punt muffed by our side was picked up by one of the opponents and rushed over the line. It is claimed that our full back did not touch the ball; but, however that may be, the score was 6–0 in the freshmen's favor at the end of the game. The line-up was as follows:

BROOKLINE.	HARVARD '99.
Lewis, r. e.	l. e., Sherwin
Gillespie, r. t.	l. t., Holden
O. Talbot, r. g.	l. g., Lloyd
Hutchins, c.	c., Fairbank
F. Talbot, l. g.	r. g., Tucker
Seaver, l. t.	r. t., Kilborne
Morse (Smoot), l. e.	r. e., Morse
Parker, q. b.	q. b., Farley
Cook, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Macomber
Aechtler, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Holt
North, f. b.	f. b., Adams

Following is a list of the games which the School Eleven plays this year, as far as it is now made out:

Brookline High vs. English High, at South End grounds, Oct. 31.
" vs. Cambridge H. and Latin, at Brookline, Nov. 4.
" vs. Camb. Man. Training, Soldiers Field, Nov. 8.
" vs. Boston Latin, at Brookline, Nov. 22.
" vs. Hopkinson's, at Brookline, Nov. 27.

Of the above games, those with English High, Cambridge High and Latin, Cambridge Manual Training, Boston Latin, and Hopkinson's are Senior League games, at each of which an admission of twenty-five cents will be charged.

This year, for the first time, a second eleven has been formed which bids fair to be quite successful. When filling vacancies in

next year's team it is to the second eleven of this year that the athletic manager will look for candidates, and the best men on the second eleven will make the first eleven next year.

The second team is this year captained and managed by Rufus G. Wilbur and J. Nelson Manning, respectively.

The first game was played with English High second eleven at the playgrounds, October 17. The score at the end of the first half, standing as it did, 4–0 in Brookline's favor, it looked as if the game was ours. But in the second half the home team started by losing the ball on a muff, and from that time till the end of the game English High pushed the ball steadily down the field for two touchdowns. The score was 10–4, in favor of the English High.

NEWS NOTES

The foot-ball team is now arrayed in dark blue sweaters with a red monogram in the school colors.

The class of '95 is represented at the following institutions: Harvard, Annex, Williams, Tufts, Brown, Smith, and Tech.

The orchestra is practicing busily, and it is thought we shall be favored with some fine music at the dedication of the new building.

At a mass meeting of the School held some weeks ago, it was voted to change the school colors from light blue to dark blue and red.

The shower-baths in the new building are not yet ready for use, as the fixtures have not been put in; provision has, however, been made for the foot-ball team until they are completed.

The Sagamore is to have a home of its own in the new building. A large, well-lighted room has been set apart for that purpose, and here the editors will hold their meetings secure from all intruders.

On October 5th the class in "Pol. Econ.," accompanied by Mr. Sanford and Miss Tomlinson, went to Music Hall to attend the Republican State Convention. All found the meeting very interesting and instructive.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Sam. W. Lewis; Vice-President, R. Chauncey Seaver; Secretary and Treasurer, C. W. Kellogg, Jr.

A sport peculiarly adapted to this season of the year, because of the excitement and the vigorous exercise involved, is Hare and Hounds. If the boys would organize some cross-country runs, they would, without doubt, be well attended.

Four of the High School teachers spent their vacations in Europe. The Head Master visited Rugby, Cambridge and Newnhall colleges in England, and several schools in France. He brought back many suggestions for the improvement of our own school.

The Debating Club held its annual public meeting on the evening of October 8, in the Lower Town Hall. The subject for debate was, *Resolved, That women should be granted municipal suffrage.* The meeting was very successful, and the audience was large and appreciative.

We shall all be sorry to lose Mr. Thomas. It is a pity that he cannot follow us into our new quarters. How patient he has been with us all,—with the boys especially! And how thoughtless we sometimes are of him when we throw papers about and sharpen our pencils on the floor.

It will be noticed that the page usually devoted to Humor is absent from this number of the Sagamore. Why is this? you ask. We answer that that rich (?) vein of humor which once ran through the school seems to have been prematurely exhausted. Let us hope that we are mistaken in this supposition, and that our next number will not be devoid of jokes.

The officers of the various classes ('98 excepted) are as follows: '96, President, Sam. W. Lewis; Vice-President, Parmelia S. Adams; Secretary and Treasurer, H. Spaulding Coffin. '97, President, Chas. W. Kellogg, Jr.; Vice-President, May B. Lewis; Secretary and Treasurer, Olive M. Belches. '99, President, Wm. Mayo; Vice-President, Alice Seaver; Secretary and Treasurer, Edith Walker.

A new innovation, which should be welcome to both teachers and scholars, is the lunch-counter in the basement of the new building. It is in charge of the Women's Exchange, and every effort will be made to have it satisfactory. Hot soup and beef-tea, and a variety of good, wholesome food of the best quality will be on sale here at reasonable prices. This will be a decided improvement over the "bun-shops."

Why is the Bicycle Club allowed to die out? It ought to be revived without delay. Now is just the time when runs into the country would be most enjoyable; the summer heat is gone, and riding is a real pleasure. Last year's members ought to get together and reorganize the Club. There should be no trouble about getting new members, for bicycling is really the only athletic exercise in which nearly everyone can participate.

This year courses in Domestic Science and Manual Training are offered at the High School. Both classes are very largely attended. Miss Everett, who has charge of the class in Domestic Science, is a graduate of Pratt

Institute, Brooklyn. She is very popular with the girls. A kitchen and dining-room will be provided for her class in the new building. Mr. Hutchinson, a graduate of the Institute of Technology, has charge of the Manual Training Class.

On Thursday morning, October 17th, while the school was assembled in the Town Hall, during the singing hour, Mr. W. H. Lincoln appeared for a moment in the hall. Instantly there was an uproarious applause on the part of the boys, and cries of "Speech ! speech !" Mr. Lincoln responded very happily by giving the school a short description of his European trip in company with Mr. Sanford and Mr. Dutton. We hope that some day he will favor us with a more detailed account of their experiences.

On October 19, the first eleven played the Harvard '97 class team on Soldiers Field. It was a very even and at the same time a very hard-played game. In the first half, just three-quarters of a minute before time was called, Brookline had the ball on '97's three-yard line, but by a misunderstanding of signals the ball was lost to Harvard. In the second half both sides scored a touch-down, but the Harvard team, failing to kick a goal, lost the game thereby. Our touch-down was make by Parker breaking through and blocking a punt, then Rust picked up the ball and ran 35 yards for a touch-down. The score at the end of the game was Brookline High 6, Harvard '97 4.

Following is a general arrangement of the rooms of the new High School building. The basement contains a boys' gymnasium, a girls' gymnasium, dressing-rooms for the girls, locker and bath-rooms, lavatories for the boys, a lunch-counter in the corridor, a kitchen and pantry for the class in Domestic Science, etc. On the first floor are the class-rooms, each capable of seating fifty pupils, and several recitation rooms. On the second floor is situated the Assembly Hall, with a seating capacity of eight hundred, the library, reception room and teachers' rooms, and several class rooms. The third floor is devoted to the physical, chemical and biological laboratories, the art museum, the drawing room, etc.

Drill began on Wednesday, October 16, the companies being formed and designated. There is an unusually large battalion this year, and it should make a fine showing later on. The roster is as follows: Major, R. C. Seaver; First Lieutenant and Adjutant, S. W. Lewis; Sergeant-Major, Wm. H. Smith. Company A — Captain, F. H. Cook; First Lieutenant, F. H. Proctor; Second Lieutenant, W. W. Aechtler; First Sergeant, O. Talbot; Second Sergeant, S. C. Wolcott; Third Sergeant, C. W. Kellogg, Jr.; Fourth Sergeant, W. A. Parker; Fifth Sergeant, J. Nelson Manning. Company B — Captain, E. L. Parker; First Lieutenant, P. R. Dunbar; Second Lieutenant, F. B. Talbot; First Sergeant, J. G. Pierce; Second Sergeant, F. R. Hutchins; Third Sergeant, G. A. Vose; Fourth Sergeant, E. North. Additional appointments will be made later on.

A Glee Club composed of mixed voices has been organized in the school. It consists of about seventy-five pupils, who were chosen by one of the teachers. The aim of this organization is the attainment of more finished musical results than could possibly be reached by the entire school. Since Mr. Cole has given his time and effort, it is hoped that the members of the club will co-operate with him in this attempt. The rehearsals are to be held on Tuesday afternoons, at one forty-five o'clock, during the school year. The club are now studying several part songs, which are to be sung at the dedication exercises of the new High School building. A semi-chorus of ladies' voices has also been formed. This chorus will sing the solo parts of the songs which the club are to sing.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE Brookline High School Debating Club held the first meeting of this term in the High School building, September 18, 1895. The following were the officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Stephen C. Wolcott; Vice-President, R. Chauncey Seaver; Secretary, George W. Walter; Corresponding Secretary, Fred H. Cook; Treasurer, Samuel W. Lewis; Directors, John T. Floyd, Austin H. Parker, J. Nelson Manning.

A special meeting was held in the High School building, October 2, 1895. A subject for debate was chosen for the meeting to be held October 16, 1895. It reads as follows: *Resolved, That the United States should have free coinage of silver.* The debaters for that meeting were the following: Russell Stearns, Fred H. Driscoll, Edward Sharp, J. Nelson Manning, Henderson Kellogg, and Herbert S. Hirshberg.

The annual public meeting of the Debating Club was held on the evening of October 8, 1895, in the lower Town Hall. The first prize for excellence in debate during the previous year was awarded to Mr. Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., the second prize to Mr. Stephen C. Wolcott. The officers that had been elected to serve for the following year were then installed. The President appointed Herbert S. Hirshberg, Sergeant-at-Arms, and he was formally installed in that office. The subject for debate was: *Resolved, That women should be granted municipal suffrage.* Philip R. Dunbar, John T. Floyd, and R. Chauncey Seaver were the debaters on the affirmative side; those on the negative,—George W. Walter, Austin H. Parker, and Charles W. Kellogg, Jr.

George W. Walter, *Secretary.*

HISTORIC NOTES ON THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

I WISH at the outset to express my thanks to Mr. B. F. Baker for his kind assistance in the preparation of the following sketch. The plan of founding a High School in Brookline was first brought before the citizens in 1840, by the Rev. William H. Shailer, at that time the pastor of the Baptist Church, who had been chosen a member of the School Committee in 1838, only a few months after he had come to our town to assume his pastoral charge. Realizing the importance of establishing a school of a higher grade than then existed here, he sought to interest the citizens in his plans as early as 1840, but although aided by the hearty support of the Rev. Dr. Pierce, who was then chairman of the board, and by many of the townspeople, he was not at once successful in his efforts.

However, at a meeting of the town held on April 5, 1841, it was "Voted, That it is expedient for the Town to have a High School," and a committee, consisting of "Samuel Goddard, Daniel Sanderson, Dr. Samuel A. Shurtleff, Dea. Thomas Griggs, Charles Stearns, Jr., Abijah W. Goddard and Samuel Philbrick, to which was afterwards added Captain Isaac Cook and David R. Griggs," was appointed to investigate the subject of opening a Classical School, and to report at an adjourned meeting.

Whether this committee found themselves unable to agree, is not clear. Not being prepared to give the result of their deliberations at the Town Meeting in May, 1841, they were instructed to do so at a meeting to be held in the following November; but when that meeting called for their report (Nov. 8), they still were not ready, "owing to the indisposition of their chairman." On the 21st of the following March (1842), the town decided the case for them, and "Voted, That the subject of a High School be indefinitely postponed."

But the friends of the enterprise were not satisfied with this action, and on the 3d of April, 1843, succeeded in carrying the following vote: "Resolved, That we establish a school in the centre of the Town, which shall be taught during the year by a male teacher, qualified to give instruction in such branches as the General School Committee may deem it advisable to have taught in said school." Here we have the birthday of the High School.

It will be seen that this vote was carefully drawn, and while not specifically ordering that the proposed new school should be what is known as a "High School," it left the matter in the hands of the board without restrictions as to the studies to be taught, and steps were immediately taken to open a Classical School in accordance with the plans of Dr. Shailer and his associates.

Their action evidently met with popular approval, for so many sought to avail themselves of the advantages offered, that on August 17, of the same year, Mr. Shailer presented a report at a Town Meeting, which showed so forcibly the urgent demand for enlarged accommodations, in consequence of the interest manifested by the citizens, that it was voted to "appropriate the Town Hall" (then the stone building still standing on Walnut street, near the First Parish Church), "for the further accommodation of the High School," and the board were given "full powers to cause the necessary alterations" to adapt it to that purpose. Three hundred dollars was the sum deemed sufficient to carry out the plans which they submitted, and in November the committee reported that they had done the work at a cost of $281.67.

Four years afterward, the venerable Dr. Pierce, after serving on the board for fifty years, declined a reëlection, and Mr. Shailer succeeded him as chairman. He held that position until he left Brookline in March, 1847, and under his fostering care the school continued to grow and prosper. Of his subsequent labors in the cause of education in Portland, Me., where he was at once elected a member of the School Committee of that city, serving until his death in 1881, this is not the place to speak. It is sufficient to say that they elicited the warmest tribute to his memory from those with whom he was so long associated.

The school continued to assemble in the building on Walnut street until 1856. On the 31st of October of that year the schoolhouse on Prospect street was dedicated with appropriate services. The late Hon. Thomas Parsons, chairman of the building committee, as the Town Report of 1857 tells us, delivered the keys of the house to the Rev. Dr. Stone, then chairman of the School Committee, "in a neat and pertinent address, which was responded to by the latter gentleman in his usual happy and appropriate manner." The programme of the exercises shows that a passage from the Book of Proverbs was also read, and an ode was sung, presumably composed for the occasion. One of these programmes has recently come to

light, and is preserved in the library at the new High School building. For a full account of that very interesting event, however, I must refer the reader to the Report itself.

The cost of the building was $13,500. In the judgment of the time the rooms were "all admirably ventilated, both at the top and bottom. . . . . The house is constructed after the most approved plan, and is believed to be unsurpassed by any of the same size in the Commonwealth . . . . and in an architectural point of view, is an ornament to the town. It was occupied on Monday, Nov. 3." The whole number of scholars in the second term, when the dedication took place, was 44—27 boys and 17 girls, and the average daily percentage of attendance then, as now, was very high, being 96 per cent.

It would be interesting to trace the growth of the school from its small beginnings to its present crowded rooms, with its large colony at the Bethany, itself more than double the number of those who first entered here thirty-nine years ago; to speak of the large additions to its excellent corps of teachers which have marked that period; and to tell of the service it has rendered to the Town, the Commonwealth and the Nation. But space forbids me to enlarge. Fortunately, the salient points of its history have been admirably told by one who long led its pupils in the pleasant paths of learning, and the likeness of whose face—so familiar to every High School pupil,—will, we hope, look down from the wall of our new home with that friendly greeting of welcome and encouragement which will always be remembered by those who have sat at his feet in the days that have passed. Not the least pleasant fact of all that will contribute to our rejoicing, as we dedicate that building, will be the knowledge that we still have with us one who has watched the growth of our school from its infancy to its sturdy manhood, and who has given the best years of his life to its service. "*Serus in cœlum redeat.*"

W. T. R. Marvin.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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FROM a standpoint of importance, the coming year will prove very eventful in the career of THE SAGAMORE. Last year, when the paper was started, its characteristics were well defined, and the enthusiasm of the school amply sufficed to give the support necessary to a new undertaking. This year it remains for the school (and by the school we refer to each individual in the school) to show that the enthusiasm of last year was not a passing pleasure over a new plaything, but a lasting determination to make THE SAGAMORE a permanent, beneficial, as well as a pleasure-deriving feature of our school. Of all the opportunities which the High School offers, there is none, we may safely assert, which presents a better chance for self-development than does THE SAGAMORE. Let us hope that the pupils of the High School will unite in the resolution to make the most of their opportunities, and to make THE SAGAMORE a stronger paper than ever before.

The completion of the new High School building is a landmark in the history of the school. The Sagamore celebrates the auspicious occasion by devoting a large part of its first issue of the school year to the event. Some of those who have been officially most interested in the planning and construction of the building, help us to celebrate its occupation by describing it and by recounting the history behind it. These writers speak for the school officers; it is our priviledge to say a word in behalf of the pupils. They fully appreciate the gain to them, in moving from their old quarters,—cramped and inconvenient they certainly have been,—into this large and spacious structure, complete with the most modern improvements, and comparing favorably with the very best school buildings in the country or in the world.

No doubt some of the older scholars will feel some regret in abandoning the rooms in which they have passed many pleasant hours, and which are endeared to them by association. But, natural as this feeling is, it will quickly give place to the joy of greater comfort and the pride of such splendid surroundings. Besides all the advantages of the building itself, we recognize its situation as most happily chosen. Standing face to face with the playgrounds, all the athletic contests of the future will take place before our doors, and it will be our priviledge to invite the visiting teams to come in and see how generously the people of Brookline provide for their High School, and to make use of gymnasium and lavatories. It will be easy to make sure that all visiting teams, whether they are victorious or not, carry away pleasant impressions of the school.

The students of the High School heartily appreciate the generous spirit in which the tax-payers of Brookline have responded to the demands for larger and better accommodations and facilities. Recognition of that spirit will inspire them to harder and better work. Let us strive to make the High School in every way worthy of its beautiful new building!

HIGH SCHOOL REMINISCENCES

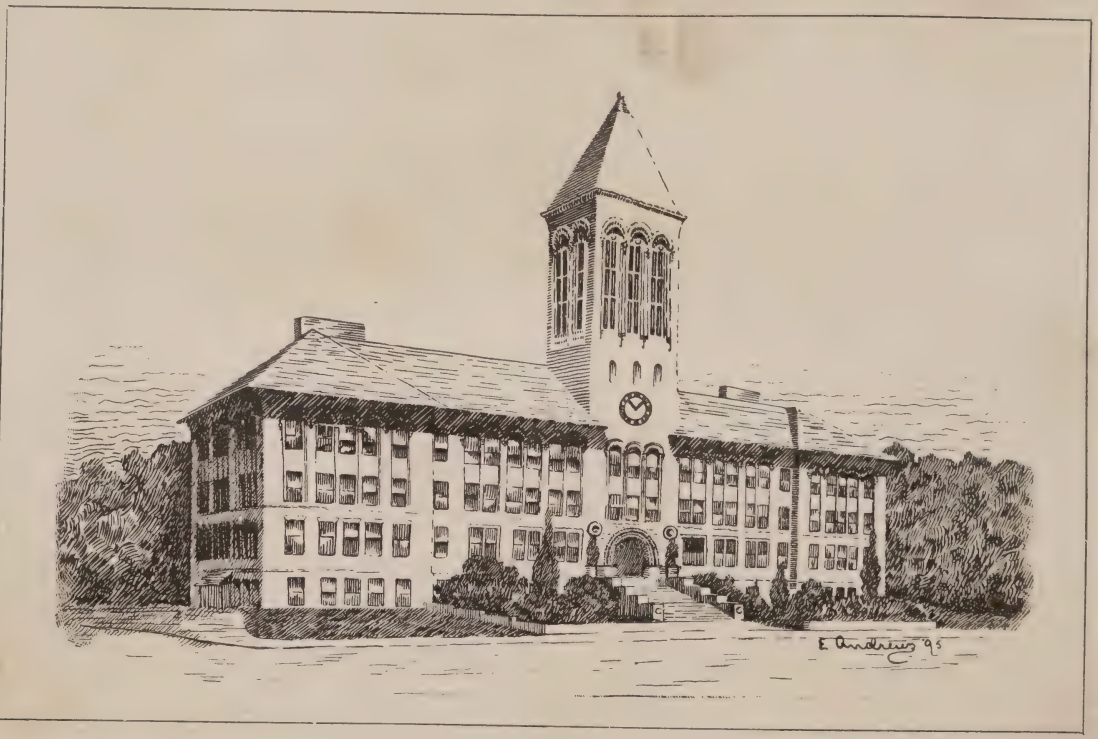
By Burt G. Wilder, M. D., Class of '59

V. How the Writer Tried to Circumvent Nature, and Failed

At my visit to the school last June I caught a glimpse of the small front room on the first floor, which in my day contained the chemical and physical apparatus. Whatever signs of its present function may have met my eyes, my mental vision now recognizes only a scene of nearly forty years ago, namely, the dissection of a cat by the light of literal "midnight oil." And since this is probably one of the few gruesome incidents associated with the building now soon to be vacated by the school, and since it stands for a serious error, the confession of which may benefit others, the circumstances shall be briefly stated.

On reëntering in the fall of 1857, to prepare for a course in Comparative Anatomy under Professor Jeffries Wyman at the Lawrence Scientific School, my regular studies were confined to Latin and Greek. They, with some outside attention to music, occupied all the daytime and the early part of the evening. But I longed to begin "real work" in my chosen vocation and in the winter devised an assignment of the twenty-four hours which seemed to me both original and commendable. For an hour before breakfast I read Agassiz's "Essay on Classification" in his then just published "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States." At the age of 16, and densely ignorant of many of the forms and topics therein considered, I probably understood little, but the opinion of Mr. James E. Mills (then one of Agassiz's assistants) and my personal admiration for the writer led me to regard the work as a sort of scientific Scripture, the perusal of which, irrespective of such a petty detail as mere literal comprehension, must surely confer advantageous inspiration. That conviction has not been shaken by subsequent modifications of some of the doctrines of the great naturalist, but I should now qualify myself for a similar "rite" by means of a glass of milk or other corporeal nourishment.

The day thus auspiciously begun was passed as already indicated. Then, when wiser boys went to rest, I sought the schoolhouse, entered with a key loaned by Mr. Hoar, hung and lit a lamp over a special table, with a lantern found the "subject" in the basement, and so pursued practical anatomy until one or two in the morning.



THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

Supplement to The Sagamore for November, 1895.

Of course, I learned a good deal, and for some time felt sure that the scheme was a great success, and lamented the precious hours previously lost in unprofitable slumber.

Suddenly a halt was called. Not by parents or teachers as, with fuller knowledge of hygiene, would occur at the present day, but by outraged Nature. I collapsed, and for some weeks was compelled to cease study altogether. In the end it is certain nothing had been gained by my scientific dissipation. Indeed, I have an uneasy suspicion that it may have disturbed permanently my mental and physical development: that but for it my five feet nine might have been six feet, and that I might have been more capable in various ways.

However that may be, I feel warranted in warning my over-ambitious successors in the High School against trying to escape natural limitations by "burning the candle at both ends" with the most innocent or even laudable motives.

According to my later observations, for one student who sleeps too much there are a score who fancy that time in bed is time wasted. Granting many and real exceptions, the brain-worker should not assume that he can do full justice to himself, or be most useful to the world, with less than eight hours of sleep. If it cannot be gained during the night the deficiency should be made up after the noon meal if possible.

On Friday, October 18th, the school was favored with a short address by Dr. H. L. Chase, a graduate of the school. Dr. Chase showed the plans of a public bath-house which it is proposed to erect near the Brookline playground. If the plans are carried out, there will be excellent facilities for bathing close to the playgrounds and near the centre of the town. The water supply will be the purest obtainable, and efficient teachers will be provided to instruct youth in swimming. The tank will measure 26x80 feet, and will have a maximum depth of 7 feet, and a minimum of 3 feet. Shower-baths and dressing-rooms will be provided. In winter, when the swimming-tank is not in use, it is proposed to board it over and utilize the space as a gymnasium or a drill hall.

AN OLD DIARY*

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1784

Tuesday made Sausages..... Thursday made mince pyes to send to Portsmouth..... Saturday Christmas Day,† my Aunt Heath, my ma-ma, Ebby & I went to trinity Church in the forenoon, did a few errands afterward. Went to my Grandfather's to drink tea. The text in Luke 1st Chapter & 77th 78th 79th verses.....

Wednesday, [December 29] my Uncle Heath, Aunt Heath & my mama went with a number, 16 in the whole, in three double Sleighs as far as Waltham Plains,‡ about 10 miles, drink't Tea at Willington's tavern, got home about half past 12. Nabby Gardner spent the Afternoon & Ev'ning here.

1785

Sunday, January 2nd.....very stormy..... Monday about two Clock in the Afternoon, Mr. Goddard, Miss Hannah, my Uncle Heath, my ma-ma & I, set out for Portsmouth, went about 27 miles, lodg'd at Putnams in Danvers, got to Portsmouth Tuesday night, between 7 & 8 o'clock. Wednesday, just before Dinner, Miss Hannah, Betsey & I, went out & walk'd round, about an hour in the Afternoon, Mr. Goddard, my Uncle Heath, Doct. Goddard, my ma-ma, Mrs. Goddard, Miss Hannah, Betsey & I, went about 3 miles out of town drink'd tea at Mr. Parks, got back..... about 7 o'clock. Thursday morning sat out, rode about 37 miles lodg'd at Adams in Ipswich Hamlet, got home just before Sundown..... Saturday.....went to Mr. Nehemiah Davis's§ funeral.....

Wednesday, [January 12] Polly Aspinwall Work'd here..... Fryday.....went up to my Aunt Crafts just before Night Stai'd till nine o'clock. Saturday.....went down to see Polly Downer.....

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* Begun in the January number.

† "Friday last [Christmas Eve] a Countryman stole a Turkey from another Countryman in the market, and after the Thief was detected, and the owner got possession of his Turkey, the culprit was made to set on a Horse in the Square for about ten minutes, in the midst of hundreds of spectators, in order that he might be known, preferable to his being carried before a magistrate."—*Boston Gazette, Dec. 27, 1784.*

‡ "The lots situated west of Beaver Brook, were called the lots in the Further Plain, sometimes called the Great Plain — in later times Waltham Plain.—*Genealogies and History of Watertown.* Henry Bond, M. D., 1855.

§ Mr. Nehemiah Davis died January 5th, 1785, aged 78 years.

Monday, [January 17] Mrs. Waters & her Baby spent the Afternoon here..... Wednesday.....Ebby carried....Sarah to the Doct'rs & we went with him. Staid about an hour at Mrs. Curtiss, went to Mr. Sam Heaths & staid. Call'd for Sarah, got home a little after twelve..... Thursday.....spent the afternoon at Mr. Bill Dudley's. My mama & I stopt at my Grandfathers* at Night to stay. Ebby come down in the Chaise & carried us to meeting. Mrs. Davenport & Anna Phillibrown there the afternoon we come away, the Doct'r in there a few times, we come home Wednesday night. Mr. Jackson din'd here the Saturday after we went away.

Wednesday night Ebby went to see Mr. Williams..... Fryday, my Aunt Heath, my mama went with Mrs. Ackers to Mr. Coreys. Mrs.

---

* Deacon Crafts' house yet stands on Tremont street, near the Brookline line. The land was granted in 1639 by the town of Boston to Thomas Ruggles. It remained in that name for two generations, passing by agreement from John Ruggles, 2d, to Dea. Crafts' father, a relative, both being grandsons of Griffin Craft, the emigrant. Back of the house is the orchard where all the celebrated Roxbury russets originated (although in Drake's "*Roxbury*" claim is made for the Warren farm) — some of the apple trees measure now more than 12 ft. in circumference.— "*Homes of Our Forefathers.*" WHITEFIELD.

In 1739 Nancy's grandfather purchased of Richard Champion, schoolmaster, for the sum of £100, an eleven-year-old slave named Dinah. For sixty years she faithfully served those who claimed her allegiance, and was greatly esteemed by the family. At her death, aged 75, in 1803, "Aunt White" wrote a poem to her memory. Deacon Crafts had previously bought ("for £105," *Drake*) a negro girl named Flora, and Miss Woods puts on record a letter from her former master as under:

"Sr, I am sorey you did not Lett me see you yesterday. I perseve you still meet with trouble with the negro which I am Exceeding Sorey to hear as I told you at your houes I intended you no harme but good. I did bye you as I wold be done by & I still intend to do by you as I wold be done by if I ware in your Caess, but however you must think as to the Sale of the Negro it is by means of selling her to you for it is all over town that your discurege and wold give ten pounds to have me take her agane. I apperehend I had better give you twenty pounds than ever you had been consarned with her I would not a thanked anybody to have given me an hundred pounds for her that morning befor you carred her away but however seeing it is as it is, we must do as well as we can I wold have you consult with the Justes and Consider my case allso and do by me allso you would be done by, if I had your money as the Justeses bond I should be under the same consarn that I am now pray Lett me see you if you please and if we can accomodate the matter to both our Sattesfactun I shall be verey free in the matter that is if I hear no Reflecsions for I do declare I was sensere in the whole mater. from yours to Serve, EBENEZER DORR. January the 6, 1735-6.— *Miss Woods "Sketches of Brookline."*

Drake tells us Deacon Ebenezer Craft is remembered in 1775 as reading aloud one verse at a time of the psalm or hymn, which the choir would sing, and then wait till he had read another. He met with a fall in 1779, and in his latter years became blind. His married son Daniel, therefore, lived at the old homestead and carried on the farm, until his sudden death in 1787, aged 35 years. He is the Uncle Daniel, Betsey so often mentions as staying with them for Sunday dinner.

An Inventory of his estate is given in the "*Crafts Family*," which includes:

"Four fatt oxen £24-10; a pair of working oxen £14." 4 fatt cows, 5 other cows. A large & small horse, mare & "coalt." 3 Swine. An Ox, & horse cart, "Chaise Slay & tackling £6." Salt hay on the marshes, casks & vinegar in the Vinegar house, cheese press in Corn Barn, Flax brake, Riding Saddle, ox sled, Stilyards. And Indoors — 6 green winsor chairs, 6 maple slit-back chairs, mahogany tea table, 2 firelocks & "acutrements." Blue coat & brown do. Clarret Coat, Velvet Jacket, Wilton Coat, brown Jacket, Scarlet do., Silver Watch 40s, Shoe knee & stock Buckels, Sleeve buttons & Spurs. Chest of Drawers, Trundle Bed, 2 under beds. "Puter on the Shelves" 50s Tinware 5s Brass 6s Hollowware 20s Chaifin Dish, toster and Spit 6s 2 pr of hand irons. Shovel & tongs 15s brass candle sticks & warming pan 12s China Dish & Glassware 28s. Cyder & Casks £9 Appels & pairs £19. A total of £407.14s.0d. Nov. 27, 1787.

JOS. WILLIAMS, Appraiser.

It is interesting to find Daniel Crafts' daughter, Abigail, married in 1811, John Hayden of Cambridge, and that their eldest grandchild, Julia Gorham Hayden, became the wife of the distinguished architect, Henry Hobson Richardson.—"*Crafts Family.*"

Jackson there & Lucy Dinsdel of Roxbury..... Ebby was a-Skating in the Afternoon with a number. They all Stopt in here as they come home & drink'd Gingdered Cyder.....

Wednesday, Snow'd, Lecture-Day but did not go..... Saturday my Aunt Heath, my mama, Ebby & I went to Polly Downer's* funeral.....

Tuesday.....Capt. Heath & his wife & Mrs. Ruggles spent Afternoon here.....

Monday, [February 14] the Doct'r here to see Sarah, Mr. Knights lodg'd here. Tuesday I went in a Double Sleigh with Sally Jackson & Nabby Gardner to Roxbury to see Mrs. Mears, there went a number out of Brookline, a number from Boston, & a number in Roxbury, about 70 people in the whole. Went away about 3 o'clock, got home about two—had cold meat supper..... Fryday.....Ned Brewer.....spent Ev'ning here.....

Tuesday, [February 22] My Aunt Heath & I spent afternoon at Mr. Hyslops, one Polly Chauncey from Boston there. Mr. Williams here when we got home.....

Tuesday, [March 1] My Aunt Heath & I spent the Afternoon down at Mrs. Jacksons, Mrs. Moses White, Mr. Duick,† Polly Williams, Mrs. Greaton & her daughter (Mrs. Heath).....

Tuesday, [March 15] Mrs. Meriam spent the Day here with her Baby... Fryday, Ebby & I caired Cate up to my Aunt Crafts.....

Sunday, March 20.....my Aunt Heath watch'd with my Aunt Crafts the first watch..... Fryday.....my Aunt Heath went up to watch.....did not come home till the next day.....

Sunday, March 27.....rode in a Sleigh..... Fryday my Aunt Heath, Bill & I went up to my Aunt Crafts, my Aunt Heath stays & watches, my Aunt Jerusha rides home with us..... Saturday morning, my Uncle Craft brings my Aunt Heath home, carries my Aunt Jerusha up there.....

Sunday, April 3, went to Meeting, rode in a Chaise for the first time since last fall..... Wednesday.....Mr. Williams, his (oldest) Brother, Enoch Corey & Ben Davis spent Ev'ning here. Thursday, Fast Day, April 7th went to meeting.....

* "Bastisms Dec'r. 25, 1768, Mary, the daughter of Eliphalet Downer & — his wife."—*Roxbury Church Records. City Document No. 114.*

† Perhaps the Benjamin Duick, victualler, mentioned by Drake as moving to Roxbury in 1786 "from Brookline or Cambridge."—*History Roxbury.*

Sunday, April 10.....Ebby carried my Aunt Heath up to watch with my Aunt Craft, came home next morning..... Thursday, Mr. Davenport, Mrs. B. Brewer, Mrs. Peirce & Mr. Hancock spent Ev'ning here..... Adam staid here all night. Fryday, my Aunt Heath & I went up to see my Aunt Craft. Saturday.....Ebby carried my Aunt.....up to watch.....

She come Sabbath morning, did not go to meeting in the forenoon. I walk'd..... Wednesday I carrried my Aunt Heath up.....She watch'd.....Wednesday night & part of Thursday night. Kezia Spear come here before Dinner & staid till Night. Saturday, Kezia Spear here in the morning, my Uncle Heath & Aunt went up to my Uncle Crafts* in the afternoon. My Aunt Died about Quarter past Eleven.....

Monday, [April 25] My Aunt Heath & I went to Boston to buy Mourning, got back again by Noon. Joseph Jackson here a few minutes in the Afternoon, Miss Hannah Goddard here a few minutes at night. Tuesday, my Aunt Jerusha here a few minutes. My mama went up to my Uncle Crafts about Noon. My Uncle & Aunt Heath, & Ebby & I went to the Funeral, 23 Chaise there, 20 of them went to the Grave. Wednesday, no body here. Thursday, Mr. Williams & Elisha Gardner here a few minutes.....

Sunday, May 1.....my Aunt Heath watch'd with Hannah Gardner....

[May 10] Tuesday night my mama watch'd with Hannah Gardner..... Thursday, my Aunt Heath & my mama went to Boston bought Lutestring Gowns for Betsey & me. Olive Calico for my Aunt Heath & a number of other things.....

Tuesday, [17th] Nabby Corey & Sally spent Afternoon here. Mr. Williams & Elisha Gardner Drank tea and spent Ev'ning with the Ladies, & Enoch Corey likewise..... Thursday morning Betsey Shed came here, my ma-ma, Betsey Shed & I went up to Mrs. Whites in the Ev'ning..... Fryday Ev'ning.....at Mrs. Ackers. When we got home, found a number here with their Flutes.....

*Nancy's Uncle Caleb Craft was born in Roxbury, 1741; he marched with the Brookline Minutemen Apr. 19, 1775, as 1st Lieut., and remained in the service until 1779. He married in 1766, Eleanor White, daughter of Benjamin and Sarah (Aspinwall) White, and went to house-keeping on Newton street. This house still stands, having been erected by Vincent Drusse, between 1660 and 1670. In 1791 Lt. Craft bought this farm of his father, but in 1812 he left it to his son Samuel, and moved to his South St. home, which he occupied until his death (1826) and left to his son Caleb. Lt. Craft's first wife died, aged 39, in 1785. He married Sarah Sharp, daughter of Robert and Sarah (Payson) Sharp of Brookline, the following year. She died in 1810, and he married two years later Jerusha White, sister of his first wife. She lived to be 89, dying in 1838.—*Crafts Family.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 2

DECEMBER

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 2 DECEMBER, 1895 NUMBER 2

THE THANKSGIVING TREE*

Of all the lovely trees that grow,
The Christmas tree 's the best, you know;
But next to that, you must agree,
Comes really the Thanksgiving tree.
You never heard of it? Why, dear,
It spreads its branches every year,
And it must have a mighty root
To bear such quantities of fruit.

What sort of fruit? Why, crisp and brown,
It sends a fine roast turkey down—
Wish-bone for me, drum-stick for you—
And raisins in the stuffing, too!
And ducks, with jelly, cuddled close
In parsley; and along with those,
A ham all stuck with cloves, and high
With flaky crust, a chicken pie.

And then all sorts of other things,
A garden-ful the great tree brings—
Sweet cider, cranberry jam that quakes
Like melted rubies till it breaks;
And celery, 'most as good, I guess,
As manna in the wilderness;
And chili sauce and pickled limes

*Written for a member of the High School.

That we can't have at other times;
But grandma says, "Take all you will:
There 's one day you shall have your fill."

And apple-pies, and squash, and mince—
The citron cut as thick as quince—
And plums, as big as plums can be,
Grow on this good Thanksgiving tree;
And oranges that last a week;
Pears, red and yellow on the cheek;
And where the lowest branches lean,
You 'll find each nut a philopene!
And better still, this tree bears cousins
You never heard of, by the dozens,
And aunts and uncles; blindman's buff—
I tell you what, it bears enough!
And next day after all the toil,
It usually bears castor-oil.

It 's strange that you should never know
How such a wonder came to grow!
Planted in younger soil, indeed,
It sprung from the old roof-tree seed;
And though it flourishes the best
In this great region of the West,
Yet one much like it over-sea
They call the old Mahogany Tree.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON

WE had been staying at W———, a small country town in New Hampshire, and having exhausted all the resources for amusement there, we looked around for other worlds to conquer. So mounting our wheels very early one morning we started off toward Mt. Washington, which lies near the centre of the State.

It was our purpose to ride the entire distance of sixty-seven miles the first day, climb the mountain next day, and return on the third day to W———. As is usual with country roads, these were execrable, but we pushed on hopefully, thinking there would be a change for the better, and at sunrise we had accomplished quite a part of the distance.

I will not go into detail as to the names of the towns through which we passed, or the incidents of the ride, but let it suffice to say that we toiled along until the middle of the afternoon, when my friend, who is a heavy fellow and rode a light wheel, broke his pedal-crank. Things certainly looked dubious for us, but examining the map we found that North Conway was a mile farther along; here we found a blacksmith who mended the break after a fashion.

It was half-past four when we started on our way again, although we saw that it would be impossible to ride the entire distance before dark; as we wished to accomplish as much as possible, we pedalled on and had already rolled up several more miles to our credit, when the other pedal-crank broke. We were in despair, as the nearest town was three miles distant. There was no alternative, however, we had to make the best of our way there, and on our arrival we sat down for a rest on the platform of the railroad station. If anyone ever despaired of accomplishing an object we most certainly did, but after much thinking we formed a plan of action and resolved to fight it out if it took all summer. In fact, we agreed to "do Mt. Washington or die," and shook hands on it.

We then inquired of the baggage-man the fare to the mountain, and finding that we could not go by rail for lack of funds, we asked his advice. He informed us that we could drive over much more cheaply, and told us where we could get a horse and carriage. We followed his advice, and made an agreement with a farmer near by to take his horse the next morning at six o'clock.

That night we slept in the nearest hayfield, promising ourselves great sport as we piled the hay into a mound. It was freezing cold, however, and a heavy fall of dew made it anything but fun. We had no difficulty in waking up in time the next morning. Before starting on our early drive we made arrangements with the accom-

modating baggage-master to have our wheels sent back to W———.

The road we were following led through a wilder portion of the country than that we had left behind us. We had thirteen miles to go—an ill-omened number. "Yes," said my friend, as I mentioned that fact, "I'll bet those traces 'll break before we get there." They did not; we lived to tell the tale.

The hills which we had to climb were very steep, and as we approached the mountain the road became more and more rocky. Only when on an elevation could we get a glimpse of its summit, for the surrounding hills generally cut off the view.

At last we reached the foot of the mountain. We left our horse at a farmhouse and commenced the ascent at a good pace, which, however, we soon moderated.

It was still quite early and we could see the clouds pouring over the summit in great banks and dissolving in the warm sun. The Summit House, which we could see plainly only at times, for it was enveloped by mist, was fully eight miles by the road, and it appeared easily four miles as the crow flies.

The road was very steep and we wondered if we were good for the eight miles. When we had walked about a mile and a half we saw a sign at the left which read: "Tuckerman's Ravine." The obliging baggage-master had told us that this was a short cut to the summit, but the mist which clouded the top caused us some little apprehension, for we had heard direful tales of unfortunates who had been caught in the fog and had perished miserably. We turned, however, to the left. This path is very little travelled and lies for the greater part of the way in a ravine, along the dry bed of a brook. Thick woods surround it and the path is so faint that we had to be constantly on the watch for the "blazed" trees, or we should have lost the way.

After climbing thus for several hours we noticed that the woods began to grow thin, finally giving place to low bushes. During the last mile of the climb the path lay over rocks and around boulders. The ascent was exceedingly steep, and a bad misstep meant an unpleasantly long fall.

Stopping frequently to rest, we could see the "Lake above the Clouds" hundreds of feet below. It is in reality only a large pond fed by springs which rise on the summit of the mountain and whose waters pour in a cascade over a precipice above us.

We were now more than a mile above sea level and the difference in the air pressure was plainly felt, causing our hearts to beat faster and an unpleasant tension in our heads.

When we finally reached the Summit House, the view which greeted our eyes fully repaid us for our exertion. To the north lay the Presidential Range; it appeared like a succession of infinitely immense waves, and, as they diminished in the distance, one could almost fancy it was the ocean troubled by a storm.

To the east and west the mountains are not so high. On the mountain opposite was a long yellow streak where a landslide had swept down, carrying away the trees and laying bare the yellow soil.

The hotel on the summit is a large one, and is heated by steam on account of the extreme cold. Connected with the hotel is a printing-office where a newspaper is issued twice daily. It is claimed that this is the only paper printed at such a high altitude.

After examining the cog-wheel railway and the engines with tilted boilers we started down the mountain, and in half the time it had taken us to ascend we reached the foot and harnessed up our horse. We reached home that night. P. R. D., '96.

THE DEDICATION

THE dedicatory exercises of our new High School building took place on Tuesday evening, November 19.

The building was thrown open to the public from seven until eight o'clock, and many availed themselves of this opportunity to inspect it. The audience was very large and the hall could not accommodate everyone. The program was as follows:—

1. MUSIC. "The Bridal Rose" . . . . . *Lavallee*
   By the High School Orchestra.
2. PRAYER.
   Rev. L. K. Storrs, D. D., formerly Chairman of the School Committee.
3. DELIVERY OF THE BUILDING.
   Mr. William H. Lincoln, Chairman of the Building Committee.
4. MUSIC. "Hail, Columbia!" By the High School Choir.
5. PRESENTATION OF KEYS.
   Mr. W. T. R. Marvin, Chairmain of the High School Committee.
6. RESPONSE.
   Mr. D. S. Sanford, Principal of the Brookline High School.
7. MUSIC. "Farewell to the Forest" . . . . . *Mendelssohn*
8. REMARKS. Mr. S. T. Dutton, Superintendent of Schools.
9. ADDRESS. Mr. J. Emory Hoar, formerly Principal of the School.
10. MUSIC. "Sandman" . . . . . *Schuman*
    By Stringed Orchestra.
11. REMARKS. Mr. Horace James, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen.
12. REMARKS. Mr. William I. Bowditch.
13. REMARKS. Mr. Clement K. Fay, of the Alumni Asssociation.
14. MUSIC. "America."

Mr. Marvin presented the keys of the building to the Principal. He said in part:—

"Brookline has made ample provision in the past for the training of her youth. She has held fast to the creed of her fathers, that no better gift could be given to the public than the instruction of her children, than the sound learning and the liberal arts. I can think of no more inspiring words to give you, Mr. Sanford, as you assume these new responsibilities, than those of George William Curtis when he said, 'Teach these youth the secret and methods of material success; but above all admonish them that man does not live by bread alone, and that the things which are eternal are unseen. With one hand lead them to the secrets of material skill, and equip them to enter the fullest trade with all the world, and with the other lead them to lofty thought.'"

Mr. Sanford was greeted with prolonged cheers by the students as he rose to make his response. He said in part:—

"The gravest and most responsible of all stewardships are those associated with the cause of education. The erection of such a building as this is a great act of faith,—faith in the public school system and faith in the future of this particular school. That which we ought to be most thankful for is not this beautiful school, but the idea that is back of it all, the large and generous devotion to education. The boys and girls of the school appreciate what you have done; they have shown it by words; they will show it more earnestly by their deeds and their characters."

NEWS NOTES

NO one feature of the new school is more appreciated than the beautiful room which has been devoted to the library. To leave the school-room and occupy one of those easy chairs or draw up to those massive oak tables to read or study for an hour, is indeed a privilege. "Where are all the books?" asked a graduate of the High School who looked in the other day; and he was with difficulty convinced that some of the books had not been lost in the moving. The fact is, that the smallness of the school's reference library was never realized until the transfer was made. In the old building it suffered from arrested development, its natural increase being prevented by a lack of room; so that now our visitors miss at once many standard reference books which are to be found in every well-equipped private library. The empty shelves proclaim most eloquently our needs. What an opportunity for some friend of the school to endow our little library as a whole or in part! Friends have not been lacking to hang our walls with beautiful works of art. Is it too much to hope that some one may be prompted to give books? What a boon to the English, the science, or the history department it would be to have a carefully selected, up-to-date, supplementary library!

The Extension Course promises to be of unusual interest this winter. Miss Johnson will continue her course in English. Rev. Dr. Thomas will give three interpretative Shakespearean readings, and Judge C. H. Drew will offer a course of three lectures upon Spanish literature. Detailed announcements will be made later.

The girls of the class of '95, who entered Smith, have been promoted to the Sophomore class in French. What better compliment could Mlle. Gerlach desire?

We are gradually getting so that we can find our way around the building without much trouble, and when a boy is asked to take a note to room 11, he no longer spends the morning wandering aimlessly up and down the corridors wondering how in the world he is going to find room 11.

Rules are being more strictly enforced than in the old building; this is especially the case with reference to the supplies. "Don't be too generous with your block, and above all don't lose your pencil! You cannot get another one until the end of the month."

The New England Magazine for November cantains an interesting article by Mr. Cole, entitled, "Public School Music," with special reference to the Brookline Public Schools. The article contains, among other illustrations, a picture of the High School Orchestra.

Be careful not to trample on the young shrubs planted around the school-building; several have already been destroyed at the boys' entrance. With a little care they can be preserved from injury, and they will add greatly to the appearance of the building in years to come.

The lunch-counter in the basement is greatly appreciated by the school and is well patronized. The prices are, however, considered too high by some; but when it is remembered that everything is of the very best material, and that the lunches bought here are without doubt very superior in point of wholesomeness to those bought at a bakery, it would not seem that the prices asked were too high.

The result of the election held at the close of school on Wednesday, November 6, is as follows: For Governor — Greenhalge, 62; Williams, 16. For Lieutenant-Governor — Wolcott, 66; Grinnell, 10; Rogers, 1. For Senator — Harding, 58; Warren, 15; Morse, 2. For Sheriff — Endicott, 27; Paul, 48. For Representative — Seaver, 62; Cook, 16. For Woman's Suffrage — No, 62; Yes, 13. The election was conducted in accordance with the statutes, and registration was required. The Australian ballot system was used.

It is remarkable how little interruption there has been in the school-work during our transfer from one building to another. Only one school-day was lost, and although the surroundings were entirely new and the sound of saw and hammer was almost continual for some weeks, and many other things to distract the attention have been going on, yet the school has shown a remarkable steadiness.

Classes in Domestic Science have been meeting in the Sagamore room until the completion of their own room.

The school is honored in the choice of Edgar Wrightington as temporary captain of the Harvard foot-ball team.

The battalion and foot-ball pictures have been very appropriately hung in the basement, near the entrance to the gymnasium.

The gymnasium will serve as trophy-room, and here will be deposited the cups, and the shield won last year by the foot-ball team.

The seats in the assembly hall are not to be fastened to the floor after all, and the seniors are happy in consequence. What a fine place it is for a dance!

There is a place on the front of the building all ready to receive a clock when it comes. Here is a chance for some one to endear himself forever to us by presenting the school with one. The saying, "I did not hear the gong," which has become common of late, would then no longer hold good.

There has been a strong feeling among some of the scholars who live at a distance from the school that a barge should be provided for them, and there was even some talk of sending in a petition. On the whole, however, the new building is quite as accessible, if not more so, than the old one. Those who live at a distance may use either the Cypress-street or Beacon-street electrics, or the Circuit road.

We notice in the Handy Book, published by Harper's Round Table, that the name of R. F. Johnson, '94, appears as holder of the record for throwing the hammer in the Interscholastic series of the United States.

Prof. Burt G. Wilder has presented the school library with a copy of his "Physiology Practicums," which will be of interest to all those who are studying or propose to study physiology. The work consists of eleven "practicums," each giving directions for the dissection of some part of the cat, preparatory to the study of the human body.

The girls of '97 are not to be outdone by the boys; they have formed a secret society called the Beta Beta Tau. The newly initiated members presented a very remarkable appearance not long ago, and one was almost tempted to believe that they had been indulging in a game of foot-ball. Some had an arm in a sling, others had their faces decorated in various ways, etc.

The casts which adorned room 10, in the old building, were found to be so covered with dust that they were sent to Caproni's to be rejuvenated; they have come back looking like new.

The number of visitors to the school is very large. Schoolmasters from different parts of the country come every day to inspect our fine quarters, and they are unanimous in admiring them. We should be especially grateful to the board for their forethought in providing many small conveniences which add to the general comfort — such as the coat-racks before each class-room; a room where the officers may keep their uniforms; a room for the football team; a place for the bass-drum, etc., etc.

On Friday, November 1st, at recess, a runaway horse hitched to a market wagon came down Sumner road toward the school. Of course this attracted the boys, and a general stampede took place for the scene of action. The various demonstrations of the boys only succeeded in diverting the frightened animal from its course, and it swung around the corner at the foot of the hill, paced a twenty-yard hurdle race around the unfinished driveway, and then proceeded up Tappan street at a "2.40" gait. However, Sylvester, our school-mate from Newton, pluckily grasped the rear of the wagon, swung himself in and seizing the reins soon brought the horse to a standstill. Bravo for Sylvester!

On the 16th of November, Allston A. A. team was defeated by the B. H. S. on the Brookline Playgrounds by a score of 4–0. The victory was perhaps unexpected, but fairly earned. The score does n't show how easily Brookline pushed the ball down the field, for twice the ball reached Allston's 5-yard line only to be lost on downs or by careless playing. Almost at the beginning of the play Cook ran for 75 yards around the end. Soon afterwards Aechtler broke through right tackle for a touch-down. In the second half the ball reached Allston's 5-yard line, only to be lost on a fumble within 2 yards of a second touch-down. Hutchins held the heavy-weight opposite him well. Our backs all three distinguished themselves.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE 72d regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held October 16, 1895, in the old High School building. The names of several applicants were proposed, and were admitted to the membership of the club. The principal debaters and a subject for debate at the next meeting were chosen. Papers were then read by Edward Sharp, Jr., Russell Stearns, and J. N. Manning. The subject for debate was: *Resolved, That the United States should have a free coinage of silver.* A paper was also read by F. J. Driscoll on the subject of "High School Athletics."

The 73d regular meeting of the Debating Club, and the first one held in the new High School building, occurred on November 6, 1895. The members drawn to debate at the next meeting are as follows: Affirmative,—H. S. Hirshberg, S. W. Lewis, and William Mayo; negative,—J. G. Pierce, Karl Heinrich, and Henderson Kellogg. This business having been disposed of, debate was opened on the queston, *Resolved, That the annexation of Canada would be beneficial to the United States.* The affirmative side of the question was upheld by Woodworth James, J. R. Marvin, and J. T. Floyd; the negative by F. H. Cook, Winthrop Fallon, and C. L. Perkins.

GEO. W. WALTER, *Secretary.*

ATHLETICS

FOOT-BALL NOTES

ON October 21st, Brookline High School played the Roxbury Latin School eleven on the Playground. The game resulted in a victory for us by a score of 28 to 0. Roxbury kicked off and Brookline, after losing the ball only once, scored at the end of the first few minutes of play. After this Roxbury held our team better, but not well enough to keep Aechtler from making the second touch-down. Hutchins kicked the goal. Soon after the next kick-off, Cook made a long run from the middle of the field for

a touch-down. In the second half, Cook and F. Talbot each made a touch-down, and Hutchins kicked the goals.

Brookline's first Interscholastic League game was played against the English High at the South End Grounds on October 31st. In weight the teams were nearly equal, English High being perhaps a little heavier. Our opponents kicked off, and finally, after changing hands several times, the ball was worked to English High's ten-yard line. Here, however, we lost the ball on a fumble, but at the end of the half the ball was still in English High's territory. In the second half repeated gains were made through our center, till a touch-down was scored by English High. The attempt at a goal was a failure.

The mode of playing adopted by the English High reflects great discredit on the winners of the game; and had the officials been all that they should have been, several of their men would have been disqualified before the first half was over, for slugging and holding. The quarter-back also distinguished himself by rough play. Our ends held their own admirably, especially Morse and Seaver. The score at the end of the game stood 4 to 0 in favor of English High.

Cambridge High and Latin School was Brookline's second opponent in the League. The game took place on the Playgrounds, November 4th. The game was a good one, and the playing was clean throughout. At the beginning of the first half, it looked as if Cambridge was going to score, but finally a punt was muffed by one of their men, and Morse picked up the ball and ran fifteen yards for a touch-down. After the next kick-off the ball moved back and forth for awhile, till suddenly Boyce dashed through a hole in the center and ran fifty-five yards for a touch-down. Cambridge braced up in the second half, and several times came near scoring. Aechtler made the third touch-down for us, raising the score 18 to 0, in our favor. Hutchins kicked all the goals.

The first touch-down was due entirely to the way our ends got down the field after the ball. Cook and Aechtler made good runs around the ends, and Boyce pounded the center finely. The line-up was as follows :—

BROOKLINE HIGH		CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN
Morse, l. e.		r. e., Beardsell
Seaver, l. t.		r. t., Jacquith
O. Talbot, l. g.		r. g., Warren
Hutchins, c.		c., Esterbrook
F. Talbot, r. g.		l. g., Barnes
Gillespie, r. t.		l. t., Hawes
Lewis, r. e.		l. e., Columbus
Parker, q. b.		q. b., Saul
Aechtler, l. h. b.		r. h. b., Seaver
Cook, r. h. b.		l. h. b., Watson
Rust, r. h. b.		
Boyce, f. b.		f. b., Parker

On November 8th Brookline played the Cambridge Manual Training School on the Y. M. C. A. field at Somerville. In the first half neither side scored, although the ball at one time reached Brookline's two-yard line, where it was held for four downs. In the second half, Cambridge muffed a punt from Cook, and Lewis at once picked up the ball and rushed it over for a touch-down. The play was perfectly legitimate; and, of course, received the sanction of the referee and umpire. However, Murphy, the captain of the C. M. T. S., was dissatisfied with the decision, and interfered with Hutchins when he attempted a goal. Murphy then refused to continue the game, and Referee Baxter, after waiting the required three minutes, awarded the game to Brookline, 6—0. The game was very unsatisfactory, for the grounds were poorly marked out, and Referee Boysen was either very partial to Cambridge or else knew very little about the game, as some of his decisions were ridiculously unjust.

C. W. Kellogg, Jr.

THE SAGAMORE

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THERE is a noticeable lack of enthusiasm among the scholars this year with regard to the outside interests of the High School. For instance, the foot-ball team, which has been doing such fine work this season, certainly deserves everyone's support and encouragement. But at few of the games occurring outside of Brookline have there been more than a dozen fellows present to cheer for the team. Now what can be more discouraging for the team than to begin a game, the outcome of which is doubtful, with no one to support them or to encourage them when they are losing ground? Other schools make a good showing at the games, and why cannot we?

Another illustration of this lack of enthusiasm is the small amount of interest evinced in the school paper this year. Last year everyone was eager to subscribe for it and to help it along in every way. But there seems to be a general idea that the editors

are the only ones responsible for the paper, and that it is safe in their hands. This is flattering to the editors, but it will not maintain or improve THE SAGAMORE. Less than one-half of the school are subscribers this year, the outside subscriptions far outnumbering those in the school, and contributions are few and far between. It seems to the editors that the members of the Brookline High School, after starting a school paper by a unanimous vote, should stand loyally and unitedly behind it. A word to the wise is sufficient.

How comfortably we are now settled in the new High School building! Everything is moving along smoothly, and there has been no perceptible interruption in the course of affairs. The dull November days are here, however, when the wind whistles around the street corners. Now that we cannot find diversion out of doors, let us do some real, earnest studying; we shall be astonished to find how many practical lessons we can get out of our books, and how very interesting the driest subjects are made by our teachers compared with the pedantic teaching of schoolmasters of earlier days.

Since our change into the new building, a great many people have been heard to say: "The High School is just like a public school now. Before, when all the scholars were in one large assembly room, it seemed like a private school, where everyone was trusted not to abuse his freedom." This is so in a measure. There are now many new rules and regulations found necessary which were never thought of in former days. But although a private school may have its advantages, a public school most certainly has more, and we are glad to observe all rules which help to improve our school. The public schools form the basis of American education; remember the motto on the front of the building,— "Olim republicæ præsidium."

THE PICTURES THAT HANG ON OUR WALLS

A HOUSE without pictures would indeed be a barren kind of a home. Fortunately for the happiness of the members of the High School, there are to be few bare walls in their new home.

The beginning has already been made of a collection of photographs and casts, which will do more, perhaps, than any other one thing toward making the class-rooms, recitation-rooms, halls and art-rooms, places of real rest and inspiration to the boys and girls who for four years frequent them.

Two friends of the school have most generously given their time, thought and money during the past summer, to making the collection which is now being arranged.

In the lower corridor are hung the pictures of American subjects, the White House, the Capitol, portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Farragut, Grant, and others, and several relating to the Puritans and Pilgrim fathers.

On the second floor are six English Cathedrals, Melrose Abby, the Houses of Parliament, the Tower of London, Cologne Cathedral, Amiens, Pisa, and the façade and piazza of St. Mark's, Venice. In the library, reception-room and master's office are the Forum, St. Peter's (exterior and interior views), the Alhambra, and a large, beautiful photograph in dull red of Guido's Aurora. With the exception of the English cathedrals, all of the above pictures were given to the school by one of its friends. In the English Literature room are a series of pictures of Oxford, which were brought from there last year, and given to the school by the instructor in that department.

In the rooms devoted to History, Latin and Greek, will be placed the photographs of remains of Greek and Roman architecture, temples from Athens, the Parthenon, Erectheum Nike Apteros, Propylea and details of the frieze, metopes and pediments of the Parthenon. Figures of athletes, and sculptures from Myron, Praxitiles and Pheidias, and Roman architectural remains from Nimês and Arles complete the number.

In the art rooms on the third floor the arrangement of pictures is made with special reference to historical sequence.

Following Giotto are examples of Fra Fillippo Lippi, Botticelli, Perugino, Raibolini, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian. From the German school are a number of examples of Albrecht Dürer and Holbein, also one Velasquez and one Van Dyck.

Perhaps the most valuable part of the entire collection, not excepting even the Greek photographs, is a large number of drawings from the Italian and German masters.

For purposes of art study they are simply invaluable, and no student can see and observe them closely without a feeling of reverence and admiration.

The influence of a picture is silent and subtle. Its impression on the mind can never be effaced.

It is certainly the wisest, the purest, the truest kind of friendship which prompts the giving of things which are of eternal good. Such has been the friendship of the one to whom we are indebted for this most generous gift. IRENE WEIR.

HIGH SCHOOL REMINISCENCES

BY BURT G. WILDER, M. D., CLASS OF '59

VI. His First Anatomic Demonstration

WHILE addressing to the Library of the High School a copy of the new edition of my "Physiology Practicums," in which several pages and plates direct the student how to dissect a sheep's heart, I was reminded of the change in the methods of teaching Physiology during the past thirty-five years, and of my own first effort in that direction.

The subject was taught from a text-book only in those days. We memorized the names of a lot of bones, and the names, locations and uses of the viscera, after a fashion; but in the absence of specimens, models, or even diagrams, the knowledge so gained was neither real nor lasting, notwithstanding the learning and enthusiasm of our teachers.

In Prof. Wyman's laboratory the actual dissections constituted a sort of a revelation, and I realized that "personal familiarity makes knowledge alive." So impressed was I with the difference between book-lessons and object-lessons that I volunteered to "demonstrate the heart" to the class in Physiology at the High School. The offer was accepted. A beef-heart was obtained. The class, with Miss Moody, its teacher, and myself, were shut up in the library, a small and rather dark room, as if for some unhallowed ceremony.

I began. The cavities seemed to multiply and become abnormally superposed. The vessels were unexpectedly numerous and tortuous. More than once I was tempted to confess defeat. Somehow the demonstration was concluded. The pupils had at least seen a real heart, and the names of the various parts would thereafter mean something more than before. I gained confidence by the experience, and never afterward experienced so severe an attack of scientific "stage* fright."

Since the publication of Huxley's "Elementary Biology," in 1875, practical work in Natural History has become general, and is doubtless provided for at the High School. In some institutions such exercises are still too much restricted to those who are preparing to teach, or to practise medicine. Here at Cornell, for twelve years past, all the students in the general courses (Arts, Philosophy and Science), in their sophomore year, in addition to the lectures on Physiology (for which also they are prepared by an entrance examination) spend a dozen afternoons in the "practicums." Each examines for himself the viscera and a few of the muscles of a cat, and the heart, eye and brain of a sheep. This year the class numbers 190. The knowledge and the methods thus acquired serve as a foundation for the more systematic and thorough work in the laboratory which is pursued by those who desire it.

*If any member of the class has record or recollection of the date of this demonstration, I shall be glad to know it.

AN OLD DIARY*

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1785

Wednesday, [May 25] Election Day†..... Thursday morning, my Aunt Heath & I sat out in a Chaise, Doct'r Goddard in a Sulky,‡ for Portsmouth.§ Stopt at Newells in Lynn to oat, then stopt at Berdicks in Danvers to oat, Mr. Goddard din'd at Piemont in Ipswich we did not eat any Dinner. Drink'd Tea at Dr. Cogswell in Rowley. We slept at Mr. Atkins in Newbury, Mr. Goddard went to Supper there, & slept at a tavern. Set away early & oated at Sanborns in Hampton. Got to Portsmouth about two o'clock. Betsey & I went to take a walk about Sunset with Lucy Hart. Saturday, Betsey & I went with Sally Hart & Lucy to Dick Penhallow's funeral, drink Tea at Mrs. Harts.

Sunday, May 29.....Sat in Mrs. Buckminster's Pew. Took a walk in the Ev'ning.....this week.....spent one afternoon at Esq'r Cutts's.....one Afternoon & Ev'ning at Mrs. Sherburnes. Took several walks, went to Mr. Richard Hearts several times; Wednesday was Election Day. Thursday there was a Serman Preach'd, we all went to meeting. I sat in with Mercy Hart. Fryday night my Aunt Heath, Doct'r Goddard & Lady walk'd to Mr. Walton's. Mrs. Walton & Mrs. Furnell spent Saturday afternoon at Doct Goddards; Ebby came there Saturday.....

Sunday, June 5.....Mr. Buckminster Preach'd.‖ I sat in Mr. Buck-

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* Begun in the January number.

† "This Day the Funeral Procession of the Bowdoinitish Coalition, will parade at 4 P. M. in the following order. Fifty British Factors in red coats, with bludgeons to keep the peace . . . 100 Sappers, miners and under miners, in characters of Englishmen, with scrolls in their hands, with this inscription. British Influence. . . . musick—The Dead March. An Iron Chest hung round with black ribbands . . . Town meeting speakers in character of mutes. . . . The Inscription on the plate, Coalition that is born of Faction, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down, he fleeth away as a shadow, and continueth not. An Elector, chief mourner . . . Handcockonians in effigy . . . to be burnt on Beacon Hill this evening. The character of Mr. H. , pinioned, dragged violently by MALICE and ENVY: . . will be sat up as a mark for the Bowdoinites to fire squibs at.—*Mass'etts Centinel, Wednesday, May 25, 1785.*

Twenty out of 22 votes cast in Brookline were for James Bowdoin, Esq., the successful candidate.—*Town Records.*

‡ A Sulky, so called, because accommodating but one person.

§ In Peter Parley's First Book of History, Portsmouth is given as 62 miles from Boston.

‖ Hon. John Goddard's pew a double one in the N. E. corner in 1812. The Buckminster's pew in the "South pit at east entrance of middle aisle." Rev. Dr. Buckminster of Portsmouth was a descendent of Thomas Buckminster who came to Brookline in 1640, and settled nearly on the site of the late Captain Cook's cottage, Cottage street. A grandson of the emigrant married Martha Sharp, daughter of Brookline's brave Lt. Sharp, who fell in Sudbury Fight. At Dr. Buckminster's ordination in 1779, a regular worshipper in the gallery finding her usual seat taken and her request for room unheeded, is said to have deliberately thrust a pin from her pin-ball into the

minster's Pew..... In the Ev'ning Doct'r Goddard & Ebby walk'd about town, Betsey & I spent the Ev'ning at Mr. Richard Harts. Mercy Hart & Sally, George Long* & Mr. Hayn came home with us, met Bill Slade & Lucy Hart, all came home with us. Monday wash'd. This week.....spent one afternoon at Mrs. Furnels, Mrs. Roberts there..... Cap'n Roberts there in the Ev'ning..... My Aunt Heath & Mrs. Goddard spent an Afternoon at Mrs. Penhallows. Doct'r Goddard & Ebby drank tea there. Betsey & I took a walk that afternoon with Lucy Hart. Went to Mrs. Bigloes, but Betsey Bigeloe want at home..... Betsey & I spent an Afternoon with Sally Hart at Mrs. Penhallows. Izzy Buckminster & Nancy Cutts there. Ebby Overtook us a little way from the house. We went to Mrs. Simpson's.....then walk'd through Pave'd Street,† went to Mrs. John Harts.....then went home. Doct'r Goddard & Lady, my Aunt Heath, was at Mr. Sherburnes to hear them Sing, Ebby went in to them. Sally Sherburne & Phœbe, & Polly Wentworth spent afternoon & Ev'ning at Doct'r Goddards. Mr. Sam Penhallow & his wife‡ there a little while..... My Aunt Heath, Mrs. Goddard, Jack &

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intruder's arm. A son of the Portsmouth divine became a distinguished minister at the Brattle St. Church, and his daughter, Eliza, married Mr. Thomas Lee of this town, and came as a bride to live on a portion of the original Buckminster farm. She is the author of an interesting historical novel called "Naomi;" it describes Boston in 1660, and makes several references to Brookline. Dr. Buckminster died at the age of 51 in 1812. The last Sunday on which he officiated during May—at the close of a 33 years connection with the Parish — he entered by the east door on the broad aisle, wearing robe and bands, and carrying his three cornered hat in his hand. In another month he had died, and pulpit, chandelier and galleries were draped in black, and his loss long mourned.—*Brewster's Rambles about Portsmouth.*

*Col. Pierse Long, Jr., delegate to the 1st Provincial Congress at Exeter, on Com'ty of Safety, was one of the 40 or so citizens that seized Fort Wm. & Mary in the harbor, 1774. In May, 1776, he received command of the first New Hampshire reg't, saw service on the Lakes and was present at Burgoyne's Surrender. In 1784 he was appointed by the State of N. H. a delegate to the old Congress, and from 1786–91 he was elected State Senator. In the latter year he died, aged 50. He had one son, George, [probably the one referred to by Nancy] born 1762. He was a successful ship master until 1789, and then became a merchant, reaching a vigorous old age and dying in 1849. He had 4 children,— one being Com. John Collings Long, U. S. Navy. George Long belonged to an amateur Theatrical Company, acting on Bow St. Among other young citizens belonging were Samuel Elliot, Charles Cutts, and George W. Prescott.—*Brewster's Rambles about Portsmouth.*

† Brewster quotes from Daniel Peirce's jottings, in one of Ames' Almanacks, 1767, Oct. 8, "Began Paving the Street leading from the Parade to Spring Hill." Later known as Market St., then, half its present width.

‡ "Mrs. Lee, a daughter of Rev. Dr. Buckminster, says: Dea. Samuel Penhallow 'lived in a small plain house, he tended a little shop in front of the parlor, filled with needles, pins, tape, quality binding, snuff, with a small pair of scales to weigh a copper's worth. He wore always a suit of very light drab broadcloth, with white cotton stockings, and silver knee buckles, and a full-bottomed white horse-hair wig, always powdered. His exquisitely plaited ruffles were turned back while he was in the shop, under white cuffs, and a white linen apron preserved the purity of the fine drab broadcloth. His solitary mate sat in the little three-cornered 10-ft. square parlor, whose fire-place was an after thought and built in the corner; the bricks forming successive little shelves, where various small things could be kept warm. There she sat all day at her round table with needle-work, dressed in an old-fashioned brocade, with an exquisite lawn handkerchief folded over it, and environed with a scrupulous neatness where the litter of children's sports never came.' "—*Brewster's Rambles about Portsmouth.*

Ebby rode as far as Mr. Parks this afternoon, Doct'r & Lady & Jack rode out Once, Ebby & Mrs. Goddard once. Betsey & I rode out as far as the Plains & about town once. Last week Mrs. Penhallow & Hetty Torey spent afternoon..... Deacon Penhallow.....Doct'r Cutter* one Ev'ning..... Went in with Betsey to see Mrs. Henniston.....Fryday at two o'clock in the Afternoon, Ebby on a horse, my Aunt Heath & I in a Chaise Sat out for home. Did not stop till we got to Newbury, lodg'd at Mrs. Parson's, Ebby lodg'd at Putnam's Tavern, Went to Supper & Breakfast at Mrs. Parsons. Sat out in the morning & stopt at Doct'r Cogswells, Sally Jewett there. Oated at Homan's in Ipswich. Rode through Salem, & oated at the Bull tavern, drink'd some wine & water. Rode as far as Bradford's in Medford, oated there, and drink'd some punch. Stopt at Mr. Jacksons, Stopt at Deacon Gardners to leave letters got home about Sundown.....

Wednesday night, [June 15] Mrs. Roby lodg'd here..... Fryday.....Elisha Gardner brought a letter for me from Hannah Coggswell.....

Wednesday, [June 22] I rode on a single horse to Mr. Samuel Heath's. Mrs. Peleg Heath there, & came home round by roxbury meeting house.....

Wednesday, [June 29] My Mama & I spent Afternoon at Moses Whites. Mrs. Childs, Mrs. White & Izzy Weld there.....

Sunday, July 3.....my Aunt Heath, Ebby & I went to Roxbury meeting in the afternoon† ..... Tuesday went to make a Wedding Visit to Miss Hannah Ackers.‡ Mr. Hyslop & Lady, Mr. Davenport & Lady, Mrs. Brewer & her Son Neddy, Cap'n Hancock, Mr. Tileston & Cap'n Hopkins, Mrs. Daniel White, my Aunt Heath, my Mama & I spent afternoon at Mr. Ackers.....

Letters from Portsmouth, Fryday. Saturday clean Chambers & sitting room, in the Afternoon Mrs. Furnell from Portsmouth & Hannah Crosby from Boston came here.

*Dr. Ammi Cutter died 1820, aged 86. Brewster tells us Rev. Dr. Buckminster and Dr. Cutter kept steadily in their place though the yellow fever plague of 1798, when 55 out of 96 cases ended fatally in two months, the total population being about 6,000.

†First Church Roxbury, Rev. Eliphalet Porter, 1782–1833. An anecdote is told of him: on a fishing excursion in the harbor, Hon. Ebenezer Seaver, the 'Squire,' and leading Democrat of the town, caught the first fish, skinning & beheading his prize he held it up dangling before Dr. Porter, who like most of the clergy was a warm Federalist, saying, "There Doctor, there's a good honest Democrat for you! what do you think of that?' 'Think?' answered the Doctor, with his usual deliberation, 'Why, I think it served him about right.'"—*Drake's History of Roxbury.*

‡1785, June 28, Miss Hannah Ackers to Henry Kethan. She died 1832, aged 82.—*Town Records.*

Sunday, July 17, went to Meeting, Mrs. Furnell & Hannah Crosby likewise. Miss Hannah Goddard din'd here, after Meeting we walk'd up on the hill* out in the Goose Pasture..... Tuesday, Sally Jackson here a few minutes to borrow my paste pins..... Wednesday Commencement.† I walk'd down to my grandfather's in the morning, my Aunt Heath & my Mama rode, Cate walk'd down there. My Uncle Caleb Craft went down there in the afternoon. My Uncle Daniel Craft & Lady, my Mama & I rode through Cambridge & as far as Charleston..... Thursday, Ebby & I went in a Chaise to Mrs. White's‡ Funeral. Caleb Craft staid here all Night last night. My Uncle came after him to-night.....

Monday, [July 23].....Elisha Gardner here a few minutes in the Afternoon after Mulberrys..... Tuesday.....my Mama & I went out to get some Blackberrys just before Night. Wednesday morning my Mama & I walk'd down to the Doct'rs.....it rained a little, Ebby brought the Chaise down. My Aunt Heath & my mama rode home I walk'd. Thursday.....my Aunt Heath, my Mama & I went up to Mrs. Whites. Mr. White very sick, taken last night in Convulsion fits.....

Tuesday, My Mama & I spent Afternoon at Mr. Webs..... Thursday.....My Aunt Heath went up to the Weavers, Caleb & I went with her.....

Tuesday, [August 9] We went to Isaac Gardner's, Nabby & Tommy here in the Ev'ning..... Saturday I rode on a Horse as far as Mr. Kinduccks, went to the Plain, & come by the Pond.....

Tuesday, [August 16] I went to Mrs. Sharps with Polly Aspinwall..... Wednesday, my Aunt Heath, my mama & I, went with Mrs. Moses White & Mrs. Duick to Mr. Hammonds..... Thursday, Miss Nancy Lane, Nabby Bennet & Polly Rouse spent the Day here..... I went in the Afternoon to Mr. Goddards with Sally Ackers & Nancy, & Nabby Corey.....

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* Samuel Sewall, a great grandson of the Chief Justice, was thirty years of age, practising law in Boston, at the outbreak of the Revolution. He became a refugee, and his real estate in Brookline inherited from his mother, Ann White, daughter of Samuel White, was confisicated. From its purchaser, John Heath, the hill has since borne the name of Heath Hill. The "goose pasture" may possibly be the portion of the hill where the brook from Cowens empties into the Reservoir at the foot of Mr. Charles Eliot's.— *Woods' Sketches of Brookline* and *Sewall's Diary*.

† "The young gentlemen who partook in the performances acquitted themselves by the elegance of their diction & the displays of oratory, that does honour to their respectable Alma Mater, & afforded satisfaction the most exhuberant, to an audience, as brilliant & respectable as can be conceived of." Bachelor's Degree taken by 31 Students.—*Massachusetts Centinel, July 23, 1785*.

‡ Elizabeth White died July 18, 1785.— *Town Records*.

HUMOR

"I CANNOT DRAW."

I 've tried and tried, and tried again,
But all in vain;
"I cannot draw."

I cannot draw her laughing face
So full of beauty and of grace,
So near it seems! Yet when I try
There comes to flout my eager eye
A mocking burlesque in its place,
And to myself I softly sigh,
"I cannot draw!"

Again I try, it flees apace—
Eludes my grasp. Again efface!
And now must I confess in woe,
"I cannot draw!"

E. E. B., '96.

LATINE DICENDA.

"At first, games add to their strength."—B. H. S. A. A.

"He ordered his people to give notice of a show."—Dedication.

"Moreover, I saw him of form more majestic."—Tubby (Aechtler).

"They were so imbued with piety that conscience restrained them."—Seniors.

"He was very conspicuous on account of his ancestors."—Wise.

"The number of those who wanted to go was large"—To the drill.

"They chose men to be at the head of the army."—Seaver.

"But he is eager to fight."—Hutch.

"The next day all assembled near the royal abode and silently waited"—Tardy pupils at the office door.

"It is believed he ascended to the gods."—The umpire.

Professor—"Give the dative of *donum*."
Pupil—"Don' know."
Professor—"Correct, sir."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 3

JANUARY

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 2 JANUARY, 1896 NUMBER 3

THE STORY OF A SPEAKING-TRUMPET

OVER the mantel in our hall there hangs a brass speaking-trumpet. To look at its battered sides one would hardly think it worthy of its prominent position, yet its history makes it one of the most prized heirlooms of our family.

My great-grandfather was the captain of a vessel which conveyed gold and ivory from Cape Town, in southern Africa, to New York. His crew consisted of first and second mates, a steward and seven brawny mariners. On one of his voyages his wife, Sarah Anne, accompanied him. He reached Cape Town in safety, and with his ship well laden with treasure he set sail for home. On the evening of the fourth day out, Sarah Anne happening to pass the entrance to the forecastle heard the sailors, who were all collected at mess, talking in low tones. As she approached, from the scraps of conversation that reached her ears, she learned that a plot involving her life and that of her husband was to be carried out that night; that the sailors intended to steal the gold. Although at first almost rooted to the spot with horror, she realized that prompt action should be taken to avert the impending calamity. Noiselessly she sprang forward and in another second she had closed the door and drawn the bolts. Then rushing to her husband, who was at the wheel, she told him all. The situation was desperate, as the door was weak and could not withstand the combined forces of the powerful men. Sarah Anne fell upon her knees, praying for speedy relief. Suddenly a light appeared through the darkness. Nearer and nearer it came and the captain's heart throbbed with hope.

Grasping the wheel he turned his ship toward what he knew to be an approaching vessel.

By this time the sailors had finished their conference, and started for the upper deck, but they were checked in their proceedings by the bolted door. They pounded and knocked, but to no purpose. Still my great-grandfather felt that the door was weakening at every attack. The distance between the two vessels was narrowing ; the pounding on the door increasing. He snatched his speaking trumpet and shouted to those on board the nearing ship, "Ship ahoy ! Our lives depend on your speedy assistance ! Help ! Help !" At the moment when the two ships drew alongside, the sailors, mad with fury, broke out upon the deck. The crew of the rescuing ship, armed with weapons, leaped across and engaged them in a hand-to-hand contest. As the mutinous crew had only their fists for protection they were easily overpowered and confined in irons.

Had the captain not had his trumpet by his side, what should I be today ?

F. S. '97.

LA FEUILLE

(A Translation)

From thy tiny twiglet torn,
Poor dry leaf — alone — forlorn,
"Whither away ?" "I do not know ;
Shattered is my oaken tree,
Only on it could I grow.
The capricious breath, in vain,
Of the west or northern gale
All the day has carried me
From the mountain to the vale.
Uncomplaining, not afraid ;
For at last where each leaf goes,
Where the leaves of June's lost rose
Rest 'mid laurels, I'll be laid."

M. B. D. '98.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE OF PACKING A TRUNK

MR. SMITH is going to the Atlanta Exposition, and it is necessary that he should pack his trunk. Such a shameful waste of time! But it must be done, so he plunges headlong at his clothes.

He starts off with his best black necktie, whistling "The Bowery Girl" to keep time to his movements to and from the trunk. The boot-blacking and tooth-brush follow the necktie, with less care than before on the part of Mr. Smith as he places them in the trunk. His dress-coat is smoothed out and laid on the black necktie. Here the care and attention ceases, and underclothing, hats, suspenders and trousers are tossed in one confused heap, until the bed, chairs, table and couch are empty. The trunk is packed! Mr. Smith stands back and surveys it—an expression of triumph in his eye, and an amiable upward curve to the lip;—did I say an upward curve? It slowly, slowly, disappeared. Mr. Smith scratched his head and bit his lip—for, why, of course he needed his best necktie to wear to Keith's tonight. I need not repeat the word that escaped from his mouth as he plunged at the folded clothes and dumped them in a heap on the floor. The best black necktie was unearthed and thrown after a bad word across the room. Then the clothes were seized by the armful and thrown into the box, the lid was closed, and Mr. Smith put his knee on it while he turned the key. The trunk was packed!

Here is Mr. Brown, a painstaking, steady old bachelor, who also is starting out for Atlanta.

His trousers, vests, underclothing and neckties are spread scientifically upon the bed; his shoes, bed-slippers and stockings are on the lounge, and his beloved evening dress is hung over the screen. He turns slowly around and surveys the whole; he heaves a sigh; he begins his labors.

Rolling his brush, comb, tooth-brush and boot lacings in a bag, made expressly for that purpose by his maiden sister, he places the

bundle in the folds of his clean night-shirt, and then—so much done! (Another sigh.) His gray mackintosh goes into the depths of the trunk, and is carefully patted and smoothed out, lest the collar should wrinkle. He folds two pairs of trousers, two coats and two vests neatly, and one after the other they disappear into the open trunk. But presently out come the gray trousers; Mr. Brown is not quite satisfied with the way in which they are folded. One trousers' leg was not creased exactly in the middle. This trifle is soon remedied, and Mr. Brown looks about for his next victim.

He puts the empty tray on the table, and proceeds to make a foundation of underclothing for the dress suit, which is presently laid in, with the greatest care. Around the corners and crevices of the suit are stowed his boots and shoes. The tray is placed in the trunk, but suddenly it occurs to the packer that he was to wear the brown-checked trousers, and carry the striped ones which he has on. So out come the brown-checked trousers — very carefully so as not to disturb the others.

The lid of the trunk is closed, that no dust may enter before Monday. Mr. Brown arranges his room in perfect order, and then, after giving a last sigh of relief, he sits down to read the "Christian Register."

—— '98.

THE HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING CLUB

THE secretary's report of the doings of the Debating Club present only a bare statement of what is really interesting history. In such a record there is no evidence of the importance of the events reported, and thus, for example, a vote of thanks to a member for bringing a tumbler occupies as much space, and is apparently as worthy of note as the vote by which the Club abandoned its system of doubling fines. The writer has been asked to write a few reminiscences of the Club as it was in the early years of its existence, and the invitation is gladly accepted.

The present organization is not the first debating club that has existed in the school. So recently as 1885 a club was founded,

and led a precarious existence for two years, when it died a natural death.

The present Club began in November, 1890. Its foundation was due to the earnest efforts of Sumner H. Foster, '91, who, acting upon a suggestion from the Master, circulated a petition which all who desired the formation of such a club were requested to sign. The first meeting, to which only boys were admitted, was held at recess, Thursday, October 30th, 1890. A chairman and secretary were chosen, and a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution.

When school reassembled after recess, the Master made the announcement that he had received a petition from twenty-one of the young ladies of the school, requesting that they be admitted to the Club on an equality with the young gentlemen. Concluding the announcement, he added: "I cordially recommend that the petition be granted." And so another meeting was held, and the names of two girls were added to the committee on the constitution.

This committee met on the Tuesday following, and drew up a document that did not vary materially from the usual character of such papers. Provision was made that the vice-president and the secretary should always be girls. One phrase of the by-law relating to fines should, however, be mentioned. After enumerating the various financial penalties for absence and infraction of the rules, the article concluded with the words, "but if any fine shall not be paid within two weeks it shall be doubled." This was construed by the successive presidents to mean that doubling should continue every two weeks until the fine was paid. The readers of this article who are acquainted with the principles of geometrical progression will readily see that a fine of ten cents incurred at the first meeting in September, and remaining unpaid throughout the year, would amount, in June, to the trifling sum of $13,107.20. It is needless to add that collections so large as this were seldom made. The usual custom in such cases was to compromise for seventy-five cents. In 1893 this system of doubling was abolished.

Early in the Club's existence it was determined to conduct its elections according to the principles of the Australian ballot sys-

tem. A somewhat complicated law was drawn up to meet the Club's demands, and since September, 1892, all elections have been held in accordance with its provisions.

The Club has always been fortunate in its choice of officers. The first president, Sumner H. Foster, could hardly have been improved upon. Possessed of executive ability, a clear head, and a determined spirit, he was exactly the one required to guide the Club in the difficult work incident to its establishment. Eleanor A. Doran, the first secretary, and Benjamin Hurd, the first treasurer, were continued in office for two years, their re-election being uncontested. The beautifully written and perfectly accurate records, and the flourishing condition of the treasury during these two years show clearly why the incumbents were so honored. But to enumerate the good qualities of all those who held office during the first three years would be tedious both for the reader and the writer. Suffice it then to say that the Club never had occasion to regret its actions in this important matter, the constantly increasing frequency of re-election indicating the perfect satisfaction of the members.

Joint debates were begun in 1891,—Brookline High in that year challenging the Cambridge Latin School to meet in Brookline. "Capital punishment" was the subject for discussion, Cambridge supporting and Brookline opposing it. The verdict of the judges was that "while the debaters of Brookline had been more successful in answering the arguments of their opponents, the weight of argument was on the side of Cambridge. In 1892 another debate was held, this time in Cambridge. The writer will never forget that evening. The debaters, accompanied by Mr. Sanford, rode to Cambridge in a carriage, while about fifty loyal Brooklinians went in a special car. It was a very stormy night, and yet, thanks to the energetic work of the Cambridge managers, the hall was completely filled, auditors even standing in the corridors. Before such an assembly it was easy to speak, and Brookline acquitted herself well. There were no judges, but it is worthy of note that the Boston newspapers conceded the victory to Brookline.

The subject of this debate was, *Resolved, That the United States has pursued the right policy in the Chilian question.* It was a very important topic at that time, and the debate attracted a great deal of attention on that account. "Texas Siftings," the humorous weekly of New York, published a cartoon representing the character of Minister Egan as it was presented by each side.

The next year, and in each successive year thereafter, Brookline and Newton have met in joint discussion, but no decision has ever been rendered as to the result of the argument.

Public debates of the society have been held at intervals. Beginning in October, 1892, it has been the settled custom to inaugurate each new set of officers at a public meeting in the Town Hall. At this meeting two prizes are awarded each year to the two members of the Club who have done the most meritorious work in debate in the school year next preceding the meeting. The name of the donor has remained a secret, at his request, save to the successive presidents and the prize winners.

Public meetings of a unique character were begun in December, 1891. Acting upon the suggestions of Mr. Sanford, the Club held, in the lower Town Hall, a miniature town meeting. A warrant was regularly drawn, containing seven articles. Stephen F. Sears, one of the most faithful members the Club ever had, was chosen moderator, and the questions were freely discussed. Local hits on town celebrities were indulged in by the speakers, and the audience had a most enjoyable time.

This meeting was followed, in 1893, by a session of the Massachusetts State Senate, which was followed in turn by sessions of a City Council and the United States Senate. The aim of these meetings has been to familiarize the members with the methods of procedure in these bodies and to awaken among them an interest in public affairs. In this attempt the Club has been very successful.

Mention should be made of the gift to the Club in the fall of '92 of a silver-mounted gavel. The gavel was first used by President Charles Jenney, who then began so successful an administration that his re-election was unanimous.

The regular meetings of the Club were famous for their enthusiasm. Sharp debate occurred frequently, and the parliamentary decisions of the chair were often called in question.

Upon one occasion a dispute arose as to the proper title to be used in addressing the chair. Might it be "Mr. Chairman," or should it always be his proper title, "Mr. President?" President Foster maintained that the latter was the only correct address, and declined to recognize anyone who used any other title. Thinking that he could settle the matter, a member wrote to Hon. T. B. Reed, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, and received a reply sustaining the president's decision. This letter was read by the president at the next meeting and created great excitement. It should be remembered that the election of 1890 had just taken place. Mr. Reed's party had been very badly defeated, and he himself was branded as a "parliamentary ignoramus." His political opponents would not submit to his opinions being the authority by which the Club was to be guided. An exceedingly spirited debate took place, but before it was ended a clause in Cushing's Manual was discovered which covered the point in question, and consequently no vote was taken upon Mr. Reed's opinion.

Upon another occasion a vote was taken, *viva voce*, upon a question which was personal to the president. In order to have some fun with the chair, two members voted "no," probably to see if the chairman would notice them. The president, not to be outdone, declared the vote lost. A member, anxious to catch the chairman, arose, and in austere tones inquired: "Mr. President, do you believe that decision?" The president replied: "Your question is not in order. The right of a member to doubt the decision of the chair is inherent, but it does not include the right to doubt the chair's integrity." The member subsided. Thereupon the decision was formally doubted by another member, and upon a count it was shown that the chair's decision was wrong, and that it was a vote, forty-six to two.

The writer cannot conclude these reminiscences without a word as to the present and future of the Club.

The Brookline High School stands in the front rank of the schools for secondary education in this country, and it is now equipped as befits its station. It should, therefore, stand well in every branch. In athletics, thanks to proper coaching, coupled with enthusiasm, it has emerged from obscurity, and stands near the top among the schools of the region. If it can do this in one line of endeavor, why not in another? Debating is as excellent an exercise for the brain as foot-ball is for the body. Surely, then, a school which stands high in foot-ball ought to be able, unless it is to devote all of its energies in one direction, to maintain a debating club that shall be easily first among such organizations.

The Club never had more faithful officers than it has today. Every student owes it to his school to render them every possible aid towards making the Club a success.

WM. G. NASH, '92.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held Dec. 17th, it was voted to form a polo team, which should not, however, enter into the league. R. C. Seaver and H. G. North were chosen captain and manager respectively. Since the playgrounds are to be flooded, we suggest that class teams also be formed, to meet at recess. It seems as though the recess period ought to be utilized in some such way. Then, too, this would instill a little enthusiasm into the school and create a friendly rivalry between the classes, both of which are lacking at present.

THE SAGAMORE

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Last year, the Brookline High School took the initiative in founding a scholarship at Hampton. Since then many letters have been received commending our action, and a number of schools intend to follow our example. This year, the subject was again brought before the school. We had made it possible for a poor negro to educate himself and to begin learning a trade, for the space of a year. We know, from several letters which we have received from Joseph Walker, that he appreciates our efforts, and we do not propose to let the matter drop there. The money necessary to keep our protégé at school another year has been contributed by the scholars. Let us hope that the same commendable desire to do a good work will be evinced in the future. Each member of the school will then have the satisfaction of knowing that he has contributed his mite toward the making of a man.

With the consent of Mr. Sanford, the fellows of the senior class are going to give a minstrel show, principally for the benefit of next year's base-ball nine. Great care is being taken to ensure the success of the affair; for, more than any other kind of an entertainment, if a minstrel show is not an absolute success, it is an utter failure. The list of fellows who are to take part in the show is being made with the understanding that every fellow must have both time and ability to carry his part. Moreover, Mr. Sanford has the option of excluding any name he sees fit. As it is positively necessary to have good jokes and only very good ones, the managing committee must have a large assortment from which to choose; so let every one be on the look out. If, for any reason, a fellow is excluded from taking part in the performance, he must bear in mind that this entertainment is without precedent in the school, and accordingly must set the pace for all future undertakings of the sort. Make the show a success, fellows, but don't overdo the matter, or you may be disappointed.

We print the following letter by permission of a member of the school. The sound advice it contains may help those who aspire to literary fame:

HARTFORD, Oct. 13, 1895.

My Dear Miss,—

Your note awaited me on my return yesterday from Europe.

Literature is really of no age. Very young people have written extraordinary things. But this is an age which seeks efforts without adequate proportion. Many people want to write without having anything to say, neither experience nor knowledge: just feeling. You are a student. Be a good student. Do not worry at present about publication. Fill up the reservoir before trying to draw from it. Read the best books and study style, and practise writing. When you have anything to say, try to say it as simply and clearly as you can. Learn to observe carefully all outward objects and people. Study characters. Cultivate in every way your powers of observation. What you need to do now is to make yourself fit to write.

If you go to Smith you will have opportunity to use your writing gifts, if you have one, and the result will come naturally.

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER.

NEWS NOTES

The Sagamore wishes you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New New Year!

The winter term begins on January 2d.

A good many of the seniors are now occupied in writing for the J. Murray Kay prize essay.

The 8.15 train from Boston now stops at the Brookline Hills station for the convenience of scholars.

Considering how near the holiday season was, the money for the Hampton scholarship came in very well.

Capt. E. N. Wrightington has appointed Charles Jenney, '93, manager of the Harvard foot-ball team for 1896.

Skating and coasting are the order of the day; the boys are hoping for fine cold weather during the holidays.

Williams College seems to be growing in favor. A larger number than usual are preparing to go there this year.

Charles Smoot (special) is constructing an apparatus for recording gestures, for the physcological department at Harvard.

Are you a member of the Athletic Association? If not, you should become one without delay. The Association is worthy of everyone's support.

It is proposed to hang in the lower corridor pictures of successive classes, beginning with '92. Members of the classes of '93 and '94 are urged to have their pictures taken.

Speaking has again begun, but is robbed of most of its terrors. The old practice of having everyone speak before the school has been discontinued, and the exercises are now conducted in the separate class-rooms.

All who have files of last year's Sagamore should send them to the business manager for binding. The binding is very artistic and costs only fifty cents. A complete history of the school for the past year may thus be had in durable form.

There has been some talk of forming a fire brigade, to man the hose in the corridors. We suggest that the idea be put into effect, and that officers be chosen and a volunteer fire company formed to be ready for emergencies. A serious fire was recently averted in a girl's school by the prompt action of their fire brigade.

The practice of reading the news after the morning exercises has again been taken up. Editors are appointed each week from the senior class.

The minstrel show, to be given by the senior class in aid of the base ball team, will probably take place during the first part of February. It is whispered about that there will be some good local hits, and that the entertainment will be well worth attending. Engage your seat before the rush!

A number of graduates and former members of the Debating Club have formed a graduate debating club, known as the Robert C. Winthrop League. Chas. Jenney, '93, is president, and Chas. Proctor is secretary. The League was recently addressed by Mr. Moorfield Storey on "Civil Service Reform."

The series of lectures now being given by the Education Society in the assembly hall of the High School is very largely attended, and many come from Boston to be present at them. Prof. John Fiske will lecture on January 8th. His subject will be: "Charles Lee, the Soldier of Fortune." Further particulars may be had by consulting the posters.

The history committee of the Education Society propose to provide a course of historical lectures at the High School on Friday afternoons for youths of twelve years and upwards. The course will consist of a series of brief and interesting talks on the Civil War and local history. Among others, the following gentlemen have promised to speak: Rev. E. E. Hale, D. D., Charles C. Coffin, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

On Thanksgiving Day two scrub foot-ball teams, largely made up of members and graduates of the High School, all anxious to get up a good appetite for dinner, met on the Playgrounds. The teams had dubbed themselves the "Chubbyites" and the "Out-of-Sights," and they were captained respectively by "Chubby" Belches and R. C. Seaver. With the aid of several new (?) and effective (?) plays the "Chubbyites" carried the day.

There has been some dissatisfaction among the upper-class boys with reference to the appointment of the officers of Company C. The officers were chosen from the fourth class. The appointments, however, will stand. The officers are as follows: Captain, B. C. Lancy; first lieut., E. N. Dorr; second lieut., R. L. Shewell; first sergt., F. M. Durkee; second sergt., A. A. Cushing; third sergt., N. W. Thompson; fourth sergt., Richard Morse; fifth sergt., Harry Hall. The corporals will be appointed later.

On Wednesday, December 18, the teachers and senior class of the High School were very pleasantly received by Mr. Sanford and his sister at their house on Allerton street.

Now that drill can no longer be conducted in the open air, the need of a sufficiently large drill hall is strongly felt. It is a pity the gymnasium could not have been made a little larger; there is really not room enough for a single company. It has been suggested that the Assembly Hall be used for battalion formations, and it would answer the purpose admirably.

No one better appreciates the action of the Selectmen in appropriating money for the flooding of the Playgrounds than we of the High School. Skating at recess, and before our very doors at that! This should put an end to the inclination most of us feel to stay in at recess during the cold weather. Bring your skates to school and make the best of your opportunities!

In Littell's Living Age for September 27, is a letter which will interest those of the seniors who are writing for the prize essay. The letter was written in 1862, and gives a very vivid description of a common war-time incident — the preparing and sending off of clothes, provisions, bandages and medicines for the soldiers. Many towns were at that time sending supplies to the army, and, as shown by the letter, Brookline was not lacking in patriotism.

ATHLETICS.

FOOT-BALL NOTES

THE last two games played by the foot-ball team this fall were well contested, but Brookline was a loser in both.

On the twenty-first of November our team played the Boston Latin School. It was the first cold day of the winter, and the ground was frozen hard; some of our players seemed to be in a similar condition. It is difficult to account for the defeat, unless it was due to Brookline's being too confident of victory. At the beginning of the second half it looked at one time like a touchdown for us, but nothing was realized. During the game, Gillespie, our right tackle, was quite painfully injured. The score was 6–0 in favor of B. L. S.

"Hoppy" was our last opponent this year. In a very closely-contested game on Soldier's Field, November twenty-seventh, B. H. S. was once more defeated. The score of 6–4 shows that each side made a touch-down and that Brookline failed to kick a goal. It was not, however, on account of an inability to kick a goal, but because Seaver was interferred with in catching Cook's punt-out.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

Following is a synopsis of the games played by the eleven this year: —

			B. H. S.	Oppts.
Sept. 29.	Brookline High School	vs. Newton High School	22	0
Oct. 9.	" "	vs. Newton A. A. 2nd Eleven	20	0
Oct. 16.	" "	vs. Harvard, Class of '99	0	6
Oct. 19.	" "	vs. Harvard, Class of '97	6	4
Oct. 21.	" "	vs. Roxbury Latin School	28	0
Oct. 23.	" "	vs. Harvard, Class of '96	0	4
Oct. 31.	" "	vs. English High School	0	4
Nov. 4.	" "	vs. Cambridge H. and L. School	18	0
Nov. 8.	" "	vs. Camb. Man. Train. School	4	0
Nov. 16.	" "	vs. Allston Athletic Association	4	0
Nov. 21.	" "	vs. Boston Latin School	0	6
Nov. 27.	" "	vs. Hopkinson's School	4	6

Number of victories, 7; number of defeats, 5; number of points won, 108; number of points lost, 30.

It will be noticed that the scores made by us in the practice games were much larger than in the league games. If it were not that "a miss is as good as a mile," we could take great comfort from the fact, that in no defeat this season past has the team been beaten by more than one touch-down. As far as results go, as to position in the league, we might just as well have been overwhelmingly beaten in every game.

It is gratifying to note that we have not come out last in the Senior Interscholastic League, for otherwise there would be the possibility of being relegated to the Junior League next year. The season, taken as a whole, although not as successful as one could have desired it to be, was at least satisfactory in its final result. We can look back at the '95 team as one which has creditably represented the B. H. S. on the gridiron.

C. W. Kellogg, Jr.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE 74th regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held in the High School building Nov. 20, 1895. It was voted that instead of six principal debaters at a meeting, there should hereafter be but four. The subject of debate for the evening was, *Resolved, That the Civil War was a benefit to the South.* The debaters on the affirmative were H. S. Hirshberg and William Mayo; Karl Heinrich, Henderson Kellogg and J. G. Pierce spoke on the negative side of the question.

The 75th regular meeting of the Debating Club was held Dec. 4, 1895. The following question was announced for debate at the next meeting: *Resolved, That the Cubans are justified in revolting against the power of Spain.* The principal debaters will be J. G. Pierce and Frank Wilcox on the affirmative side, and J. R. Marvin and J. T. Floyd on the negative. Debate was then opened to the principal debaters on the subject for the meeting: *Resolved, That a college education improves a young man's chances for success in business.* A. H. Parker upheld the affirmative, and J. M. Driscoll and Hassell Smith the negative side of the question. Mr. Herbert R. Chase and Mr. Dwight Farnum, two former members of the High School, made brief speeches, and were most cordially received by the Club.

GEO. W. WALTER, Sec'y.

With the close of the foot-ball season we turn our thoughts to other forms of recreation. Whether giving personal attention to athletics or not it is important that we should give some time and thought to systematic and wholesome exercise for health's sake. The modern gymnasium, under skilled medical and general supervision, is recognized by our colleges and students of physical culture as a valuable promoter of health. Boston is greatly favored in having one of the finest and most popular in the country, under the direction of Mr. R. J. Roberts at the Young Men's Christian Association, Boylston and Berkeley streets, where, for the very reasonable sum of ten dollars, full privileges for one year can be obtained. During the winter season the work is at its height and it is a most favorable time to join.

AN OLD DIARY*

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1785

Fryday Ev'ning I went to Mr. Ackers, Isaac Gardner & Lady, Nabby Gardner & David Hyslop† there.....

Wednesday, [August 24] My Aunt Heath & my Mama sat out for Roxbury about Eleven o'clock, went to Mr. Mayo's, to Mr. Griggs, drank tea at Mr. Dudleys. Betsey Curtis & Nancy come in just before Dinner, staid till Night. Thursday, Ann Tucker & Patty Beals spent afternoon here. Col'n Sumner drank tea.....& staid all night..... I went on a single horse to Mr. Harris's, drank tea at Mr. Dudleys.....

Monday, [September 5] My Aunt Heath & my mama went to Boston, bought my mama a Patch gown..... Tuesday, Mrs. Dudley & Betsey Weld spent the Day here.....

Tuesday, [September 13].....ev'ning went to Singing with Sukey & Betsey..... Wednesday I went with Betsey Heath & Sukey to see Lucy Heath.‡ Thursday morning Betsey Fellows came from Boston, Mrs. Smith & Polly Parker spent afternoon there, Betsey Fellows, Betsey Heath & Sukey & I went to Singing Meeting. Fryday, Betsey Fellows went to pay the wedding visit to Mrs. Fairfield, Betsey Heath & I went to Mrs. Curtises..... Fryday Betsey Fellows went to Colonel Williams, Lucy spent Afternoon there, they came home with me as far as Mrs. Tuckers. Nobody here whilst I been gone except Mrs. Manor.....

Monday, [September 19].....I went with Miss Prudy [Heath] to Mr. Smith's to get my shoes well tap'd.....Tuesday, Miss Hannah Goddard spent Afternoon here, Betsey Shed went home with her to work. My mama, Miss Prudy & I went home with them to get some peaches..... Thursday, Mrs. Childs here..... In the Ev'ning went to Singing. Nabby Gardner call'd for me.....

---

* Begun in the January number, 1894.

† Minutes of David Hyslop's Will, made 25 March 1820, he was born 1755 and died 1822.
4 Item. To Son David wearing apparel, large folio Bible, 2 Vols., best gold watch, Yeamans plate & mourning ring.
6 Item. To Wm. H. Sumner $1000, Laughing boy & mourning ring.
11 Item. To Rev. John Pierce, handsome suit of clothes & a mourning ring, in token of my respect & esteem.

‡ Mehitable Craft, married Isaac Curtis, 1727; their 8th child, Patience, married 1768, Peleg Heath, brother of the Major General. Lucy was the eldest of three children, and born the same year as Betsey Heath, 1769.—*Crafts Family.*

Sunday, September 25, very stormy I went to meeting, fair weather in the afternoon. I din'd at Mr. Jackson's. Mr. Fairfield & Mrs. Brownell din'd there, Betsey Gray there. Monday wash'd. Mrs. Atkins, Miss Nancy Beck, Sukey Atkins & Sally Dean spent the Day here..... Fryday I went on a single horse over to Mr. Griggs, drank tea at Mrs. Griggs.....

Wednesday, [October 5th].....Enoch Corey.....& Ben Davis here a little while in the Ev'ning. Thursday, Mrs. Aspinwall, Miss Lucy & Julia Aspinwall, Mrs. Ackers & Mrs. Seaver spent Afternoon here.....

Monday, [October 10th].....My mama sets out for Portsmouth, Ebby carried her as far as Ipswich, met Doct. Goddard & Betsey there, all lod'g'd at Homans in Ipswich. In the morning, my mama sat out with Mr. Goddard, Betsey came home with her Brother. Tuesday Afternoon we went to Benjamin Gardner's* funeral. Ebby got to Mr. Jackson's at four O'clock, left Betsey there & come to the funeral. My Aunt Heath, Miss Hannah Goddard, Ebby & I drank tea at Mr. Jackson's. Sally come to our house with Ebby & I, spent Ev'ning there. Wednesday, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Wolcott, Nancy Wolcott & Hannah spent the Day here. Mrs. Davis staid all Night. I carried Mrs. Wolcott & the Children home, Mrs. Dunn got in with me at Mr. Clark's, Betsey came down to meet me as far as Mr. Jackson's. We all three rode home. Thursday morning Betsey & I went with Miss Hannah Goddard to Cap'n Williams. When we got to Mrs. Parker's, Hannah Parker & Sally Fellows came out & went with us. Mrs. Sparhawk, Nancy Pierpoint, Prudy May & Nabby Dugan spent the Day there likewise. Came home round by Mr. Goddard's. Miss Hannah undrest her, came home with us..... We went with Primus† home with Miss Hannah again.....

Monday, [October 11th] Betsey & I went to Boston, bought us Callico for Habits. Enoch Corey, Bill Ackers, Becca Sharp, Prudy Heath, Lucy Aspinwall & Nancy Ackers call for us to go to Singing. We went. Tuesday, Betsey & I spent afternoon & Ev'ning at Mr. Goddards. Mr. Ebby

---

* Ben. Gardner died Oct. 7 of consumption, aged 28.—*Church Records.*

† Mrs. Henry F. Dana has a tattered receipt dated March 10th, 1768, acknowledging a part payment of £40 from John Heath, signed "Prymas his mark Negare."

In the Town Records we find: "March 6, 1786. Voted, to abate Primus's Rates for the years 1784, and 1785."

Davis, Mrs. Bill Brewer, Mrs. Davenport, Becca Sharp & Mrs. Winchester & Sally spent Afternoon there. Ebby & Elisha Gardner spent Ev'ning there. Wednesday, Betsey & I went with Miss Sally & Nancy Ackers to Mrs. Tafts, Miss Hannah Goddard there, she staid all night. Ebby, Bill Ackers, Enoch Corey, David Hyslop, Elisha Gardner, Joseph Jackson spent Ev'ning there. Thursday morning I went up to my Aunt Jerusha, to help her Quilt to stay all the week. After dinner I went a-chesnuting with my Aunt Jerusha a little while..... Last Thursday Betsey went a-chesnuting in the Afternoon with Sally Ackers & Nancy.....

Sunday, October 23.....Ebby brought Betsey Shed up at Night. Monday.....Singing in the Ev'ning. Tuesday, Kate went up to my Uncle Crafts to stay..... Wednesday, Betsey Richards came here. Thursday, Betsey Shed got done about Noon, she went down to Mrs. Ackers, Betsey & I took a ride on single Horses, wore our Habits, went down as far as Mrs. Sharps, then went round by Mr. Aaron Whites, to Mr. Mear's, drank tea there..... Fryday.....went to Singing. Saturday, Kate came home just before night, Anna Scott & Caleb came home with her.....

Monday, [October 31].....Enoch Corey & Ben Davis call'd here for Ebby to go to Singing, we went, first call'd for Nancy Ackers & Catey Taft. Tuesday we went with Nabby Gardner to make the Wedding visit to Mrs. Goddard.* Becca Sharp, Caty & Lucy Aspinwall, Rachel Dana & Polly spent Afternoon & Ev'ning there. Miss Hannah Goddard staid there all the Week. Ned Brewer, Increase Davis, Ben Davis, Joseph Jackson, Elisha Gardner & Enoch Corey & Ebby spent Ev'ning there. Wednesday rainy. Ebby went to Singing, staid all Night in the Schoolhouse..... Saturday, Betsey & I went to Mr. Smiths, to get a Couple pair of Shoes made.....

Wednesday, [November 9].....Mrs. Samuel Heath, Sukey & Betsey & Joseph Heath spent Afternoon here..... Becca Sharp, Prudy Heath, Joseph Heath, Ebby, Betsey & I — Nabby Gardner call'd for us — went down to Mr. Tafts. There was seven Couples had one of the Rooms in that house, Luck for the Fidler. Had Punch, Beveradge, Wine & Milk biscuit, came home about One o'clock in the rain, Joseph Heath staid about half an hour..... Fryday went to Lecture, Betsey Heath & I

*Oct. 29, 1785. Joseph Goddard married Mary Aspinwall.—*Church Records.*

drank Tea at Mr. Tafts, Betsey drank Tea at Mr. Clarks with Becca Sharp, we all went to Singing in the Ev'ning. Saturday.....Ebby went down as far as Mr. Tafts in the Ev'ning, we went with him till we got beyond Mr. Hyslop's, then we got over the wall & staid till he come back.

Sunday, November 13, went to meeting, the two Betseys Sat down below in the forenoon. Monday.....spent the Afternoon at Isaac Gardners, Mrs. Winchester & Sally there. Ebby call'd for us, we all went to Singing in the Ev'ning. Wednesday.....went to Singing.....there was a Number took a walk round by the Pond. Ben Davis & Jose Heath come here & Staid two hours afterwards. Thursday Ev'ning, Ebby, Betsey Heath, Betsey & I call'd for Caty Taft, went down as far as Mr. Sharps.... Fryday Ev'ning we went down as far as the School House staid outside a few Minutes & heard them Sing, & then come home again. Saturday Night Ebby carried Betsey Heath home. We went down to Mrs. Ackers's to carry the Newspaper home.....

Monday, [November 21].....Betsey & I spent the Afternoon with Miss Hannah Goddard up to Mr. Isaac Child's, went from there.....to see Mrs. Elijah Child*.....when we got home found Ben Davis..... Ebby & he went to Singing..... Thursday, Miss Hannah Goddard spent Afternoon here, she went to Singing with us in the Ev'ning. Enoch Corey, Bill Ackers, Ebby & I.....went home with her. Fryday..... Snowstorm.....

Fryday, [December 2] Betsey & I spent Afternoon at Mrs. Tafts with Sally Jewett, Joseph Jackson, Elisha Gardner, a Mr. Fisk† from Cambridge. Ebby & Becca Sharp spent Ev'ning there.....

Sunday, December 4, did not go to meeting, very Slippery & Stormy. Monday Kill'd Hogs..... Tuesday.....went to Mrs. Harris's between daylight & dark..... Thursday.....my Aunt Craft Sick..... Saturday made Sausages.....

Tuesday, [December 13] Betsey & I went in a chaise, Ebby in a chaise with Sally Jackson, with Jose Goddard & Lady, over to Cambridge to Jose Jackson's Chamber, Fisk drank tea there. Wednesday Prepare for thanksgiving.....

---

* Mr. Elijah Child lived about three-quarters of a mile from Jamaica Pond. He had been to sea in his youth, and being wrecked on the Arabian coast, wandered in the Wilderness of Sinai.—*Recollections of Brookline.* SAMUEL ASPINWALL GODDARD.

† Class of 1787, Oliver Fiske, M. D., possibly the same.—*Harvard College Catalogue.*

HUMOR

SONG OF A SENIOR

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream,
Why my German's mixed up nonsense,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real and life is earnest,
  And exams are not its goal,
But today I'll get a zero,
  And dark clouds drift o'er my soul.

Would that this were but a nightmare,
  From which soon I might awake;
But 'tis not, and I must stand it,
  And a little zero take.

Would I were a winged eagle!
  Into azure skies I'd soar,
And escape that recitation
  And find happiness once more.

—'96.

It is said that if some of the foot-ball players in the North end of the first class room are Wise, they had better get their Wolcutt.

At a *pension* in Paris a very beautiful English woman was staying. She did not understand a word of French, and was greatly embarrassed by the attentions of a young Frenchman who did not understand English. One day as they were sitting in the salon, he said: "Mademoiselle, je t' adore." "Shut it yourself," she calmly replied.—*Ex.*

The boy stood in the Chemical Lab.,
  Whence all but he had fled;
The spots of chlorine on the wall
  Showed why the others sped.—*Ex.*

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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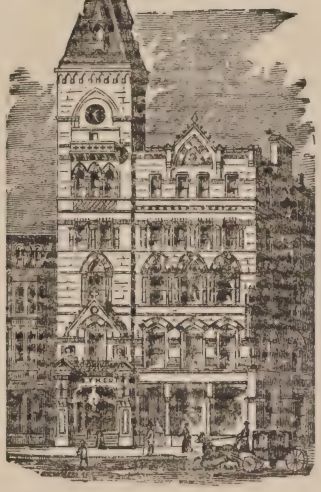

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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 4

FEBRUARY

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 2 FEBRUARY, 1896 NUMBER 4

COLLEGE LIFE AND EXPERIENCES AT HARVARD

I REMEMBER well a certain talk that Mr. Sanford gave to the members of the High School class of '92 who were going to higher institutions. He warned us that college was a larger place than a preparatory school, and that we must not expect to achieve our greatness at once,—far less to have it thrust upon us, however ready and willing we might be for that consummation of our hopes. In short, he told us that if we attempted to rise prematurely, we might find ourselves the proverbial tails which would not wag our respective dogs. This suggestion made a deep impression upon me at the time, and I prepared to enter upon my college career with some awe and considerable humiliation of spirit.

Having heard somewhat vaguely of "Bloody Monday," I was all the more ready to look upon the upper-class men with a little respect and a good deal of awe.

The awe, however, was soon diminished though the respect increased. I remember particularly one incident which effected the transformation. On registration day I was in line at the college pump, waiting my turn to drink. Ahead of me was a well-built, good-looking upper-class man. When his turn came, he filled the tin cup, and, instead of drinking himself, passed it to me. For the first time I felt that I was a full-fledged member of Harvard College, and already owned a great part of that institution. I have noticed manifestations of that feeling in a majority of the Freshmen class every year, but so far from being repressed, it is almost

encouraged,—at any rate tolerated. Harvard has no cold welcome for her Freshmen. But besides the sense of proprietorship of the institution, this one little act—and I have seen it repeated many times—aroused in me a respect and affection for Harvard and the Harvard spirit which have lasted through my college course; and, common as it is, it seems to me typical, embodying the courtesy and toleration which are, to my mind, the prevailing elements of the much-talked-of and often-decried Harvard spirit.

It was not long after this that I had another opportunity of finding what the atmosphere and tone of my college really was. On the evening of "Bloody Monday," President Eliot addressed our class in Sanders Theatre. He told us of the moral and physical life at Harvard, which we ought to appreciate as well as that purely intellectual. He placed before us a simple though comprehensive code of morality. It was this: "Let every man so conduct himself that he may be, some day, the fit companion for some noble, pure-hearted woman." In conclusion he told us as simply what would be our relations to the University and to the Faculty. All was comprised in three sentences.

I. "Every Harvard man is expected to be a gentleman."

II. "Every Harvard man will be treated as if he were a gentleman."

III. "Every Harvard man who is not a gentleman must go."

It was thus that I got an immediate insight into the inner workings of the University. And once in sympathy with the heart of the whole, it was impossible not to be pleased with its outward features.

Not until my Junior year, however, did I enjoy fully what are, broadly speaking, the two most characteristic and pleasant features of a college career,—table life and dormitory life. Last year, for the first time, I took my meals at a club table in Memorial Hall. It is very pleasant to eat in the company of fellows whom you know. Now, when I go to lunch or dinner, I look forward with pleasure to seeing from six to thirteen friends, all cheerful and busy comparing notes on the University Club, Jimmie Dean's election to the base ball captaincy, the color of Mrs. Potter's hair,

the slowness of David, our waiter, in serving our food, conjectures as to where he is at the present moment, and other matters of current interest.

Now, when I return to my room in Perkins Hall I may expect to find another group of friends in the study of the man across the hall, who is one of the most sociable fellows I have ever known. His door is open day and night. Once, I remember, it was closed, but then two of the boys were outside taking off the door-knob with a screwdriver, and finally succeeded in effecting an entrance. Generally the room contains anywhere from two to a dozen fellows, sprawling over window-seat, chairs and rugs, eating the proprietor's crackers, drinking his chocolate and smoking his tobacco, complaining meanwhile of the meagre accommodations. "Now, one or two more chairs," one remarks, "would improve this room a great deal, and then we would n't have to put our feet on the table." All assent, and then a silence follows, during which one may hear someone in the bed-room shaking the cracker barrel to get the best ones, after which a stampede generally ensues.

There is in Harvard student life (the daily work and pleasure of between three and four thousand men) such an almost infinite diversity and many-sidedness that it is very hard, in speaking of it in general terms, to do it anything like justice. In conclusion, however, I do wish to say this one thing: There are, it is true, little bonds of fellowship in Harvard, as in the world, which bind some groups of men together more than others. This fact seems to be very widely known. Another fact, however, does not seem to be so broadly recognized, and that is that there exists besides these little ties the one greatest and strongest bond of all which binds every single Harvard man,— that of sympathy and affection for his "Alma Mater."

Stephen F. Sears, B. H. S., '92, Harvard, '96.

THE LION'S THIRST

THE sun had set on the desert, but the glowing west still lighted the lonely stretch of sand. The barren waste was preparing for the welcome darkness, which would bring with it a cool, fresh breeze. Never had the sand been more dry and torrid than now, as it lay there scorched by the African sun. Away in the distance were a few palms, waving dejectedly. "Perhaps," they seemed to murmur, "we may yet hope to live."

As the sky grew duller, the night wind began to blow lightly. It fingered carefully some dry bushes, but left them soon, whispering a dirge. It swept on across the waste, blowing the sand here and there into tiny heaps, and now and then lingering to pity some dead animal that it had come too late to save. As it kept on its course, silently, steadily, there crept from the palm grove an enormous beast, his tongue hanging from his drooping jaw, the great locks of hair on his head dripping with sweat. He plodded slowly over the sand, burning his feet at every step, yet he kept on, on, on. He passed, unheeding, the body of an African ostrich lying dead on the ground, for there was but one goal for him. His steps were shorter now, and as he lifted his great paws he groaned with pain,—still he pressed forward.

The end was near, but yet too far.

The next day an Arab, crossing the desert, stopped his camel in amazement before the body of a dead lion, half covered with dry sand. Not five feet away he saw a spring of gurgling water.

The Arab had never been to Switzerland; he had never heard of the Swiss Guards; but he saw that day on the face of a dead lion a look of greater agony than that which is sculptured on the face of the Lion of Lucerne.

M. B. D., '98.

This from an exchange: "O Brookline High School, how we do enjoy you in your new building! Fortune will have to smile on us some day if the school continues to grow as it has done in the past two years."

THE PESSIMIST

Nothing to do but work,
  Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes —
  To keep one from being nude.

Nothing to breath but air —
  Quick as a flash 't is gone,—
Nowhere to fall but off,
  Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
  Nowhere to sleep but bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
  No one to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs;
  Ah, well, alas and alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
  Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
  Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got,—
  Thus through our lives we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait,—
  Everything moves that goes,—
Nothing at all but common sense
  Can ever withstand these woes.

A GREAT LOVE

"He kissed the hand that dealt the blow,
He strove to please him here below,
  And gave for him his life."

DUKE RICHARD sat in his oaken chair before the blazing logs. The great hall, which an hour ago had rung with wild, drunken jests and shouts, was silent and deserted save by the thoughtful figure at the hearth.

The Duke, that day, had won a splendid victory, the rebellious town he had longed to subdue, lay weltering in the blood of its citizens and the conquerer sat in the great hall of the town-house. But even the fulfilling of his wish failed to please Duke Richard. His eagle eyes watching half fiercely the flickering firelight, had never gleamed with mirth or happiness.

Richard of Gloucester had set his hopes and ambition upon a high pinnacle, to which even a victory like this was only a stepping-stone. As he mused there, plotting and planning out his future course, a slender figure crept out of the shadow and laid a soft hand on his clinched one. At the touch the Duke started from his reverie and his eyes fell on the grave, boyish face of Cuthbert, the fool. "How now, sirrah!" he cried angrily, "I do not wish to be disturbed in this manner by a living soul; nay, not even the king himself!" "Methought, my lord, thou wast lonely and sad and I might please thee," answered the jester, in a pleading voice. His merry jibes and jests, which had often taunted others and made sport of them, were forgotten in the spaniel-like love he bore his master. "I desire neither thee nor thy jests, fool!" roared the Duke, and, he added with a fierce oath, "learn that Richard of Gloucester needs neither fool nor wise man to aid him through his journey of life! Take that, minion, and hereafter hold thy prattling tongue!" The fiery Duke raised his cruel boot and spurned the frightened fool away, while his pitiful cry of pain fell coldly on unheeding ears.

Duke Richard gazed once more into the dying embers — in peace. The flickering, ghostly shadows danced upon the wall behind him and the expiring flames turned to blue and red, while the night wind in sweeping guests howled around the creaking casements.

Brightly and gaily the sun arose with a trailing robe of rosy-tinted clouds. Its golden beams fell upon the slanting roofs of the houses of the town and flashed back from the polished armor of the conquerers, riding with their leader at their head. A flush of triumph glowed on the sallow cheek of the hunchback Duke as he rode, conscious of power and victory. Suddenly, without warning,

in the midst of the calm, the fugitive burghers, who had crept stealthily from corner and alley, fell with a wild yell upon their unsuspecting foes.

The knights and gentlemen who had the evening before revelled and gloried in their victory, fled in dismay. But with all his faults and cruelty, Richard of Gloucester was no coward. He never flinched before a real danger, and with a curse on his shallow, cowardly followers, he charged forward — alone. The undisciplined and scantily armed citizens broke and fled before the blazing eyes and gleaming sword of the furious Duke.

Richard, his horse gone, his armor battered, his head bare, paused in a door-way to await the return of his scattered force. With his head turned toward the square, the Duke did not see a man, wild-eyed, savage and disfigured, stealing around the corner toward him, a long gleaming knife in his hand. Stealthily he nears his victim, while his eyes sparkle with fiendish triumph as he raises his deadly weapon aloft. But suddenly the Duke felt someone spring upon his back and knock him to the ground. Then a host of friends crowded around him and the murderer fell, run through the body by a sword thrust. Almost instantly the Duke rose to his feet again; the knife of the villain never reached the heart for which it was meant; but the Duke's preserver lay motionless in the dust. Richard of Gloucester gave no heed to the anxious congratulations of his followers, nor did he notice the brute, dead in the doorway. His eyes were fixed with a strange expression on the figure at his feet; the motley suit was stained with blood, the bells in the cap were silent, and for the first time in his life there were tears in his eyes.

The wounded jester read with happiness the look of pity in his master's face. With a last feeble effort he seized the Duke's hand and drew it to his lips.

"I feared harm for thee, master," he whispered.

V. R. G., '98.

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE

MISS ARMSTRONG'S was a valuable ring; for, besides being a trophy, the first prize of the tennis tournament, it was set with two diamonds, each of large size and clear cut.

One day, while Mrs. Armstrong was showing the ring to a caller, the latter had suddenly asked to see a new arrangement for purifying water, attached to the faucet in the Armstrong kitchen. The two ladies left the parlor for about half an hour, and on their return the ring was not to be found.

I called a few minutes later, and discovered the parlor and its occupants in the utmost disorder. On learning the cause of the disturbance, I resolved upon a great undertaking; I would become an amateur detective, and do my best to recover the missing prize. No sooner thought than said, and Mrs. Armstrong began to explain in whispers what she knew of the case. The caller, Mrs. Price, had gone.

"You say that she asked to leave the room?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"And when you started to take the ring, she asked you to leave it?"

"Yes," she said, "because she wished to examine it more closely upon her return."

"Ah," and I jotted down "Mrs. Price suspected" in my notebook. "Is there any possible way of getting into this room from the outside?"

"I do not believe that there is," she answered; "no one could enter through the front door, and all the windows are locked."

I glanced at the window directly beside the table on which the ring had been left, and noticed that a pane of glass had been recently put in. Mrs. Armstrong, anticipating my question, informed me that a pane of glass had been found broken that morning, and that a new one had been put in by a glazier, who had told the servant that he had been sent for. "I had not sent for him, however," she added. I asked leave to examine the glass, and, in doing so, I noticed that the putty was very soft and that the pane might easily be removed.

I now had my clue; telling Mrs. Armstrong my suspicions, I asked her to keep the affair a secret from everyone, not excepting her daughter, unless she should inquire for her prize-ring. She readily acquiesced, and I quickly set out to accomplish my task.

By half-past five I was back at my client's house, and had unfolded to her my story.

I had examined the footsteps in the snow outside her window, and had found some exactly corresponding at the doorstep of Mrs. Price's house. Coming to meet these were the dainty footprints of that lady herself. I had also found out that the bank at which Mrs. Price had kept most of her money had failed. Then what could be more clear? Mrs. Price and the sham glazier had plotted to steal the ring. In the night the man had broken the window; in the morning he had represented himself to be a glazier, and had set the glass with a putty which would not harden. Then the "lady thief" had called and had managed to leave the ring alone in the parlor for half an hour on a table directly beside the falsely-set pane. What could be easier than for this accomplice to slip out the glass, take the ring, and escape undetected?

This was the plot, and all that I should have to do would be to intimidate Mrs. Price, who was a weak-minded woman and easily influenced, into betraying her fellow-worker.

Mrs. Armstrong was much pleased with my success, and invited me to stay to tea. We sat down to the meal, my friend and I highly elated with our work. In a few moments the young daughter came tripping into the dining-room. "Ah, how do you do, Mr. Smith? I am delighted to see you," and without awaiting my answer, continued: "Oh, mother, it was so careless of you to leave my ring in the parlor. I took it up stairs; and, by the way, finding that you had neglected to do so, I sent for the glazier this morning."

H. W. B., '98.

THE KEY OF VERSE

One day I took my pen in hand,
('T was a pencil,—just the same),
And thought that I would write a verse
To bring me wealth and fame.

But when I caught a happy thought
I found it was too long;
I could not frame it into words
That well would fit my song.

And when I got the flowing words,
The thought I could not find;
And so, I sat and tried to think
Till all thoughts left my mind.

I knew I never could be great
And write in sober way,
For when 'twas done I saw the verse
Was really fairly gay.

I felt that funny poetry
Was much more in my style,
So up I took my pen again
And wrote about a mile.

But when I tried to read the verse
I found it very bad,
For what I thought was light and gay
Turned out to be quite sad.

But now I think I've found the key,—
I'll write a joyous lay
To sing of pain; and tearfully
I'll sing to make it gay.

C. S. R., '99.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE seventy-sixth regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held Dec. 18, 1895, in the High School building. After the usual business had been transacted, the nominations of officers for the semi-annual election were made. The candidates were as follows: — President, Stephen C. Wolcott; Vice-President, R. Chauncey Seaver; Treasurer, Charles W. Kellogg, Jr. and Richard Bishop; Directors, John T. Floyd, Austin H. Parker, J. Nelson Manning, Russell Stearns and J. Gilbert Pierce. The subject for the evening was: *Resolved, That the Cubans are justified in revolting against the power of Spain.* Frank Wilcox and J. G. Pierce spoke on the affirmative, while J. T. Floyd and J. R. Marvin upheld the negative side. After the business of the meeting had been completed, Mr. Charles Jenney, formerly president of the debating club, briefly addressed the club. He made the excellent suggestion that, in order to obtain improvement in debate, different graduates of the school should be asked to attend the meetings, and, after hearing the debate, make a criticism of each debater.

On Jan. 18, 1896, at the usual place, the debating club held its seventy-seventh meeting. The subject chosen for the next meeting is: *Resolved, That the American pension policy is right.* The following are chosen to be the principal debaters: Affirmative,— H. D. Cormerais, and J. N. Manning; negative,— Edw. Sharp, Jr., and Richard Bishop. Debate was then opened on this subject: *Resolved, That President Cleveland's message emphasizing the Monroe Doctrine was fully justified by England's policy in Venezuela.* The principal debaters on the question were: Philip Fox on the affirmative, and Fred Durkee and C. W. Kellogg, Jr., on the negative side.

The officers elected for the next half-year are the following: President, Stephen C. Wolcott; Vice-president, R. Chauncey Seaver; Treasurer, Charles W. Kellogg, Jr.; Directors, John T. Floyd, Austin H. Parker, and J. Nelson Manning. Acting on Mr. Jenney's suggestion, the president had gained Mr. William G. Nash's consent to attend the meeting, and criticize the members who debated. The club heartily enjoyed his criticisms, and highly appreciated his valuable hints and suggestions regarding the art of debating.

GEO. W. WALTER, Secretary.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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How time does fly! It hardly seems possible that already more than a third of the school year is behind us. Yet such is the case. This fact prompts us to speak of something which every member of the school, or at least of the two upper classes, ought to keep in mind from now until next June. We refer to the numerous prizes, offered by friends of the school, for excellence in various studies. Every member of the school ought to make an earnest effort to gain distinction in some way before he or she graduates. And what an opportunity is offered by these prizes! It will be seen, by the list we print on another page, that rewards are given for excellence in seven subjects. Choose the subject you like best, and make up your mind to win the prize. If you have enough determination you will stand a good chance of succeeding; and even if you don't, you will gain much by the experience.

There is apt to exist among those preparing to go to a higher institution, a rather vague idea of the sort of life they will enter upon on arriving there. In fact, they often entertain very erroneous ideas about it, and even surround it with a good deal of mystery. It is with the intention of giving those members of the High School who are preparing to enter a higher insitution, some idea of college life, that the series of articles begun in this number of THE SAGAMORE is printed. The articles will give a short description of life at the various institutions at which Brookline High is represented. They will be written by graduates of the school, who have nearly finished their course at college, and who will therefore be able to write from experience.

The following letter from Master Joseph Walker explains itself:

NORMAL SCHOOL, HAMPTON VA., Dec. 18, 1895.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

Before I begin to tell you of my school life, I desire to thank you again for your great gift, that you give from year to year for my education here at Hampton. When I think of the advantages I have here, and think of you, my friends and helpers, I do not know how to begin to express how grateful I am for your great kindness. The longer I remain here, and understand more and more what life is, the more I appreciate your help. You of the North who give so willingly of your means for the education of people you have never seen, and probably never will see, for your great gift accept my hearty and sincere thanks. For your help, I feel that I owe a life of service to my country and my race.

When I wrote you last I told you that night-school would close the last of August, and that I hoped to enter day-school at the beginning of the next term. I entered as I expected and like my studies very much. In day-school we have Bible, arithmetic, grammar, science, geography, literature, drawing and singing. The students who go to day-school have one work-day every week. I work on my day in the sewing and tailoring department. I am also waiting in the students dining room. In this way I earn enough money to almost pay my board.

Hoping to ever prove myself worthy of your help and support, I remain

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH WALKER.

NEWS NOTES

Mr. George W. Armstrong, of the Armstrong Transfer Co., has made a most acceptable gift to the school. He was so impressed at the dedication, by certain remarks about the decoration with works of art of the walls of school buildings, that he has made a gift of one thousand dollars, as a memorial to his daughter, to be expended in buying works of art for the school. Mr. Armstrong makes no other stipulation as to the expenditure of the money, and his generous gift will be the means of adding greatly to the well-begun collection of works of art, which adorn our walls. Public-spirited citizens are showing in a most practical manner, their interest in the school, by thus contributing toward the beautifying of its halls and rooms. It is coming to be a generally recognized fact, that bare walls in school-rooms ought no more to be tolerated than in private houses, and that judiciously selected pictures and casts tend greatly to increase and to cultivate the scholar's sense of the artistic. The school most heartily appreciates Mr. Armstrong's generous gift.

If we may judge from the singing, most of the fellows are in training for future honors in minstrelsy.

Apropos of the recent deficit in pen points, an ingenious pupil of the third class was discovered trying to write with a feather from the class-room duster.

The contributions of each class to the Hampton Scholarship Fund were as follows: First class, $12.75; second class, $12.25; third class, $17.72; fourth class, $20.00.

A third class patron of the lunch-counter has written a vigorous protest against the plan of skating at recess. He thinks it will be an incentive to the Woman's Exchange to sell stale doughnuts and cakes.

Mr. R. C. Seaver has been chosen left tackle on the All-Boston Interscholastic Football eleven. Messrs. W. W. Aechtler, Olin Talbot and S. W. Lewis are substitutes. Next to English High, Brookline has the most men on the team.

The bath-house question has again come up before the town. It has been found that the expenses will be greater than at first supposed. It is to be hoped, however, that a little additional expense will not deter such a public-spirited town as Brookline from providing for the health, enjoyment and cleanliness of its people.

Wanted: Jokes for the end men.

Thursday morning, December 19th, the glee club and orchestra gave several selections before the school.

Mr. Benjamin Hurd, '92, has had a great honor conferred on him at the Institute. He has been made first marshal for class-day.

The manual training class which meets during school hours now has an extra day at the shop. They meet there on Wednesday from 12 to 1.30 in addition to the other two days.

On January 2d and 15th occurred the first two of the series of young people's concerts given by Miss Theodora Cabot in Union Hall. Through the courtesy of Miss Cabot members of the High School may obtain tickets at half price. The remaining concerts will occur January 29th and February 13th, at four o'clock.

What, O what has become of that anti-slang society which was to have been organized among the girls? We suggest, with all due respect, that the subject be taken under consideration. We have been keeping our ears open for some time, and it has not taken us long to decide that such a society would be very desirable, especially among the girls of the lower classes.

At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the Interscholastic Football Association, a protest was presented by the Cambridge Manual Training School, claiming the game which was to have been played with Brookline High on Nov. 30, 1895. The executive committee, however, decided that the game should count for neither school, as was before decided.

The Town and old Snow King have been having an interesting contest on the skating pond. No sooner was the ground flooded, than several inches of snow fell; this, however, was soon cleared away, only to be followed by a still worse storm. By dint of perseverence, this has also been cleared off. Let us hope that the town may now rest on its laurels and the small boy enjoy the skating uninterruptedly.

The rehearsals for the coming play and minstrel show are progressing finely. Mr. Ballou, the coach, is spending his time with the end men, while W. W. Hoyt of Harvard is taking care of the musical part of the program. The play to be given is "My Lord in Livery." Remember that the success of athletics in the school this year depends to a large extent on the proceeds of this show, so help to sell as many tickets as possible.

We wish to correct a statement made in our last issue: E. L. Parker is captain of the polo team, and P. R. Dunbar is manager.

Friday, the day of the snowstorm, was an unexpected holiday for the school; but for the minstrels, no respite — the rehearsal occurring as usual.

On January 17, Dr. Edward Everett Hale spoke before a large and interested audience on "History in the Boston Streets," illustrating his remarks with a map of old Boston. The talk was very instructive, and Dr. Hale revealed many interesting bits of history, the relics of which are still preserved in the streets of Boston.

On the evening of January 15, Father Field, of Boston, exhibited in the art room of the High School a series of large colored prints, designed for the decoration of schools and missions. The prints are published under the direction of the artists in London. They are intended to offer the means, at small cost, of decorating the bare walls of clubs and schools.

An interesting experiment in Democracy is now in progress in the senior class room. No teachers ever preside there, the class goes to and from recitations and is dismissed without interference from them. Mr. Sanford has appointed a committee of three girls and three boys, and they preserve order in the room when necessary. So far the experiment has been a success, and reflects greatly to the credit of the school.

The cast of the play, "My Lord in Livery," is as follows :—

Lord Thirlmere	Walter Parker.
Spiggott	H. Coffin Spaulding.
Hopkins	Charles W. Kellogg, Jr.
Robert	William Crocker.
Sybil Amerly	Helen L. Parker.
Laura	Freda Sawyer.
Rose	Olive M. Belches.

On December 24th, the school was addressed by several graduates prominent in college athletics. The following made short remarks on the subject of athletics: Mr. E. N. Wrightington, '93, Mr. Charles Jenney, '93, Mr. Benjamin Hurd, '92. Rev. Mr. Nash then spoke to the school. His subject was "football," and in the course of his talk he brought forward some altogether novel views, which presented that much-abused game in an entirely new light. He said, "You must play football to be saved!" We wish that some of the enemies of the game might have heard him; they would have had plenty of food for reflection.

A small boy in the fourth class, corrected for laughing over his books, answered with perfect candor, "I am hunting for jokes for the minstrel show."

Is there anything in the theory that only the people who are weak physically and mentally are noisy? The question is suggested by the daily entrance and exit to Assembly Hall.

Mr. Cole recently changed the seating of the voices in the hall, with the result that the singing was much improved. The difficulty of filing in and out, however, is greatly increased.

The donors of the numerous works of art which adorn our walls and of which a description recently appeared in The Sagamore, are Mr. Edwin Dwight, Mr. Jerome Jones and Miss Ethel Hill.

Two bulletin boards have been put up in the basement, one on the girl's side and one on the boy's side. It is proposed to devote them, not only to notices and the like, but to post there matters of current interest, pictures of famous men, etc.; in fact, to make them as attractive-looking as the bulletin boards in the Public Library. The girl's bulletin board is already well covered, but the same can not be said of the one on the other side of the hall. Wake up, boys!

Mr. Charles C. Coffin gave the first in the series of free lectures arranged by the history committee of the Education Society. The lectures are primarily intended for young people, but both old and young will enjoy them. Mr. Coffin gave a short sketch of the Civil War; his description of battle scenes was so graphic and interesting that he held his audience spell-bound until the end. The following lectures will take place at the High School at 3.30 o'clock: January 24th, "The Abolitionists," William Lloyd Garrison; January 31st, "The Negro Troops in the Civil War," Charles C. Soule.

Following is a list of the prizes offered for excellence in various subjects: The J. Murray Kay Prizes—For excellence in elocution, one for the boys and one for the girls; for the best essay on "Robert C. Winthrop," or "Brookline in the Civil War" (for the first class only). The William H. Lincoln Prizes—For excellence in English, a gold medal to that member of the first or second class who writes the best English essay upon an assigned subject; for excellence in French, a silver medal (for the first class); for excellence in mathematics, a silver medal (for the second class); for excellence in physics, a silver medal (for the second class); for proficiency in Latin, a silver medal (for the first class).

Mr. T. R. Shewell of Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, has presented the reference library with a Student's Series of English Classics, comprising twenty-one volumes. The books are very attractively bound in grey buckram. In view of the emptiness of the shelves in the library, the gift is especially acceptable.

The Utica (N. Y.) Herald contained in a recent issue a column account of Brookline's new High School. It seems that Utica has been investigating the subject of school buildings, and sent a commission to investigate the Boston schools. The commissioners, however, seem to have been more impressed with our building than with any other in this vicinity, as is shown by their report, which confines itself almost entirely to a description of the Brookline High School.

On the evening of Wednesday, January 8th, occurred the third lecture in the Educational Society's series, when Prof. John Fiske spoke before an interested audience on "Charles Lee, the Soldier of Fortune." The subject was made doubly interesting from the fact that no biography has been written of Lee since his true character of a traitor became known; it was only a few years ago that papers establishing this fact were discovered. Following is a list of the remaining lectures: Wednesday, January 22d, Dr. William J. Tucker, president Dartmouth College, on "The Value and the Limit of Utility in Education;" Wednesday, February 5th, Prof. Arthur W. Wheeler, Yale University, on "The Campaign of Waterloo;" Wednesday, February 19th, Charles de Garmo, president Swarthmore College, on "Concentration, or Correlation of Studies." Pupils of the High School may obtain tickets to the above lectures for twenty cents.

ATHLETICS

The Athletic Association has been organized with the following as officers for 1895-'96: President, Samuel W. Lewis; Vice-President, R. Chauncey Seaver; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles W. Kellogg, Jr. The delegates to represent the various classes, are as follows: from the class of '96, Arthur Wise; from '97, Walter B. Boyce; from '98, Olin D. Talbot; and from '99, Carroll L. Per-

kins. It is hoped that the association may obtain the drill hall and the lower corridor, as training quarters for our winter meet.

Mr. Seaver and Mr. P. R. Dunbar, have been chosen respectively captain and manager of the indoor team.

At a meeting of the members of the 1895 foot ball team, held January thirteenth, Walter Boyce, '97, was chosen captain of next year's team. It was decided that the captain should be allowed to choose his own manager. Boyce, with his knowledge of team work ought to make an excellent captain, and turn out a good team next season.

Mr. Cook, this year's captain, suggested that in the future a graduate eleven be formed every Thanksgiving day, to play a game with the school team of that year. A very good beginning can be made next year, as the best half of the '95 team will graduate next June. This idea seems an excellent one, as it will serve to keep alive among the alumni an interest in the athletics of the school.

CHAS. W. KELLOGG, JR.

Have you attended this season the fine gymnasium exhibitions at the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, Boylston and Berkeley streets? If not, you would do well to note the dates and attend some of them, for they are "just out of sight." We understand the next exhibition will be about February 12. The "gym." is being run on an "up-to-date" plan this season, and is well worth the $10 annual membership fee, which, by the way, includes also a fine course of entertainments and many other advantages too numerous to mention.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CLASS OF '64

Not having had a glimpse of the High School rooms since I left them over thirty years ago, the visit today of the November Sagamore, brought to me the more vividly, incidents occurring when I was a student there from '60 to '64. When my son at Cornell, recently spoke of Prof. Wilder, I said to him: "Well do I remember a cat he dissected and lectured to us about." It seems that he spoke of that cat when he visited the High School last year.

Nine o'clock in the morning in the year 1864. A pleasant "good morning" from Mr. Hoar and Miss Dean. The older scholars are in the rear of the room ready for study. In the farther corner, near the window, is a pile of books on the desk of Moses Williams, showing the student, who, in those days, already had a liking for argument. I remember he asked one day, that a failure mark in recitation be transferred to the deportment mark, as he was not convinced it was a failure. Later in the day seven Virgil students occupied the seats in the rear by the desk, Williams meriting first seat, Horace Bacon, second, Edward Cutler third, and a young lady sometimes claiming the second place,—rarely the first, if Williams was present. The same young lady was keenly disappointed, when the boys began Greek, and did it not seem womanly for her to presume to think she could fit for college.

Among the girls in the rear of the room were Lilla Cutler, Helen Clark, Lillie Fowle, Gertrude Brodhead, Lillie Sherwin, Theresa Kennard and Mary Benton. Across the aisle were Edward Stoddard, the Episcopal clergyman, Clement Fay, the musician, and Kirk Hobart. Then the initials of W. L. and W. S. Cutler, heard each day in the roll call, are still in my mind. I well remember the voice of W. L. Cutler reciting, "Friends I come not here to talk: ye know too well the story of our thraldom;" and the quaint farmer boy, Moses White, who used often, when visitors were present, to recite "The One Hoss Shay." Later in the school year, came from New York a brother and sister whose affection for each other was an example to us all,—George and Lizzie Stearns. I remember many others, and among them a fair-haired boy, who was, however, in a lower class; now he is Bishop Lawrence. Another younger boy, whom all of us remember for his gentlemanly bearing, is now Prof. John Stoddard.

Surely, Mr. Hoar will recall many of these students of thirty years ago, and will feel that his labor has not been in vain.

L. H. B., '64.

HUMOR

A TASK.

Write comp.,
  What say?
All thought
  Gone away.
Don't write,
  Get D.,
Teacher say,
  "See me!"

A. M. O., '97.

An attractive signboard is always an aid to business. A certain colored woman attracted considerable attention by a signboard on her house, which read:

"Washing and Ironing and Going out to Day's Work done Here."

Teacher (in the French class)—"Please translate 'Let us eat."
Pupil—"What is the word for 'Let us?'"
Teacher—"C'est laitue, mon ami."

"It's the little things that tell,"
  Adage true like many others;
If you don't believe it—well—
  Ask big sisters with small brothers.

[Ex.

Why are members of fashionable society like trees?

Because in the spring they begin to leave for summer, except those whose trunks have been detained for board.

Jack et Jill quæsentes fontem,
  Escendebant parvum montem;
Ille, cadens, fregit frontem,
  Secum trahens hanc insontem.

[Ex.

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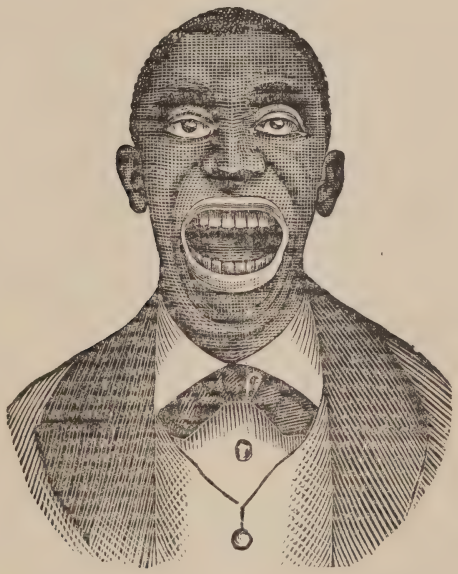

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 5

MARCH

THE SAGAMORE

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There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 2 MARCH, 1896 NUMBER 5

COLLEGE LIFE AT SMITH

NO book is of greater interest to a girl the summer before she enters Smith College than the official Smith Catalogue. But though that seems then to contain boundless information, her first week in college shows her that it has told nothing of one important part of the life at Smith — the social intercourse. Study is certainly the main motive in coming to college, and the chief employment here, but this is not wholly confined to books. Many lessons are learned from the contact with other people in the social life of the college.

The well-known spirit of Smith sociability is much aided by our campus. Each house is not a mere dormitory, but the home of fifty girls, with many of the same duties of entertaining that are common to every home. The houses are also so accessible that visiting and entertaining are easy matters. We have learned not to compare the beauties of our campus with the magnificence of Wellesley's; but whatever deficiency in size there may be is more than compensated by the freedom we have in going about at all hours with a sense of perfect security.

About the campus centers most of the gaiety of the college, but there are certain festivals which are kept by the whole college, whether on or off the campus; and these days are written indelibly in the calendar of every Smith girl.

The first event is the introduction of the Freshman into Smith society at the Freshman Frolic or reception given by the Smith College Association for Christian Work,— usually called the S. C. A. C. W. There is always a tinge of sadness about this occasion, for though the newcomer is introduced to hundreds of

girls — that she never remembers,— she despairs of ever feeling at home in this throng of happy, contented girls, who all seem to know each other so well. The Sophomore reception, given to the Freshmen, comes next, and contains one mild form of "hazing" in the very dainty "grinds" which are given as souvenirs to each Freshman.

Mountain Day succeeds this, and is one of the most memorable and beloved events of the year. It is given solely that we may have an opportunity to visit the innumerable, beautiful places that surround Northampton while they are gorgeous with the autumn foliage. Then comes Hallowe'en with all its sacred rites.

The next real college day is the Day of Prayer for Colleges, in January, which is observed by services in the morning and afternoon, and a delightful and uplifting organ recital by Dr. Blodgett in the evening.

After that, St. Valentine's Day is upon the minds of all, for every girl is expected to write scores of "grinds" or amorous verses. Eight days after this comes Washington's Birthday, familiarly called "The Twenty-second." In the morning, college loyalty rises high at the rally, and in the afternoon there is an increase of patriotism, induced by an address from some noted man.

Following this is the entertainment given by the Sophomores to the Seniors; then the Junior Promenade in May, the one dance to which men are invited; then Memorial Day, when we learn to know the hills and woods in summer garb; then the Junior–Senior dance; and at the close of the year the festivities of commencement, which lose more and more of their glamour as a girl approaches her own sad Commencement Day.

Besides these annual fêtes, there are the term dramatics, given by the campus houses; the Glee and Banjo Club concerts; other concerts and lectures; the regular and open meetings of all the societies; the house dances in the gymnasium; the fortnightly Saturday evening entertainments given by the houses; and the small private parties.

To those who have not been at college, such a continuation of gaieties seems to necessitate a lack of study. But such a suspicion is unwarranted, for no mention has been made here of the daily routine of conscientious study, which includes the greater part of the day; nor of the weeks of examination labor, nor of the significant and numerous "Busy" signs. The entertainments, too, take little time, and always close early; and the girls learn to economize their minutes, and to find time for both lessons and play, and thus necessarily they gain concentration, as well as a knowledge of how to make the most of the attractive social pleasures and advantages.

The social life as well as the class-room shows the true spirit of Smith — a spirit of genuine democracy. Class distinctions are slight, though there is always a demand on the part of the upper classes that Freshmen shall treat them with due deference. Money and family have little influence here. A girl must rest upon her own merits. It is this spirit of independence in the choice of friends and conferring of honors that is such a marked feature of the college. Superficiality is soon detected, and true worth is as soon discovered, and leads to the most sacred part of all our college life — our friendships.

It is for the nobler ideals of life we get here, for the wider sympathy and tolerance we learn, and for the friendship made through class and social relations, that every Smith girl sings with fervor,

"Fair Smith, our praise to thee we render."

GRACE E. MATHEWS, B. H. S. '93, Smith '97.

Is it through an oversight that the schoolhouse has been left without a flagstaff? If so, we think it about time that the oversight was remedied. As it is, the school has no means of showing its patriotism on national holidays, when every public school, however humble, displays the glorious stars and stripes. By all means let us have a flagstaff, and that without delay.

SHORT SKETCHES

"FOOLISH BILLY"

HE is known throughout the town as "Foolish Billy." Every morning he trudges down the village street with his crownless hat pulled down over his forehead, his clothes soiled and out-at-elbow, his face, which is covered with a straggly brown beard, grimy and dirty. He is always pushing a wheel-barrow full of wood, and, although he is half-witted, he works harder than any other man in the town. His life is one long, long toil. When he gets paid for his wood he takes the money between his thumb and forefinger and scuffs home with it, never taking his eyes from the precious coin until he has given it to his old mother. As twilight approaches, he goes to the graveyard and piles rocks up against the gate, so that the ghost of his grandmother may not get out and disturb his slumbers. Ah! one has not the heart to laugh at his childish fear. If, in passing, you speak to him, his only response is, "All aboard!" Poor soul! where does he think he is journeying to? '98.

THE FIRST COAST DOWN COREY

At last, after waiting impatiently in line for my turn to coast, the boys seized the toboggan and placed it on the dump. They seated me in front, and then ranged themselves behind. For one moment I looked down the icy glare and shivered; then the earth seemed to roll from under me, and I saw things indistinctly through a blur of tears, with the wind cutting in my face. Two or three colored lights and many groups of people rushed by, enveloped in a mist, and cheers and laughter rang faintly in my ears, as if from a great distance. My stomach sank down! down!! down!!! and left a big space behind. The breath in my lungs was choked back. Something pulled at my hair, and I put my hand up: my cap was gone. Then I bent forward, for there seemed a great weight on my back, and remained in that position as in a dream till some one shouted in my ear, "Wasn't that glorious, old chap?" I jumped up and looked around. My first coast down Corey was an event of the past. '97.

THE SEA GULLS' SECRET

Look! do you see, far out on that rocky reef jutting into the sea, a small, weather-beaten hut? Miles and miles away from all habitation it stands. It is evening, but no sunset glories the view. A mass of dark, threatening clouds hover overhead. The waves come rolling up the beach, now with a splash, now with a deafening roar. Drip, drip, drip, begins the rain. Hear that peal of thunder! See that jagged flash! With one mighty sweep the wind rushes around the point, howling a warning. A faint light glimmers in one of the windows of the hut. A terrible roar! Crash! goes the frail structure, and all is over. Does no one hear that heart-rending shriek? Will no one come? Ah! yes; a flock of yelling, cawing gulls go flapping over the dismal stretch of sea, carrying with them their dreadful secret. And the wind still howls on. '98.

A SQUALL

The sun had just gone behind a bank of broken, black clouds. A dead calm rested upon land and sea. The one boat in sight had lowered her sails and made all fast for the coming squall. Suddenly the town was obscured in a cloud of dust. The next instant the gale had reached us, and was whistling angrily about the corners of the house. When the dust cleared away we saw the boat scudding away to leeward under bare poles. In one place the wind had lifted a sheet of spray from the top of a wave, and was bearing it swiftly along, white against the black surface of the water. Before we could draw another breath all was quiet, the sun was shining, and the squall was a thing of the past. '97.

One day just before recess a loud noise was heard in the basement, as of a sixteen-pound shot falling to the floor. A bright member of the third class remarked very audibly that a coffee-roll must have fallen from the lunch-counter.

THE MINSTREL SHOW

The Seniors gave a minstrel show
  Upon the other night,
And every one that saw it said
  That it was "out of sight."

The Assembly Hall was crowded
  With Brookline's very best,
And Boston sent her finest,
  To give the show a test.

The end men looked quite spruce and fine
  Upon that joyful night,
With Seaver seated on the left,
  And Aechtler on the right.

Then Rust and Talbot—what a pair!
  'Twas certain they would shine;
And then came Smith and Sam Lewis,
  Who finished up the line.

The circle, as you well may guess,
  Made up a pleasant treat;
While Boyce, as interlocutor,
  I'm sure cannot be beat.

And "Rusty" James sat down in front,
  A mascot to the show;
But that this show did not need one
  You'll all agree, I know. ——— '96.

Anyone entering the old school building for the first time since the school bid farewell to it, would hardly recognize it. The desks and other school furniture have been removed, elegant carpets cover the floors, and the woodwork has been repainted. Mr. Dutton and the School Committee now have their offices there.

LIFE IN THE LOWER CORRIDOR

ONE feature of our new school not found in many others is the pleasant place of assemblage provided for the pupils. If the weather does not permit of the pupils going out, the lower corridor affords a roomy, pleasant, well-lighted gathering-place, where the whole school may meet on equal terms at recess.

Our local reporter was so struck by this fact as he came tripping thoughtfully down stairs one day at recess, that he resolved to make a note of his observations during the succeeding twenty minutes. Here are the results of those observations.

The day is Wednesday, — consequently a drill day. Several belated members of Company A nearly knock the reporter down stairs in their headlong haste to reach the "gym" in time to fall in and call "Here!" as their names are read.

Let us step up to the door a moment and watch the "military evolutions." I said "step up," but this would hardly give an adequate idea of the velocity with which our dignified reporter is hurled among the crowd in the doorway. He barely escapes an undignified slide to the bottom of the stairs, much to the apparent amusement of certain members of Company A, who seem more bent on having a good time than on becoming well-drilled soldiers. Not so, however, the little freshies of Company C, who sit in rapt attention on the stairs, taking in with their big, round, innocent-looking eyes, every movement; listening to and making mental note of every word of command. Look out, fellows! you may run up against a snag in Company C on prize-drill day.

But nature's voice is imperious. Our reporter has a strange, hollow feeling in his inner regions. Instinctively he feels in his vest pocket. After some search he brings to light three coppers. He proceeds in triumph toward the lunch counter, with the intention of getting rid of them as quickly as possible; but he is suddenly buttonholed by a class-mate„ : Match you for a coffee roll!" Our representative feels uneasy. He knows it's wicked; he knows it's gambling; he knows he turned over a new leaf on the first of January, and resolved never to do it again. But the pangs of hunger are strong; visions of coffee-rolls and bowls of soup float

before his mind's eye. "All right!" he says. . . It's over in a minute, and a wiser and a poorer boy walks slowly and gloomily toward the counter, with only *two* cents in his pocket. But at the lunch-counter the boys are thicker than flies 'round a molasses-jug: impossible to get within three feet of it. There are cries of "Gimme a soup!" "What! three cents for one of those! gimme two for five?" etc. The reporter judged that that lunch counter was a brilliant idea on the part of the Woman's Exchange.

Finally, he sees a vacant place. He slides in sideways and surveys the display. Two cents will buy a bun; it will also buy a piece of frosted cake. There is a moment's hesitation; then the largest piece of cake is carefully selected, the two coppers are deposited, and our reporter turns away to enjoy his hard-won lunch.

His eye is caught, however, by the well-covered bulletin board, and, being naturally of a contemplative mind, he wanders in that direction and begins reading a highly interesting article on acetylene gas. His attention is soon directed to the antics of several boys who are trying to play leap-frog, each with a bun in his mouth and a cup of chocolate in one hand. He turns his head just in time to escape a flying waste-basket, used as a football by some would-be members of next year's team. But what was that? A faint scream, certainly. Our reporter pricks up his ears. He turns his eyes toward the girls' side, but sees nothing unusual at first. Several gallant fellows are entertaining groups of girls. A senior causes momentary amusement by calling "Hello!" into the electric switch instead of the speaking-tube, while answering a ring from the abode of the powers that be. Teachers and girls, all eating their lunch and all talking at once, occupy the settees along the wall. But a suspicious movement of the half-drawn curtains at the farther end of the hall draws the reporter's attention. Several boys give vent to encouraging exclamations, which are soon rewarded by a sudden movement of the curtain and a quick scampering of dainty slippered feet and bloomers, as members of the class in calisthenics run the gauntlet one after another, not altogether unwillingly, perhaps.

A number of small "freshies" are gathered round the football, baseball, and battalion "pictures," gazing in silent awe and admiration

at the stalwart forms of fellows once famous in B. H. S. athletics, and wondering vaguely, no doubt, whether they will ever attain the supreme distinction of figuring some day in a similar picture. Another group on the settee under the football trophy are discussing with great animation the phenomenal success of the minstrel show, dilating on the fine performance of this or that fellow, and grumbling at the ruinous prices charged at the lunch counter. "Got a bid for Miss So-and-so's scrape? Going to wear a dress suit?" "Done your Latin?" "Yes, fruit." "Did you see the accident in room 10? S—— wrenched his seat." These are some of the scraps of conversation heard in passing.

But it's half-past twelve, and Company A is making double time for the lunch counter. Our reporter hurries into his ill-fitting blouse, looks doubtfully down at his tan shoes and light trousers and descends into the "gym," to shoulder his ten-pound antediluvian musket.

Recess is over. N.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE seventy-eighth regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held Feb. 5, 1896, in the High School building. The following question was chosen for debate at the next meeting: *Resolved, that the permit for the street railway be granted to the West End instead of the Brookline Company.* The members chosen to debate on this subject are: G. T. Lynch and Charles Bishop on the affirmative; Harold Wead and L. T. Clapp on the negative side. When this business had been attended to, the debate was opened on the subject for the meeting: *Resolved, that the American pension policy is right.* The affirmative side of the question was maintained by J. N. Manning, while the negative was upheld by Edw. Sharp, Jr., and Richard Bishop. At the conclusion of the general debate, Mr. Dwight Farnum, who was present at the meeting, gave an able criticism of the debate of each member. GEO. W. WALTER, Secretary.

THE "TALE" OF A CAT

I'm small and I'm white,
I'm most out of sight, —
I don't make a noise
Like all you big boys.
I live in the dark —
Where no one — but hark!
Who 's that coming near?
Whom have I to fear?
Mr. Cook with his mop
Gives me warning to hop,
E 'er my soft fur is spoiled,
(For soap makes it soiled).
I run up the stair,
I peep inside there; —
Such a crowd fills the room!
And some boys say — "Tzoom!"
They think now I 'm scared,
But s'pose that I cared?
I'm used to you boys
That make such a noise!
I run down the aisle,
The boys laugh the while.
A girl with light hair
Takes me up in her chair.
She says, "Oh, you dear!"
I have nothing to fear.
I cuddle down close
As snug as warm toast.

In the midst of a dream
(Where no boys can be seen!)
I awake with a wail
For — who 's got my tail!
A great gong has rung, —
The boys want some "fun;" —
I draw a deep breath
And prepare for cold death.
A mob presses round,
A deafening sound —
I 'm tossed way up high,
And the girls shriek and cry.
How my heart palpitates!
How my jaw-bone vibrates!
I put my claws forth
And scratch — for I 'm wroth.
Then one girl cries "Ow!"
(I 'm in for it now;)
She boxes my ears
And brings me to tears.
I jump from her arm
For she surely means harm.
I scamper down stairs
To get over my cares.
O my life is so sore!
I can tell you no more, —
But this let me add —
A cat's life is sad.

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

THE minstrel show is a thing of the past. After more than a month of hard work on the part of promoters and participants, the long-expected evening arrived when the school was to show whether or not it could give a successful entertainment. It was a brilliant success. In spite of the storm which had been raging all day, there were few empty seats in the assembly hall

when W. W. Hoyt signalled for the curtain to rise on the play, the first feature of the evening. The play went off most successfully, and without the slightest hitch. The performance of all the actors was excellent. Spaulding Coffin made a capital Spiggott, and he sent the audience into roars of laughter by his excellent impersonation of the old butler. Miss Parker, as Sybil, did remarkably well. Her acting was natural, easy, and vivacious. Miss Belches and Miss Shewell carried their parts well; Walter Parker and Charles Kellogg were also good.

An up-to-date newspaper announces that "between the play and the minstrel show a specialty was given by Signor Bosco." The mythical Signor, however, did not appear, ostensibly on account of illness.

The performance of the Mandolin Club elicited well-merited applause. The existence of the club was a revelation to many, as this was its first public performance.

After an intermission of ten minutes, the curtain was raised to reveal the long-expected minstrels. They were greeted with loud applause as they seated themselves in a semi-circle around the stage. The white ducks, black faces, and black "claw-hammer" coats produced a striking effect. The make-up of the end men was remarkably good, and they excited roars of laughter throughout the performance by their ludicrous antics. Olin Talbot's murderous tin razor flashed menacingly from time to time about Seaver's head, and N. J. Rust's "fohteen-carat" diamond stud excited much envious comment on the part of his neighbors. "Lindy" was admirably sung by R. C. Seaver. Some of the features not down on the programme were, the performance of Profs. Budd and Rudd (Aechtler and Seaver), who gave a truly remarkable exhibition of juggling and sleight-of-hand. Messrs. Bust and Rust then sang a few rounds of the "Ha, ha!" N. J. Rust next gave an exhibition of his famous clog dance, which found such favor that he was obliged to repeat the performance. "There's Only One School in this World," an original song sung by R. C. Seaver, elicited great applause. Following is the chorus:

"For there's only one school in this world, you know,
Only one school could give a minstrel show;
Our rivals can't deny,
To down us they'll all try,
For there's only one school, and that's the Brookline High."

Jokes flew thick and fast, and the audience was kept in a continual uproar.

The programme :

"MY LORD IN LIVERY"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

LORD THIRLMERE, H. M. S. "Phlegethon" ..... WALTER ADAMS PARKER, '97
SPIGGOTT, an old family butler ..... HENRY SPAULDING COFFIN, '96
HOPKINS, a footman ..... CHARLES W. KELLOGG, '97
ROBERT, a page ..... WILLIAM STODDARD CROCKER
SYBIL AMBERLY, daughter of Sir George Amberly ..... HELEN LIVINGSTON PARKER
LAURA ..... } her friends { ..... JULIA SHEWELL
ROSE ..... } her friends { ..... OLIVE MILLS BELCHES

Scene.— Room in Sir George Amberly's house.

Ideal March (*Harris*) }
"Don't Be Cross" } ..... MANDOLIN CLUB

MINSTRELS

INTERLOCUTOR.— W. Boyce.
BONES.—W. H. Smith, '97; N. J. Rust, Jr., '96; W. W. Aechtler, '96.
TAMBOS.— S. W. Lewis, '96; O. D. Talbot, '98; R. C. Seaver, '96.
THE CIRCLE.— F. Tyler, E. Brush, B. Wayland, E. Ritchie, F. Hutchins, J. Hermann, H. North, R. Stearns, G. Walter, S. Coffin, A. Morse, R. Dearborn, A. Wise, C. Kellogg, H. Kellogg, G. Vose, H. Weed, F. Cook, W. Roney, F. Moore, W. Parker, F. Talbot, A. Parker, W. Smith, C. Sylvester.

OPENING CHORUS — "Darky Cavaliers."

"Lindy" ..... R. C. SEAVER, '96
"My Best Girl" ..... C. W. KELLOGG, '97
"Shall We Ever Be Able to Fly" ..... W. W. AECHTLER, '96
"Won't You Be My Sweetheart" ..... W. H. SMITH, '97
"Swinging on the Gate" ..... D. K. JAMES, '99

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

During the entertainment the Orchestra, under the direction of W. Wells Hoyt, Harvard '98, rendered the following selections:
"Directorate March" (*Sousa*); "Toreador Waltz" (*Royle*).
Miss Mollie Seely, '97, Accompanist.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS— H. S. Coffin, '96; R. C. Seaver, '96; F. B. Talbot, '96.
Business Manager, S. C. Wolcott, '96; Assistant Business Manager, A. C. Wise, '96; Stage Manager, W. Allen, '98.

AMERICAN MOUNTAINEERS

The West Virginians who dwell in the mountains are an ignorant, hardworking race, who form a State by themselves. They have no communication with the rest of the country and know about as much of the more distant parts of the United States as they do of the interior of China. Their costume cannot be compared with that of the Swiss for picturesqueness, but it is, nevertheless, very characteristic. The men wear checked shirts, trousers that are too short for them, overalls shorter still, great heavy boots, and slouch hats. Their wives are half hidden by huge pink or blue sunbonnets; the rest of their costume consists of a calico dress and a pair of worn out shoes. The children look like their fathers and mothers seen through the wrong end of an opera glass.

Whenever an express train passes through a village in the mountains of West Virginia all those who are not at work in outlying regions stop and gaze after the rapidly receding cars; and, if the train stops for any reason, they flock around the station to hear the latest news and look at their more fortunate human brothers with whom they have so little in common.

Their chief occupations are tending their little farms, lumbering, working at the coke ovens, and talking. The farms are like their owners — poor. All that is raised is the product of the hardest, most patient work.

Two or three straggling rows of little houses form the village, which is surrounded by a number of rude huts in clearings in the forests. Some of these huts, especially the deserted and half ruined ones, would be excellent subjects for artists. Doors hang by one hinge, windows have fallen out, chimneys are tumbling down and the whole place has a desolate look which reminds you of some of the ruins that you have seen in pictures of Europe, minus the air of romance through which the foreign scene is viewed.

J. G. P., '97.

The proceeds of the first performance of the minstrel show brought about $240 into the coffers of the Athletic Association. A tidy sum *n'est-ce pas?* The fifty dollars realized by the second performance go to the school, as was the agreement.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Edward North, Edgehill Road, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

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Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

THE ventilation of our assembly hall has not been all that it should be. This fact has given rise to some comment. The subject has been brought to the attention of the School Committee, and immediate steps are to be taken to remedy the defect. When the hall is crowded the absence of ventilation is very noticeable. We earnestly hope that such an important matter as this will receive immediate attention, and that our fine building, which we have thus far deemed perfect in every respect, may not be lacking in the essential point of good ventilation.

This question of ventilation is receiving, in enlightened communities, the attention it deserves. Brookline is generally considered an enlightened community — more so than most. In 1889, at a cost of nearly four thousand dollars, a complete and effective system of ventilation was installed in the Town Hall. It was operated for several years and gave complete satisfaction. The

public hall, with a seating capacity of one thousand, was perfectly ventilated. But several years ago there arose a difficulty with reference to the electric power supplied for running the fan. When the Brookline Gas Company moved its works to Allston the wires were disconnected, and, either through neglect or through a mistaken desire to economize, *they have never since been connected.* This means that there is no ventilation in the Town Hall, except that which may be afforded by the windows. This means that night after night hundreds of people sit in that hall and breathe over and over again the same foul air. It means that when our young people go to a dance there they do so at the risk of their good health. Is this right? Ought the health of the citizens to be disregarded because of a mere matter of money? People will say that there has been no complaint made of the ventilation of the building. True; and that is the most astounding part of the whole matter. Enlightened citizens who ought to know better sit and breathe in bad air for two or three hours and never think of complaining. Not only is the hall without ventilation, but all the offices in the building are in the same condition.

It is not unusual, just at present, to hear people say: If the boys always went into an undertaking with as much enthusiasm as they went into the minstrel show, what a school we would have! It is in the power of the fellows, then, to make the spring meet of the Athletic Association go off with a boom. A little enthusiasm, a little exertion on the part of every fellow, can assure a grand success at this meeting. So few fellows, who have always taken it for granted that they could never gain any great distinction in athletics, realize that even a third place in any special event means just one more point added to the class score. There is plenty of time, from now until March 12, for any one whose interest is just awakening to activity in the coming meeting, to train. It is training that does the business. Systematically and conscientiously undertaken, training makes a sure prize winner, or perhaps even a record-breaker, out of a fellow who never before made an entry in an athletic event.

NEWS NOTES

The Debating Club has voted to give a mock town meeting, to take place some time in March.

Graduates of the school have shown their loyalty to the B. H. S. by forming an Alumni club at Harvard.

Even minstrels do not lead a life of unalloyed bliss. How long did it take them to get the black off their faces?

We are indebted to Mr. Dutton for permission to reproduce the interior views of the school appearing in this month's supplement.

During the minstrel show, Thursday night, there was a foot of water in the boiler-room, on account of the heavy rain, and it was impossible to run the ventilating fan. This explains why the hall was so hot.

Apropos of a suitable track for training, why not make an eight-lap-to-the-mile course by mounting the stairs on the boys' side, descending on the girls' side and so on? It would be conducive of good staying powers at the least.

Judge Drew will deliver at the High School a course of three lectures on Spanish literature. The dates and subjects are as follows: March, 4, "Cervantes;" March 15, "Calderon;" March 18, "Lope de Vega." The lectures are free.

Some days ago several members of the senior and lower classes went with Mr. Sanford to the State House to hear the debate on biennial elections. They were met by Mr. Utley, Brookline's representative, and he showed them the greatest kindness, securing the use of a balcony for them in the Hall, showing them over the old and new State House, and treating them to a lunch under the very shadow of the gilded dome. The girls, at least, of the party, resolved that if ever municipal suffrage were granted women, they would vote for Mr. Utley.

The first public day of the year occurred January 28th. The exercises were very good and the declamation was excellent. The speakers were as follows: Carroll L. Perkins, "The New South;" Miss Louise Parker, "The March of Company A;" Joseph Kernan, "The Death-bed of Benedict Arnold;" Miss Florence Adams, "Rocket's Christmas;" Miss Olive Belches, extract from "William Tell;" Miss McGregor, "On the Shores of Tennessee;" William H. Smith, "The Gamin." The orchestra and glee club gave several selections, and Miss Allen and Miss Boardman favored the school with instrumental music.

On January 28th and February 12th occurred the two interpretative Shakespearean lectures by Rev. Reuen Thomas.

The following applies very well to the B. H. S. "Why are the Seniors like the man with three hands? Because they have a right hand, a left hand, and a little *behind-hand*."—*Ex.*

On the evening of February 5th, Prof. Wheeler of Yale lectured before the Brookline Education Society. His subject was "Waterloo." We are free to confess that never, before hearing this lecture, had we been able to fully comprehend the ins and outs of this great battle. For clearness and comprehensiveness the lecture was unsurpassed.

This year the Mandolin Club meets nearly every Friday night for rehearsal. Olin Talbot, '98, is still the leader. Mr. G. L. Lansing, of the Boston Ideal Mandolin and Banjo Club, continues to coach the fellows twice a month. The first mandolins are: O. Talbot, E. Ritchie, W. Parker and G. A. Vose. The seconds are: W. Smith and S. Coffin. Guitars: F. Talbot and A. Parker: 'Cello: H. Hirshberg. Flute: S. Ware. Violin: P. Dunbar.

Not long since the school was favored with a talk on "Greater Boston," by Mr. Osborne Howes, a member of the Metropolitan Commission. He explained the proposed plan of consolidation, briefly and clearly. The main object of incorporating the surrounding towns within the city limits, would be to make Boston larger and consequently more attractive, so that it might successfully compete with other large cities. Of course, the more territory a city obtains the richer it grows, and wealth is the principal factor in the building up of a great city. It would, however, be almost impossible to unite in complete civic union all the surrounding towns with Boston. There is too much opposition to the plan for this. Towns like Brookline, for instance, are afraid, and with perfect reason, that they would entirely lose their individuality if swallowed up within the bounds of a great city. On the other hand the consolidation would bring about many improvements. There are certain general subjects affecting the welfare of all. The sewers would all be a part of one great system, belonging to the city. Parks would be constructed on a large scale, embracing all the territory for a distance of ten miles around Boston. A metropolitan water system would be established, so that every town would have an unfailing supply of pure water. These are some of the advantages of the proposed Greater Boston.

Our next issue will contain a full account of the team-race with Newton.

The team which will meet Newton on Saturday is made up of the following fellows: Boyce, '97; Quinlan, '96, (Rust); Lewis, '96; Seaver, '96.

Souvenir photographs of the participants in the minstrel show and the play may be obtained of Wolcott, '96, by paying twenty-five cents apiece.

The fourth class have begun the study of history this term, and they are deep in Egyptian mysteries. They are also beginning to learn the language of mathematics as expressed in Algebra; although they never believed in signs, they are now finding them most significant.

The fine performance of all the actors in the play has brought good reports from all sides. It was entirely due to the hard, individual work of each actor and the efficient and indispensable services of Miss Frost and Miss Frye in coaching them. No outside interest was so pressing, no weather was so bad, as to keep them from the rehearsals.

Mr. Charles C. Soule delivered, on January 31st, a highly interesting and instructive lecture on "Negro Troops in the Civil War." On January 17th Mr. Edwin D. Meade was the lecturer. His subject was, "Lessons from the Old South Chapel." The lecture was entirely within the comprehension of young people, but this did not in the least detract from its interest.

The managers of the entertainment have been enabled to greatly reduce their expenses because of the kindness of several friends of the school. The Standard Clothing Company furnished free of charge the thirty dress suits required for the circle; Mr. Vose sent out a splendid piano, paying the expressage both ways, and Mr. B. F. Keith furnished all the scenery and stage accessories.

The fellows who are to take part in the Newton team race have been greatly inconvenienced from the fact that they have been unable to obtain suitable training quarters. The only available place is the lower corridor, which is of no use except for short dashes. However, let us hope for better times; if ever that much-talked-of bath-house is erected we will have excellent facilities for training, and Brookline High will then have a chance of showing her mettle.

Mr. Bolton has sent up from the Public Library ten valuable books on Egyptian history and civilization, to be used as reference books by the fourth class.

A water-color class has been formed out of the best workers in sepia. It is yet doubtful who is to prove a modern Titian. Everybody has a chance, but the question is, who has the brains.

The Debating Club has received a compliment. A person in a position to judge has said that not for five years has the club been doing such good work or been in such a flourishing condition.

The old school furniture has been scraped and repainted so that it looks like new. We wish to remind the younger scholars that they are no longer in the grammar school, and that the wanton defacing of furniture is considered a misdemeanor here.

The Head Master recently visited Pratt Institute, at Brooklyn, Drexel Institute, at Philadelphia, and the Women's State Reformatory at Sherborn. He got from these institutions, and especially from the last-named (!), many ideas for the improvement of our own school.

The art department would like to offer a prize of some modest sum for the best definition of talent, to be inserted in small capitals in the next number of The Sagamore. If this can only once and forever settle the disputed question, we shall be only too grateful to the successful competitor.

We wish to make these pages devoted to news notes as bright and interesting as possible. Teachers and scholars will confer a great favor on the editors by jotting down any little items of interest, or amusing incidents which may come to their attention. Of course, we cannot promise to print them all, but a large assortment to choose from is very desirable.

The Boston Young Men's Christian Association, Boylston and Berkely streets, is having some fine gymnasium exhibitions. On February 12th the gymnasium was packed with people to witness the monthly entertainment. The next one will be given in Association Hall about March 4th, and a number of new features will be introduced. Notwithstanding all of these additional advantages the terms of membership—$10.00 annually—remain the same, as well as giving a member all the other benefits of the Association. Members are received at any time. As the athletic season is approaching this is a good time to take up training.

SOME BROOKLINE BOYS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CENTURY

By Burt G. Wilder, Class of '59

I.— Introductory

The original invitation to contribute to The Sagamore referred to the general life of the Brookline boys, as well as to their special doings at the High School. Some reminiscences of the latter have appeared in the issues for February, March, April, May, November, and December, 1895, and I trust they may be supplemented by other participators.

In the High School, of course, were boys from all parts of the town; but my out-of-school recollections are somewhat closely restricted to those who lived not far from my home. This, from 1845 to 1861, was on the south side of Harvard Street, directly opposite the residence of G. F. Homer, and between D. H. Rogers and B. F. Baker, thus the fourth from the corner on which now stands the Baptist church. The game-center of that region at that period was Linden place. It was not then a thoroughfare, and this fact, together with its central park, made it a very safe and delightful playground. Beginning with the western corner, the families were Jameson, Brett, Churchill, Wellman, Bowditch, Howe, Fay, Turner, Scudder, Rich, and, in the center, Bradley. The eldest Fay (James), the eldest Wellman (Prescott), and my elder brother (David), had apparently ceased to be regarded as boys; but there were four younger Wellmans — Willard, Frederick, Joseph, and Henry; two Fays — Arthur and Clement; Dana Turner; three Scudders — Frank, Harry, and Winthrop; William Homer, and my younger brothers, Edward and John; in all about a dozen, most of whom could be mustered at short notice for a game of base-ball, or for a romp among the trees of the park. In the next number I will try to describe our usual celebration of Independence Day.

Through lack of space we have been obliged to omit "An Old Diary."

HUMOR

A VACANT STARE.

She sat on the steps at eventide,
  Enjoying the balmy air;
He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"
  And she gave him a vacant stair. [Ex.

First sergeant, Co. C. — "Count fours, Start?"

Pat, our hired man, was telling a story to the children the other day, which I overheard. This is the way it ran: "The first woodchuck iver I see in this country was a hedgehog. I treed him in a haystack, and shot him with a barn shovel. The first time I hit him, I missed him; and the second time I hit him, I missed him in the same place that I hit him the first time. The third time I hit him, I hit him exactly where I missed him the first two times, and that fetched him down."

Two English curates once became engaged in a quarrel in the presence of their bishop. High words passed between them, and one of the curates finally said in great excitement: "Sir, you are the biggest fool I know!" The bishop thought it high time to interfere, and stepping up, he said, "But, my dear sir, you forget that I am here."

B. H. S. had a little boy, his feet were white with snow,
And everywhere in the school he went, the snow was sure to go.

"Talking about minstrels," said Ben Johnson, "I went to a colored ball last night where no white men were allowed. Why, even the lights were colored."

Professor — "Gentlemen, I must beg you to give me your individual attention. It is absolutely impossible for you to form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me." [Ex.

Overheard at the telephone — "I want a carriage, and a driver to hold five persons immediately."

Why is an excited man like a baby? Because they are both apt to get rash.

A kiss is a noun, though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined, more common than proper, is not very singular, generally used in the plural and agrees with me. [Ex.

One of our well-known literary men announced to his family one evening his intention of writing a serial (cerial) story, but was somewhat surprised when his young hopeful innocently inquired whether the subject was to be oatmeal or hominy.

Dante — "Tell me, O Virgil! what is the idea of beginning an epic poem in the middle? For I have some notion of writing an epic poem myself."

Virgil — "You begin an epic poem in the middle, O Dante! because that is the best chance you have of getting your readers as far as that." [Ex.

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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APRIL

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There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 2 APRIL, 1896 NUMBER 6

COLLEGE LIFE AT WILLIAMS

SNUGLY nestled in the Hoosac valley, about five miles from North Adams, lies Williamstown, the seat of Williams College. As you leave the grimy cars at the Pittsburg station and are driven over a rough and dusty road, while visions of factories and dirty tenement houses flash by, you are none too favorably impressed with your first glimpse of "Billville." But wait, and as we ascend Consumption Hill, crowned by the Soldiers' Monument, your opinion will change. We proceed over a broad, park-like plateau, with green lawns and magnificent shade-trees on each side. Here we come to the college buildings arranged on both sides, some of the last century's type, others more modern and imposing.

If you come to Williamstown as a student, your first thoughts will be concerning your room and chum, and when these are settled you find yourself making new acquaintances fast. When the first chapel exercises are over and the first day's lessons have been assigned, you may consider yourself fairly started upon your four years' course. But be sure to lock your door for the first few nights, for if you do not the vigilance of the college policeman may not be sufficient to prevent a nocturnal invasion of your premises by a band of dreaded Sophomores, and you may find yourself in some such predicament as trying to sing a speech or scan a problem in geometry. These calls are followed by the "monument rush" which occurs the first Saturday night of the term, and which is participated in by the two lower classes, both of which claim the victory.

The chief factor of interest to the Freshman during the first week or two, is the band of Greek letter societies, ten in number. The selections for these societies are generally made at the begin-

ning of Freshman year, but are sometimes made later in the course. There are at Williams two debating societies, the Philologian and the Philotechnian, which date their beginnings from the last century. Many men, who have in after life gained distinction, have learned the art of argument in one or the other of these societies; among them we find the late President Garfield.

After the foot-ball season comes the long winter term, which is broken by an occasional concert or excursion to some near-by town for a dance or party. The gymnasium is largely frequented during this term, and here are found every variety of apparatus for strengthening the muscles: a running track, base-ball cage, two bowling alleys, baths and lockers. Here during the winter and early spring the aspirants for the athletic team practise daily, and in the cage candidates for the ball team are trained under the careful eye of the coach.

With the third term comes warmer weather. Those who have a liking for Nature will find their desires fulfilled by frequent sallies into the country and by the ascent of the numerous hills and mountains.

Base-ball attracts a large share of attention during the spring term, and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon the various fields are occupied by contesting nines. A position on the Varsity nine is no sinecure, and great is the honor gained by the man who participates in a defeat of Yale or Harvard, while there is still more glory in being a member of the championship team, which competes with Amherst and Dartmouth in the triangular league. All out-door sports are in full swing when in their season and facilities for winter sports are at Williams unsurpassed.

Commencement week is the Seniors' festival, though the under-classes do not lack means of enjoyment at that time. Class-day, society receptions, the Senior promenade, the Glee Club concert and the Junior dramatics keep the Seniors and the army of visitors quite busy enough. Then, too, each class has its supper after the final examinations are over, and there is no jollier band of under-graduates than that which takes part in these class entertainments.

While little has been said of the real student life, yet the reader must not suppose that there is no hard and honest work done at Williams. On the contrary, Williams has always been noted for her high standard of scholarship, and for the well-rounded development of her sons. At the end of the four years' course, Williams men have seldom found time to become weary of the world. The atmosphere itself appears to possess a flavor of earnestness, and experience has proved that those who go forth from Williams year after year seldom prove themselves false to the traditions and influences of their Alma Mater.

R. W. DUNBAR, B. H. S., '94; Williams, '98.

A COURAGEOUS DEED

[A TRUE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR FROM THE LIPS OF A VETERAN.]

In November, 1863, during the Chattanooga campaign of our late Civil War, the Confederate army held Missionary Ridge and was in possession of Lookout Mountain as a guard to the left flank. As the latter is the scene of this story, it is necessary to describe carefully its topographical character. The long ridge, known as Lookout Mountain, stretches from the very banks of the Tennessee River back for about eighteen miles. The sides rise quite abruptly from the valley below, they are jagged and in many places actually hang over the lowlands. The only descent from this stronghold was a rocky defile on the southern side. Otherwise one must go back eighteen miles from the river.

It was of course next to impossible to drive a force from Lookout Mountain, but it was desired to keep the Confederate force up there, so that there would be just so many less men to fight on Missionary Ridge. Accordingly a feint attack was made by a part of General Hooker's division. The men marched along the northern side of the mountain, right under the steep, rocky sides till they reached the point of the mountain nearest the river. Just around the southern side, the rocky defile was occupied by the

enemy's cannon. Our soldiers were in constant and imminent danger, because at any time a rebel could point his rifle over the edge of the precipice and pick off a man. However, as soon as the troops encamped at the foot of the ridge, clouds settled down and rendered their position comparatively safe.

The next day broke clear and cloudless. Not a shot came from the crest of Lookout Mountain, however, and the question arose, "Have the rebels quitted the mountain or not?" The question had to be answered at once; on calling for volunteers a captain of the Seventh Indiana offered his services and, taking a Union flag, climbed up the face of the cliff, by catching hold of the cracks and points on the surface. The troops below were in breathless suspense during the seventy-foot climb, and they finally broke out into cheers as the plucky officer reached the summit and planted the flag on the edge of the cliff. The Rebels had retreated during the night. What a surprise it must have been to General Grant at Chattanooga to see the stars and stripes floating out from Lookout Mountain when he rose in the morning!

Many a man, in the turmoil and excitement of the battle, may accomplish a deed of remarkable bravery, but very few men have that perfect coolness which would carry them through an action like that performed by the Indiana captain. When he reached the summit he was so exhausted that a child could have pushed him down to instant and certain death.

This heroic feat is not mentioned in the memoirs of Grant nor in those of General Sherman, but it deserves to go on record as one of the truly courageous actions of the late Civil War.

C. W. K., JR., '97.

Nearly a dozen beautiful designs in water colors were brought from the School of Decoration, Boston Art Museum, for the fourth class to see. They were chiefly Egyptian and Assyrian subjects, copied from mummy cases, amulets and charms. It may be added that the fourth class does not intend competing with the students at the Art Museum.

A VISIT TO THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

I KNOCKED at a door deep-set in a thick wall on which was inscribed "Domestic Science," and was admitted to a rather small but bright and cheery room, which receives the sun a large part of the morning from its three southeast windows.

I turned to inspect the fittings, which are most obviously those of a cooking and dining room. There are tables with gas burners and apparatus for cookery, closets for dry supplies (whatever they may be), closets for china and for tinware, and a housekeeper's and emergency closet in which when fully equipped will be found all sorts of mysterious substances for removal of stains, scratches and soil from fibers and fabrics, as well as balm and bandages for burns, bruises, and other ills to which flesh is heir.

I was lost in contemplation of what might or might not happen if I were so fortunate or so unfortunate as to sustain an injury while pursuing the daily routine of school duties. I had passed the unpleasant aspect of the affair — the necessary twinges of pain consequent upon bruising the head or cutting the finger, and was dwelling upon the pleasure of having that pain soothed,— in fact, was just turning to ask if the patient were allowed to choose who should bind up his wounds, when I was informed in a very matter-of-fact way that a class was coming in, and asked to be seated. The dream always ends at just the wrong moment.

I resolutely turned my attention to the proceedings of the class that had just entered. Perhaps my success was largely due to the fact that the attention had not to be turned very far, as this proved to be a class in emergencies, and the work for the day: practical application of bandages. Soon groups were formed; in each, one girl to act as patient, and one or two others to adjust the bandages, according to the imagined injury from which the patient was suffering.

All degrees of aptitude for the work were shown, and soon I found myself wondering whether after all my dream would have had the best ending had I been allowed to finish it.

The class files out in obedience to the bell, and soon another has taken its place. Cookery!

Perplexing problems vanish, visions of delicate pastry, dainty salads, delicious concoctions of all sorts float in dreamy confusion before my mind's eye. I wondered what it would be—pâté de foie gras or biscuit glacés. Once more that business-like tone roused me from my reverie. Attention was being called to written instructions on the board; it was to be a test lesson. There were two experiments to be performed—how fortunate I was—probably each fair maiden was to prepare a luncheon and dinner. The directions as written seemed a trifle discouraging to such a view; in the first, the ingredients were to be flour and water; in the second, flour, water and butter. I retired to the more modest supposition that there was to be a two-course luncheon or an afternoon tea, and even then the outlook seemed a little dubious; but I am of a broadly hopeful nature, and what are cooking classes for if not to teach pupils to create varied and dainty menus from very ordinary raw materials? Of course there would be at least a luncheon! I would not presume to say that these girls could not, if they chose, prepare a meal fit for the gods from common salt, and water from the tap.

Each girl worked absolutely without help—not a question was asked—and the time passed quietly; but the strongly expressed approval of the teacher, as she passed from desk to desk, indicated that the work was progressing happily and well. At the close the teacher said: "Girls, I am proud of you; thrown on your own responsibility you have done an absolutely new piece of work—one requiring thought, care and skill, with credit to yourselves." The girls looked happy, but when they had passed out and I was enthusiastically bidden to contemplate numerous bowls of paste of varying color and consistency, my heart sank and my spirit folded its tired wings. I could not doubt that the girls had worked and thought well, and that to successfully complete the task given them had required exercise of reason, close attention and skill in manipulation, but what if they *had* rediscovered the principle at the root

of preparation of all sauces, thin and thick, light and dark, there was nothing to eat, and I had wanted something to eat.

It had certainly been a pleasant and interesting visit. I was glad to find that the work seems designed to cultivate reasoning power, judgment, self-control; to train the eye and the hand; but I did think they might at least have cooked doughnuts and cheese, and I think so still.

OBSERVER.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE seventy-ninth regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held in the High School Building, February 19, 1896. The subject of the debate for the evening was: *Resolved, That the permit for the new street railway be granted to the West End instead of the Brookline company.* The affirmative side of the question was supported by G. T. Lynch and Charles Bishop; the negative by Harold K. Wead. The meeting was attended by Mr. Nash and Mr. H. R. Chase, each of whom made a brief debate on the subject of the meeting.

The eightieth regular meeting of the club was held March 4, 1896, at the usual place. The question selected as the subject for the next debate is: *Resolved, That a permanent court of arbitration be established between England and the United States.* The following are expected to be the principal debaters on this subject: On the affirmative side F. J. Driscoll and Karl Heinrich; on the negative, Frank Wilcox and W. H. Mayo. The debate for the meeting was on the subject: *Resolved, That the United States should appropriate money to complete the Nicaraguan Canal.* The speakers on the affirmative side were A. M. Osborne and P. R. Dunbar; those on the negative, Woodworth James and C. L. Perkins.

GEORGE W. WALTER, *Secretary.*

X-RAYS AT THE HIGH SCHOOL

MR. PACKARD recently performed some very interesting experiments with the new wonder, the invisible rays which penetrate opaque substances. It is known that these rays come from the ultra-violet part of the spectrum, that they are invisible to the eye, that they are chemically very active, that they can be bent from their course only by magnetic attraction, and that they penetrate substances which are opaque to ordinary light. Beyond these facts little is known.

On a certain afternoon a small but interested audience assembled in Mr. Packard's private work-room to witness the experiment. Nearly all were skeptical as to its outcome, but no one disdained to give his advice as to the arrangement of the apparatus.

On the table is an induction coil, to which are connected five batteries. The induction coil serves to raise the current to the necessary strength. The tube which is to be used does not in the least resemble the so-called Crooke's tubes, which the papers have described. It is straight, about five inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The air has been exhausted from within. At each end is a round platinum disk, from which a wire runs to the outside of the tube.

An ordinary holder, perfectly opaque to the sunlight, and containing a sensitive plate, is placed upright, close to the tube. To the plateholder are attached a silver dollar, a cent and a steel hook. Everything is ready. Amid great excitement, the connections are made. Five heads are bent eagerly over the tube. The bulb is filled with a delicate, emerald-green light, especially strong around the cathode* pole. Behind each pole is visible a flickering, light-blue phosphorescent light. Around the cathode pole are several circles, extending completely around the tube. These circles are brighter than the surrounding illumination, and not so steady. When a magnet is brought near them, they are visibly attracted. The plateholder is moved so that its centre comes opposite the cathode pole. The exposure lasts an hour. At the expiration of

*Cathode is derived from a Greek word meaning *down*; hence, downward current.

that time the current is turned off, the plateholder is removed, and the assembled audience, headed by Mr. Packard, enters into the dark room. How all five managed to get in is still a mystery; but there they all stood, in the dim, red light, watching anxiously for the picture to come.

Soon a simultaneous shout of triumph bursts from everyone present; a faint shadow is visible on the plate. The shadow darkens, and others appear. The plate is soon developed, and, on being held up to the light, the shadows of the two coins and the hook are plainly visible. One end of the plate—the end that lay nearest the cathode pole—is much darker than the other. This seems to show that the rays emanate from one spot, and not from the whole tube. The picture is none too plain and a photographer would hardly call it a work of art, but it proved to the satisfaction of all that these mysterious rays penetrate opaque substances.

Since this first experiment Mr. Packard has succeeded in getting much better results. His best picture, so far, shows a Yale key and a steel ball, plainly outlined. Around them is the faint shadow of the quarter-inch wooden pill-box in which they were placed during the exposure.

SENSATIONS OF THE UNPREPARED PUPIL

"FRENCH A; Room 16,—pass!"

"Jove! I'd taken oath I had a study period now. Tom, what are you going to French for? We don't have it till 10.10, do we?"

"Look at yer program, and come along," grunted Tom, disappearing. A little "white" voice whispers reproachfully in Fred's spirit ear, "You knew you had French first, Fred. You remembered it in Keith's, last night, but you were too—too sleepy, you know, and—"

"Hang it!" cried the desk cover (or something else mighty near it), as it slammed down.

"Depêchez-vous, Monsieur B——. Why are you so late?" Mlle. frowned, and looked inquiringly at Fred.

"I—did—did n't know—the class was—called," stammered the embarrassed pupil, growing somewhat red around the ears. "At least—I did—did—"

"Quelle page avez-vous preparée, Monsieur B——!"

Mlle. was smiling now, but it was a fleeting smile.

"Page quartre vingt—vingt deux."

"Hiutième!" sang out the class in chorus.

"Pas les autres!" frowned Mlle. "Traduisez, Monsieur."

"I could n't—did n't do this part—exactly understand—"

"Yes, what part did you do, Monsieur?"

"Well not—very much—I—"

"How much time did you spend on it? Ten minutes or five?"

"Nearer five!" murmured Fred, looking uneasily at Mlle. as she got out her record book.

But at 10.10 he marched more bravely into mathematics, thinking hopefully, Mr. Wilson never takes up the homework now, so I'm all right.

Mr. Wilson enters. "The homework may be collected." And *he* heard a gruff voice at the back of the room mutter: "Confound it all! Just my luck!"

That 's Fred you hear, Mr. Wilson. He is angry at you, that 's all,—or angry at himself, and with his conscience.

"Flunking is tiresome, after all," it says; "perhaps it might be as well to give up tonight's sleighing party and next Thursday's card club, for a little French and Algebra come in handy when the cards go home to be signed." FRED, '98.

Have you left your file of last year's SAGAMORE with the business manager for binding? If not, you should do so at once, as all files on hand will shortly be sent to the bindery. The price is only fifty cents.

SOME BROOKLINE BOYS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CENTURY

By Burt G. Wilder, Class of '59

II. How They Celebrated Independence Day

A WEEK or two beforehand the fathers of the boys in and near Linden place empowered one of their number to purchase fire-crackers and fireworks for all. Commonly the matter was in the hands of Mr. Charles W. Scudder, and I do not recall any dissatisfaction with the explosives or with his management.

At the foot of Linden place was Fay's pasture, a gently sloping field with a gnarled apple tree near the middle. A tent was pitched for storing the supplies and to protect them in case of rain. Here we spent the day, making all the noise we wished, yet not so near the dwellings as to cause annoyance. I nearly forgot Mr. Fay's cow. Our day of "independence" was to her an occasion of confinement to the barn. In the afternoon, under Mr. Scudder's direction, all coöperated in erecting the frames for the fireworks. At dark, the fathers and mothers, "the sisters, the cousins and the aunts," assembled with us and the program was duly carried out. I do not remember any premature discharge, unexpected explosion, or serious accident. No doubt a few fingers were scorched and garments damaged, but the only approach to disaster was when a small boy, perched upon the fence, was struck full in the stomach by one of the erratic "serpents," and so startled as to tumble off in a heap.

One or two years, I forget which, there was an early morning parade by the "Callithumpians" or "Antiques and Horribles." We devised in advance all sorts of grotesque habiliments, disguises and noise-producing instruments, and marched through the streets for an hour or two at daybreak. My own device was a flour barrel, one end knocked out, and through the other a hole big enough to pass my head, and an armhole at either side. It conferred upon my rather slender form an incongruous rotundity, and when my wooden paunch was beaten by me or by another, my share of the din was contributed. I have since wondered that regard for the morning repose of the boyless families did not lead our parents to insist upon the postponement of the parade until after breakfast.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Edward North, Edgehill Road, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

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Surprise has been expressed at the action of the School Committee in not closing the schools on the occasion of the burial of the late Governor Greenhalge. On the whole, however, we agree with the sentiments expressed by Mr. Sanford on this day. Governor Greenhalge was a man who never shirked his duty. The greatest honor that could be shown him was to continue the ordinary school session, accompanied by appropriate exercises on the day of his burial. The exercises were simple. The remarks of Mr. Sanford, Mr. Dutton, Mr. Marvin and Mr. Nash were short and to the point. The character of Governor Greenhalge as a politician in the truest sense of the word, was especially dwelt upon. It certainly seems inappropriate that on the death of an honored and respected citizen, the schools should be given a holiday. How much better was our course!

The singing of the school in the Old South Chapel, on Washington's Birthday, was highly creditable to the scholars themselves, and still more so to Mr. Cole, our instructor. His earnest efforts to raise the standard of music in the school could have received no better testimonial than the invitation extended to us by Mr. Meade to take part in this celebration. We should feel justly proud at being chosen from among all the schools of Boston and the surrounding towns to lend our services on such an occasion. We have no doubt that this event has greatly encouraged Mr. Cole in his work. If he succeeds in accomplishing what he has set out to do—and it is our firm belief that he will succeed—we shall share the honor. For this reason, if for no other, he should have our earnest cöoperation.

It has been rumored of late that THE SAGAMORE was to offer a prize for the best design for a poster to advertise the paper. It is true that such a plan was at one time entertained by the editors, with the idea of advertising the paper and of promoting an interest in art work. It was, however, finally decided that the present state of the paper's finances would not warrant such an expenditure. We are sorry that there has been a misunderstanding, but at the same time we do not like to disappoint those who have taken the rumor in good faith. We urge them not to abandon their work. If enough designs are received before April 10th, next, they will be put on exhibition in THE SAGAMORE'S room. Our art teacher and others competent to judge, will then, we have no doubt, consent to act as judges, and the winning poster will be chosen. Then, next year, if the school stands by the paper, a prize may be awarded the successful artist, and the poster reproduced.

NEWS NOTES

Hand your jokes and news notes to the Class Editor, or put them in the contribution box.

The Easter vacation begins Wednesday, April 1st, at 1.30 o'clock, and lasts until Thursday, April 9th.

That green in the Town Hall, March 17th, was not in honor of St. Patrick — it was merely part of '97 's decorations.

In the lower corridor may now be seen a photograph of that famous bicycle club which, in the summer of '92, so thoroughly explored the British Isles a-wheel.

We hope that the practice of reading the news has not been permanently discontinued. It takes very little time and is enjoyed by all, besides being interesting and instructive.

In our last number we inadvertently omitted to mention the pleasant reception tendered to the class of '96 by Mrs. Ira B. Cushing and her daughter, at their home, on Saturday, January 25th.

Better late than never. The Assembly Hall is now comfortably warm, thanks to the system of direct ventilation, installed a few weeks ago. Hereafter, wraps will no longer be necessary during the morning exercises.

R. C. Seaver, '96, captured the 20-yard hurdle race in the Cambridge High and Latin games, February 29th. Quinlan, '96, who was entered for the 300-yard run, unfortunately sustained a painful fall, which put him out of the race.

The art department is greatly in need of back copies of illustrated magazines. Old numbers of the Century, Harper's, or other reviews or papers which have head and tail pieces, initial letters and good pen-and-ink drawings, will be gladly received.

The following suggestions may or may not be of interest to contributors:

Don't be disappointed if your contribution does not appear immediately; that is no sign it has not been accepted.

Don't neglect to sign your full name and class; otherwise your contribution cannot be returned you in case it is rejected.

Don't be indignant because your article, recommended by a teacher, was not accepted; the teachers recommend all meritorious work; the editors must choose that which is suitable for publication.

Finally, don't give up because you have tried once and failed; first efforts are rarely successful.

The steady flow of visitors to the school shows no signs of abating. Head masters and teachers from all over the country have inscribed their names in the visitors' book.

How shall the class of 1900 be called? Shall it be the class of oughty-ought, or the class of naughty-naught? Or perhaps it will be designated as the naughty, no-nothing class. Hurrah for '00!

A fortnightly record is now posted in the respective class-rooms, of the standing in every subject, of those students preparing to enter a higher institution. They are thus kept informed of any deficiency.

At the Interscholastic sports, March 21st, R. C. Seaver, '96, won the 45 yard hurdle race in a brilliant manner, making a new record for the event. Our next number will contain a full account of the sports.

Miss Weir's lectures in the High School Extension Course, on the "History of Art," are very popular. The course numbers about sixty members. The lectures take place every Thursday morning at eleven o'clock in the art room.

The x-ray photographs taken by Mr. Packard, which have been displayed on the bulletin board, attracted a good deal of attention. Charles Smoot (special) is experimenting with the rays and he has succeeded in getting some very good pictures.

THE SAGAMORE wants to know:

What's the matter with the drum corps?
Why '97 does not send in more contributions?
Why the girls do not form a club?
Why the school has no flag-staff?
Why the freshmen do not subscribe?

On the morning of February 25th, the school listened to a very entertaining talk on "Birds," by Reginald Howe of Longwood, who has made himself known through the columns of the Boston Evening Transcript by his articles on bird life. Mr. Howe gave a short account of his study of birds, and dwelt at some length on the apparent blindness of the large majority of people who go through life utterly oblivious of the beauties of nature. He gave a list of the birds commonly found in this latitude with the characteristic habits of each. He informed us that during the winter at least fifty species of birds may be found in this section of the country, fourteen of which may easily be seen around Boston; while during the year no less than three hundred kinds of birds have been observed.

The class pictures of '93 and '94 have lately been added to those already hung in the lower corridor.

Several members of I Chemistry are taking a special course in photography. The splendid dark room which they have at their disposal should make the course especially delightful.

All fellows who know how to whistle, and especially those who do *not* know how, are respectfully requested to "let up" on those minstrel show tunes, at least while they are in the school building.

The candidates for the batteries practice Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the drill hall. The candidates for pitch are: Aechtler, E. Allen, Bugbee, Kernan, Manning, Morse, E. Parker and Rust. For catch: Hutchins, A. Parker, Rust and Woods.

The fellows entered in the Interscholastic sports are as follows: 40-yard dash—M. W. Quinlan, Jr., W. B. Boyce and E. M. Brush. 45-yard hurdle—L. C. Richardson, F. H. Cook and R. C. Seaver. 300-yard run—W. B. Boyce and M. W. Quinlan, Jr. 600-yard run—N. W. Thompson, F. T. Bullard, R. C. Seaver and F. B. Tyler. 1000-yard run—N. J. Rust, Jr. High jump—W. B. Boyce and R. C. Seaver. Shot put—W. B. Boyce and N. J. Rust, Jr. Pole vault—E. N. Dorr.

Brookline High suffered defeat at the hands of Newton High in a team race which took place at the latter school's indoor meet some weeks ago. Our team consisted of W. B. Boyce, S. W. Lewis, M. W. Quinlan, Jr., and R. C. Seaver. At the crack of the pistol Boyce stole a good lead on his antagonist. In spite of all that Newton could do, our fellows continued to hold their lead, and it looked like certain victory for Brookline. Seaver, who was Brookline's last runner, started off well ahead of Cotting, his antagonist; but he took the last corner too high, and the Newton man, with a sudden burst of speed, shot past him and crossed the tape a winner. Better luck next time, Newton.

The Olympic games, which will take place in Greece on April 6th, are to be a revival of the ancient Olympic games, and they will have an international interest, from the fact that nearly all the civilized countries of Europe and America will be represented there. The United States is to be represented by a team from the Boston Athletic Association. The games will include foot races, from 100 to 1500 yards, a hurdle race, cross country run, broad and high jumps, putting the weight and disks, fencing, wrestling, sword exercise, shooting, yacht racing, rowing, swimming, cycle racing, tennis, cricket and foot-ball.

On March 17th the school was especially fortunate in hearing a talk by Mr. Ely, of the Harvard Prospect Union. Mr. Ely explained in a most delightful and entertaining manner the progress and object of the union. We are sorry that lack of space prevents our giving the substance of his talk.

At a meeting of the Interscholastic Base Ball Associatian, held at the B. A. A., March 18, Brookline High was admitted to the League. Our schedule of games is as follows :

April 24 with Somerville at . . . . . South End Grounds
May 1 with Hopkinson at . . . . . " "
8 with Boston Latin at . . . . . Brookline
12 with Roxbury Latin at . . . . . "
15 with Cambridge High and Latin at . . "
19 with English High School at . . . . . South End Grounds

Two posters have at last found their way into the precincts of the school-room. One, an effective black-and-white drawing by Kenyon Cox, one of New York's best-known artists, shows what pen and ink can accomplish in the hands of a skillful draughtsman; the other is a Joan of Arc, in yellow and red.

The story is told that two young ladies, belonging to the band of Christian Endeavorers, had heard that the stone lions guarding the staircase of the Boston Public Library wagged their tails every time they heard the clock strike the hour. Accordingly the young ladies waited two hours to see this phenomenon; but the lions never moved. The young ladies then told the librarian what they had heard, and that they had proved it to be false. The librarian advised them not to be so rash in their conclusions, and assured them that the statement was true, "for," said he, "how often do you think a stone lion can hear?"

The organization of a banjo club, bicycle club, and camera club are among the recent additions to the numerous advantages the Boston Young Men's Christian Association is offering to its members. Also, they are issuing a spicy little weekly paper called Boston's Young Men, by means of which the members are kept in close touch with the Association's activities. They are planning for another fine gymnastic entertainment, April 22d. We know of no other young men's organization that is more alive and that is giving its members more advantages than this one, and what is also most excellent, its terms of membership—$2 regular and $10 gymnasium —are within the reach of all.

ATHLETICS

BASE-BALL

THE prospects for a good ball nine this year are bright. Every member of last year's nine is still in the school, though North will be unable to play on account of his studies. Several positions will have to be strengthened, however. Stars are not wanted, but fellows who can play ball and who can play together. The batteries have commenced practice in the drill hall, and the other candidates will be called out as soon as the weather permits. If sufficient interest is evinced a second team will be formed.

It is the duty of every able-bodied fellow in the school to come out for the team and to do his utmost for its support. There is absolutely no reason why the school should not make a fine showing in base-ball this year. The enthusiasm or lack of enthusiasm shown by the fellows will decide whether the season is to be a success or not.

B. H. S. A. A.— SEVENTH ANNUAL INDOOR MEET

This year's indoor meet, which came off Tuesday evening, March 17th, was quite successful and enthusiastic, but the extreme smoothness of the floor of the Town Hall, due no doubt to the last coffee party, held not long since, forbade any record-breaking.

The meeting opened with a surprise. Every one expected that the 20-yard dash would be fought out between Boyce and Seaver, but owing to the poor starts by both these men, Quinlan captured first place, with Boyce and Rust tied for second. Boyce won the second prize.

The slow bicycle race was as interesting as ever. No records were broken, however, because usually every fellow fell off before the end was reached. When, finally, Perkins of the fourth class won the first place, the '99 boys almost yelled themselves hoarse; and well they might, for it is an unusual thing for a freshman class to get five points in the indoor meet. We ought to expect a great deal from this class. Look out, '98, you may never see the Alumni Class Championship Cup with '99 below you!

The final of the high jump was very interesting, and was accompanied with rival cheering from '96 and '97 in behalf of Seaver and Boyce respectively. Seaver won finally by clearing 5 feet ¼ inch.

The decorations of the hall were the finest that have ever graced its walls; '97 quite outdid itself, and the '96 colors were prominent. A summary of the points and events is as follows:

Schedule of points in the indoor meet:—

	'96	'97	'98	'99
20-yard dash	5.2	2		
25-yard hurdle	5.1	3		
Potato race	5.1	3		
Running high jump	5.1	3		
Standing high kick	5.1		3	
Jump, step and jump	5	3.1		
Slow bicycle race		3.1		5
Putting 16-pound shot	1	5	3	
Totals	37	24	6	5

SUMMARY.

20-yard dash—Won by M. W. Quinlan, Jr., '96; second, W. B. Boyce, '97; third, N. J. Rust, Jr., '96. Time, 3 1-5 seconds.

20-yard dash (fourth class)—Won by E. N. Dorr; second, H. W. Thompson; third, H. F. Woods. Time, 3 2-5 seconds.

25-yard hurdle—Won by R. C. Seaver, '96; second, W. B. Boyce, '97; third, M. W. Quinlan, Jr., '96. Time, 4 seconds.

Potato race—Won by R. C. Seaver, '96; second, F. T. Bullard, '97; third, M. W. Quinlan, Jr., '96. Time, 23 seconds.

Potato race (fourth class)—Won by H. F. Woods; second, R. Shewell; third, P. Fox. Time, 30 3-5 seconds.

Running high jump—Won by R. C. Seaver, '96; second, W. B. Boyce, '97; third, P. R. Dunbar, '96. Height, 5 feet 1-4 inches.

Standing high kick—Won by H. S. Hirshberg, '96; second, L. T. Hallett, '98; third, H. S. Coffin, '96. Height, 7 feet 1 inch.

Jump, step and jump—Won by J. M. Driscoll, '96; second, W. A. Parker, '97; third, W. B. Boyce, '97. Distance, 28 feet.

Slow bicycle race—Won by C. L. Perkins, '99; second, F. B. Tyler, '97; third, R. Bishop, '97.

Putting 16-pound shot—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97; second, L. T. Hallett, '98; third, R. C. Seaver, '96. Distance 31 feet 4 1-2 inches.

C. W. KELLOGG, JR.

CLASS OF '64

HAVING been a member of the class of '64 in the Brookline High School, I was naturally interested in the article written by "L. H. B.," and would like to add some more concerning the school life at that time.

Well do I recall the Saturdays when the boys had their declamations, and "The One Hoss Shay," with the peculiar bow and smile which preceded its recital. I can never forget that famous speech, ending with the words, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." The latter had a special significance at that time, from the fact that soon after our class entered the school the Civil War broke out, and I remember the girls all wore ribbons of the national colors when the news about Fort Sumter came.

Those were stirring times for us all, and we girls often scraped lint and rolled bandages for the poor soldiers. One of our High School boys nobly gave his life for his country, and there were many sad hearts at the funeral of our schoolmate, for we all loved Hal Stone.

Many of the boys were too young to go to the war, but there was such a patriotic spirit among them that a member of our class organized a drill club, and the girls contributed a handsome silk flag. The writer has in her possession an invitation to the "Encampment of the Junior Drill Club," with two passes enclosed for herself and a friend, signed by the gallant captain.

I would like to mention an incident which occurred while I attended the school. A fun-loving girl, one day brought a small music-box to school and set it going during the school hours. I can see Mr. Hoar now, as he placed his hand behind his ear, and with his senses on the alert, tried in vain to locate the sound. Failing to do so, he asked one of the boys if he knew who was making the disturbance. He said he knew, but refused to tell. Mr. Hoar then said he should be punished.

This was too much for the culprit, who was a generous-hearted girl, and so she confessed to the misdemeanor. Mr. Hoar then took away her music-box and kept it a long time. When she went one day to ask for it, he returned it, adding, "If you had been a boy, I should have flogged you." She replied, "I am very glad, sir, I am not."

I congratulate the Brookline people upon their beautiful new High School, but I doubt if the girls and boys of the present time enjoy themselves any better than those who attended school in the old building between the years 1860 and 1864. E. E. W. '64.

AN OLD DIARY

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1785

Thursday, thanksgiving Day, went to meeting..... Mr. Taft, Mrs. Taft, Charles & Caty come here after meeting, went to Dinner and spent Ev'ning here. Isaac Gardner & Lady, Nabby Gardner, Sally Ackers & Nancy, Sally Dean, Bill Ackers, Enoch Corey & Mr. Hancock spent Ev'ning here. Sally Ackers & Sally Dean went away sooner than the rest.....

Sunday, December 19, Doct'r Goddard came here..... Came to Boston fryday..... Tuesday.....at Mrs. Goddards, Esther Childs & Nancy there. Thursday.....at Mrs. Whites.....one Deacon Davis* of Oxford there..... Deacon Davis staid here all Night Fryday & Saturday.. ...

Sunday, December 26, went to meeting, rode in a Sleigh for the first time..... Wednesday, Caty Jones, Nancy & Harry White spent Afternoon here..... Mr. Peirce, Mr. Stretton, Enoch Corey & Wadsworth spent Ev'ning here. We went home with Nancy White..... Thursday.....Ebby went to Singing meeting at roxbury.

1786

Jan. 1, Sunday..... Monday Ebby carry'd us in a Sleigh as far as Roxbury Meeting house, stopt at Mr. Clarks a few minutes then went to Singing..... Wednesday Betsey & I spent Afternoon & Ev'ning at Mrs. Clarks, Jose Jackson & Sally, & Betsey Avery from Boston drank tea & staid till nine o'clock. Becca Sharp spent Afternoon & Ev'ning there. Ebby, Ben Davis, & Stephen Sharp spent Ev'ning there. Thursday Snow'd. Fryday Lecture.....drank tea at Mrs. Jackson's. Mrs. Porter.....there. Ebby came down with a Sleigh in the Ev'ning..... rode as far as Mrs. Gardners.....

Tuesday, [Jan 10.].....Betsey & I spent Ev'ning at Mrs. Tafts. Elisha Gardner & Sally Jewett spent Ev'ning there, Sally Bangs, Betsey Howard, Mr. Ray & Mr. Reynolds came up in a sleigh from Boston, & spent Ev'ning there..... Thursday.....Singing.....

* Samuel Davis who moved to Oxford from Roxbury in 1729 was grandson of William, the settler, born in Wales according to tradition. John, son of Samuel, born 1757, married his cousin, Deborah Weld of Roxbury; he died in 1801; he was deacon between 1778–1800.—*History of Oxford.* GEORGE F. DANIELS.

Monday, [Jan. 16].....Jose Jackson here a few minutes in the morning invited me to go to a sleigh ride with him. Betsey & I drank tea at Mrs. Davis went to Singing in the Ev'ning. Jose Heath at Singing invited Betsey to the Sleigh ride. Tuesday set out about 3 o'clock. 4 Double Sleighs, 7 in a sleigh. I rode with Elisha Gardner & Becca Sharp, Enoch Corey & Nabby Gardner; Betsey rode with Ebby & Sally Jackson, Ben Davis & Nabby Robbins, Jose Goddard & Lady, Tom Gardner of Little Cambridge* & Hannah Goddard rode in another Sleigh. Ned Brewer & Caty Aspinwall, John Brewer & Lucy Aspinwall, Increase Davis & Rachel Dana rode in the other. Rode as far as Willington's Tavern in Watertown, drink'd some mull'd wine & danc'd a few reels then went back Burrels in little Cambridge, drank tea, danc'd till about one. Mr. Weeks the fidler. Then went down & eat some Bacon, beef Steaks, Mince & Apple pyes, danc'd a few reels Afterwards, had a very good Chamber to dance in; got home about 4 o'clock. Ebby got home about five..... Wednesday.... Ben Beduna here in the Ev'ning. Thursday my Uncle Heath & Aunt spent Afternoon at General Heaths, spent part of the Ev'ning at Polly Heaths, got home a little after Eight... .. Fryday morning Jose Jackson came up to see if we would go to Isaac Gardner's in the Afternoon. Sally & he call'd for us, when we got about half way up the Lane [present Chestnut Hill Avenue], Elisha Gardner & Sally Jewett overtook us in a tom pung. We got in & rode, we all spent Afternoon & Ev'ning there. Enoch Corey..... & .....Ebby there in the Ev'ning.....

Thursday, [Jan. 26] my Aunt & Betsey went up to my Uncle Crafts† to see Anna, brought Caleb here to sleep. Fryday Betsey & I spent Ev'ning at Mrs. Duick's, Ebby at Enoch Corey's with a number.....

* Brighton.

† ELIZABETH WHITE TO SUSANNA HEATH.

A RHYMED INVITATION TO MR. CALEB CRAFTS, NEWTON STREET, HOUSE NOW OWNED BY CHESTNUT HILL LAND CO.

December, 1779.

'Tis from a peaceful warm abode,
Built on the south side of the road,
Between Oakhill and Coffee row,
I send these lines to let you know

That Mrs. Craft commissioned me,
To send her compliments to thee.
Begs you would come and see your friends,
Here in this place e're Winter ends.

Come, Celia, come, here is good cheer,
Fine, light, brown bread and good small beer;
On pudding every day we feed,
Meat too we have when meat we need.

In China cups a dish of tea,
Each morn, will be prepared for thee,
To eat therewith the aforesaid bread,
And butter plenty on it spread.

The little room quite clean is kept
Each Monday morn we have it swept,
Then sand from Boston decks the floor,
And broom is fixed behind the door.

The weather's cold, its very true,
But then, there'll be a fire for you,
Old stumps of the best quality,
We always burn for company.

What more, what further shall I say,
To make my Celia haste away?
Here many things worth your attention,
Which now I have no time to mention.

One thing I'll tell you,—up aloft,
There stands a bed that's fine and soft;
The covering warm beyond compare,
And curtains round keep off the air.

There from all care both you and I,
Will on this bed together lie
While saints, their holy vigils keep,
As warm as toast we'll lie and sleep.

Come, Celia, come, all will rejoice
To see your face and hear your voice,
Even Moll's brown visage will appear,
Drest out in smiles to see you here. finis.

Tuesday, [Jan. 31.] Call'd for Mrs. Tafts to go to Singing, went, & did not stay but a few minutes. Went back to Mrs. Tafts & spent the Ev'ning. Wednesday.....Mr. Hancock.....here. Enoch Corey & Ebby went down to Dea'n Gardners about Seven O Clock & staid till Nine. Thursday, Betsey & I spent Afternoon at Mrs. Goddards.....Jose Goddard came home with us.....found Mrs. Gardner, Elisha, & Tommy White here. They did not stay but a few minutes, Daniel White & David Hyslop spent the Ev'ning here. Fryday.....at Deacon Gardners..... Tom Gardner of Littleton there..... Saturday, Mrs. Willard* here to clean the clock, drink'd tea here.

Wednesday, [February 8] Mrs. Davenport, Sally Ackers & Nancy, Betsey & I spent Afternoon & Ev'ning at my grandfather's, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Bill Brewer, Mr. Hancock, Bill Ackers & Ebby spent Ev'ning there, Luck there in the Ev'ning, Betsey Brewer at work there. Got home about two O Clock. Thursday, Nancy Lane & Polly Rouse came up here in the morning, din'd & staid till about two O'Clock, Elisha Gardner & Sally Jewett spent Ev'ning here..... Fryday, Betsey & I.....at Mrs. Tafts.....Bill came down in the Ev'ning staid till about 8 o clock. Ebby & Elisha Gardner in there a few minutes. Mr. Taft went with them to General Heath's.....

Sunday, February 12.....I staid at noon with Becca Sharp..... Fryday.....carryd Caleb home.....

Wednesday, [February 22] Went to Boston, went in a single sleigh as far as Mr. Wolcotts. Went in his Double Sleigh with him & Mrs. Wolcott & Nancy. Went to Mr. Whellrights Store to take up some things, Mrs. Brownell rode out of town with us, we stopt in at Mr. Wolcotts, & staid the Ev'ning..... Ebby went to see Tom White..... Saturday we went to Mrs. Whites a few minutes, she got home the day before from Sturbridge, brought Nancy Coburn home with her.....

Monday, [February 27].....Afternoon at Mr. Jackson's.....Polly Jackson staying there..... Tuesday, Betsey & I spent the Day & Ev'ning at Mrs. Sharps, stopt at Mr. Jackson's as we went along..... Ebby, Tom White & Ben Davis spent Ev'ning there. Polly Marshall there a staying.

* Benjamin Willardin 1773 had his clock shop in Roxbury Street, and Simon Willard, probably his brother, in 1780, came to Roxbury pursuing the same trade.—*Drake's History of Roxbury.*

And now my May is dying,
My darling May so fair,
She's dy(e)ing, dy(e)ing, dy(e)ing,
She's certainly dyeing her hair.—[Ex.

Teacher — "What was that noise I heard in room 10?"
Pupil — "Oh! Only the result of a conflict between III Greek and II mathematics."

Of all the joys vouchsafed to man in life's tempestuous whirl, there's nought approaches heaven so near as sleighing with a girl — a rosy, laughing, buxom girl; a frank, good-natured, honest girl; a feeling, flirting, dashing, doating, smiling, smacking, jocking, jolly, jaunty, jovial, poser-poking, dear little duck of a girl. Pile your wealth a mountain high, you sneering, scoffing churl, I'll laugh as I go dashing by with my jingling bells and girl — the brightest, dearest, sweetest girl; the trimmest, gayest, neatest girl; the funniest, flushest, frankest, fairest, roundest, ripest, roguishest, rarest, spunkiest, spiciest, squirimest, squarest, best of girls, with drooping lashes, half concealing amourous flashes — just the girl for a chap like me to court, and love, and marry you see — with rosy cheeks and clustering curls, the sweetest and the best of girls.

First student — "The teachers had a race the other day."
Second ditto — "Is that so? Did Miss Goodwin?"

Student (translating) — "And I threw my arms about her thrice! That 's as far as I went, professor."
Professor — "That 's far enough sir; sit down.— [Ex.

"If history repeats itself,"
He murmured in elation,
"Hereafter I' ll try ditto marks
Instead of recitation."

FOUR EPITAPHS.

Deep wisdom — swelled head —
Brain fever — he 's dead —
A Senior.

False fair one — hope fled —
Heart broken — he 's dead —
A Junior.

Went skating — 'tis said
Floor hit him — he 's dead —
A Sophomore.

Milk famine — not fed —
Starvation — he 's dead —
A Freshman. —[Ex.

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 2 MAY, 1896 NUMBER 7

COLLEGE LIFE AT RADCLIFFE

COLLEGE life at Radcliffe really narrows itself down to life at Fay House. We possess just one real college building, but — I think all the girls are unanimous on this point — we make the most of it. From the outside it seems hardly more than a good-sized dwelling house; but amazement, I might almost say consternation, fills the visitor when he enters and discovers all that goes on in that dwelling. We have all our lectures, all our books, all our recitations, all our receptions, all our plays, all our concerts, all our dances, all our luncheons, all our lockers, in short, all our college life, all our work and all our play in this modest abiding place. From the basement lunch room to the top-floor library there is the same oneness and compactness. Of course the carping critic may very well say that what we have is absurdly inadequate to our needs; indeed, it is very easy to laugh at poor, cramped, overgrown little Radcliffe. But we who know her and love her, love her the more for this very thing, that by the narrowing and cramping of circumstances we come closer to her and to each other. We look with awe quite breathless upon the might and splendor of our sister colleges; we endure patiently their politely suppressed smiles at our "baby-house," as I have heard it named, and then we fly to the Fay House with the feeling that we would not exchange with them for all the world.

But enough of college spirit,—I believe it is college life I am writing about. If I mistake not, one of the gravest charges brought against us is that we have none. Well, perhaps so. Let us put it this way: If the hours between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. be not as capable of containing college life as the rest of the twenty-four, then I submit we have no college life. We do not live in dormitories,

and we do not come together for meals three times a day every day of the year. We are not bound together by any code of rules whatsoever; each girl is free to make her life outside of college include just as much or as little as she desires. In this sense we are not a college like other girls' colleges; but this only serves to strengthen the ties that hold when we are together.

Again, to believe that Radcliffe's college life ends at 5 o'clock would be a great mistake. There are many, many times when Fay House and its girls are at their jolliest after 5 P. M. There are gatherings great and small, formal and informal, when Radcliffe assembles,—sometimes only her daughters, sometimes hospitably opening her doors to the "brethren across the way." Some one asked me the other day how far Radcliffe was from Harvard, and when I answered, carelessly, "about a double stone's throw," queried, maliciously: "Does Harvard throw one stone, and Radcliffe the other?" No, we do not throw stones at one another; we open our doors and invite them in, and they — come.

These festivities, which are for the most part the open meetings of the clubs, are sprinkled along through the college year. There are more than twenty clubs at Radcliffe, and each one, during the year, has, beside its regular fortnightly or monthly meetings, a reception to which its friends, notably the aforementioned "brethren," are invited. Thus Radcliffe hospitably does the honors of her house and keeps in touch with the social side of life.

The Idler Club is the largest, best known and most thoroughly appreciated of all the clubs. It is the relaxation meeting of the week, where all the girls gather to be amused. It is the representative body, and includes nearly all the girls who make any attempt whatsoever to identify themselves with the college. The meetings come every two weeks, the amusement provided by a committee of three, chosen for each meeting from the different members. A play is generally given, varied occasionally by tableaux, pantomimes, concerts, etc.

One of the chief glories of our college is that such gatherings are possible. We come together on an equal footing; no class distinctions, nor are we too numerous for acquaintance and friendship to

extend beyond one's own class. Every girl knows, or has a chance to know, every other girl, and there is a certain great satisfaction in knowing the breadth and depth to which our college attains. The "grinds" are not set into a corner by themselves to grub undisturbed, but are made to come out and show themselves; and the fact that many of our best and most earnest students have shown themselves capable of cultivating the other side, makes the typical "grind" in great disfavor at Radcliffe.

I have heard it said that you can tell a college girl as far off as you can see her. It seems to me a great pity that a girl should bear such an unmistakable label, but I do think it is in a measure true, and true because she lets college absorb her too completely. I believe that the four years we give to college are intended, and can be made, to include a great deal more, and for this reason, perhaps more than any other, I am Radcliffe's to the core.

Emma B. Noyes, B. H. S., '93, Radcliffe, '97.

THE IDEAL HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC

THERE are ideals and ideals. Some are so easily reached that they become like the will-o'-the-wisp, which, despite your earnest search, always leaves you empty handed. Others are so far beyond the possibility of attainment that they remind one of the kettle of gold which is said to hang at the end of the rainbow, just where it disappears from sight beyond the hill. The truly useful ideal is that which is only just beyond our reach, like the conception of a picture in the mind of the artist; he can produce it on the canvas with such success as to charm his friends, but it is always just far enough below his conception to spur him on to one more attempt. He is never discouraged, yet never quite satisfied.

Our ideal of High School music, then, should be of this latter sort,— not beyond the hope of acquirement, yet just beyond our present attainment. It should consist of several parts. First, the grand chorus, the whole school, or practically that,— for the number of those who cannot tunefully swell the body of sound is very

small. This is the one exercise in which all may participate, and should be the pride of the school. In it all the teachers as well as the scholars should join. The sentiment in favor of such a chorus should be so strong as to impel those whose musical education has been neglected, to spend the next long vacation in repairing the gap. What grand forte and fortissimo effects are possible to such a chorus! What if the fine points of mezzo-forte, piano and pianissimo are not possible, there are splendid things still within the reach of such a choir: as clear articulation, a ready obedience to the conductor's baton, and a prompt attack. What fine mental discipline there is in all this! What close absorption in the work when a hundred voices begin a phrase like one! Is it not delightful to contemplate such a scene? And is it so far beyond attainment as to be unreasonable? Ah, no! This, as has been said, is the one exercise in which the whole school may participate, and but one thing is needed — an *esprit de corps;* given that, and the dream is realized. Second, the glee club. If it is desirable that all should take part in the grand chorus, it is just as desirable that a careful selection should be made for the glee club — a selection of personality as well as of voice. To be plain, the members of the glee club should be those, and those only, who have good voices, and who love music enough to attend with regularity a rehearsal an hour long once a week, out of school hours.

What an interesting career is open to such an organization. What pleasant memories to dwell upon in after days. Here is the material for contrast with the grand choir, for the mezzo-forte, piano, pianissimo effects; for the light, airy and tender selections; for the madrigal, the round and the part song. What a rich line of compositions lies before such a band of young singers; Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Robert Franz, and scores of lesser lights in the musical firmament, all of whom loved and revered their art; therefore they contributed to it of their best. Merely to write these names almost overwhelm one, so immense is the opportunity for young people thus to acquaint themselves with the best and to form a correct musical taste. Out of the glee club should come the third feature in the ideal High School music — the

soloists. These should number six at least, or enough to form a ladies' and a mixed quartette. There might be some question about the possibility of finding the tenor voice. In such a case, the part could be sung by a strong contralto. Of course such voices should receive special training. They have reached the age where such work should begin and continue even beyond the High School period. The experience that is possible to such singers during the High School course is invaluable. A school could be named where a score or more of voices are thus under training, and it is evident that more artistic results are possible there than in schools where few or none are thus trained.

The fourth is the orchestra. The study of a few instruments of the orchestra is undoubtedly on the increase throughout the country, and it is the province of the High School orchestra to stimulate and broaden such study. At present the violin and cornet are about all that are popular among us, and that entirely for individual or home pleasure. The broader thought for the community has yet to dawn upon our national intellect. But violins and cornets do not make an orchestra, therefore the task of those who undertake the full development of such an organization in a high school is very great; still it is not an impossibility, enough having been accomplished in some schools to prove the practicability of such a movement. Young people are enthusiastic when once interested, and if enthusiasm can be aroused in favor of the orchestra, it will be sure to end successfully.

The fifth and last feature of the ideal High School music is a high grade of musical selections. A school should always stand for the best in music as in literature. What could be more out of place and degrading than the introduction of works of low-grade fiction into the reading course of any school? Nothing, except the use of low-grade music. A single, silly song will degenerate the musical taste of an entire school. It may seem more difficult to draw the line between the good and the bad in music than in literature, but if only those composers are studied who have respected their art, there will be variety, interest and constant growth in the love and appreciation of good music. This, then, is a brief descrip-

tion of the ideal High School music. An ideal not yet attained, it is true, else what were the use of it? When, however, it shall have been reached, it will not be the result of the labors or the enthusiasm of the musical directors alone, but rather of the united labors of the director, teachers and scholars, which seems to the writer to be a state of things as much to be desired as the very ideal itself.

SAMUEL W. COLE.

A DREAM

At dark, as I mused in the fire-glow bright,
The forms of the flames seemed to change in their flight:
Forms writhing and twisting, in order they came,
Each coming, then fading, and never the same.
Familiar somewhat, yet they wondrous did seem
Like phantoms fantastic one sees in a dream.
First, Tubby, named Aechtler, before me did roll,
Surprizingly heavy, he's shaped like a bowl.
Then, Bugbee, Ned E., his viola in arm,
Like Orpheus' music, his has a great charm.
Third, Francis L. Clark, the fantastic, they say,
He gracefully does, and has joined the ballet.
Then, Coffin, H. Spaulding, the girls think he's cute,
His knowledge of Greek no one dares to dispute.
Then, Cook, the brave captain, "strong man" of the school,
His team on the field our opponents did fool.
Next, Driscoll, our athlete, who's light on his feet,
Why, prizes for him are just simplest of meat!
Then, Dunny, P. R., a Williams sub-fresh,
Though he says, "It is Harvard," that's only a guess.
Then eighth was Joe Hermann, a queer sort of lad;
When not looking happy he always looks sad.
Then, Hirshberg, "the tall," greater kicker than Joe,
A very great height he can reach with his toe.
Society's charms are all lost on the next,—

Sam 's deep in his books, with his physics he 's vext.
And twelfth in the number, THE SAGAMORE's chief ;
His paper ranks high, that 's our truest belief.
"Next, hair cut or shave?" Why, 't is Harry J. North,
From barber's didst ever see him coming forth?
"Who 's next?" E. L. Parker, a nice little man,
At chess he 's a fiend, plays whenever he can.
Then, Proctor, pole vaulter, on high oft he towers,
His aid he will add, and the class cup is ours.
Then, Quinlan, the cowboy, a horseman expert,
In the sports out of doors, he himself will exert.
Next, William H. Roney, so boney and tall,
Like drum sticks he carries, at drill in the hall.
Then, Rust, front name Nat, who 's the wag of the class,
His boarding-house stories were nothing but gas.
Next, Seaver, named Rab, first initial is R,
In base-ball and foot-ball, O my, he 's a star!
Next, Fritz, who 'll get through with some honors to boot,
For him, 'xams are easy, he says, "They are fruit."
Now, Danka, musician, comes hustling along,
If you 're able to stop him, he 'll give you a song.
And, now the debater, the famous George Walter,
For who, in debate, ever knew him to falter?
Now, Wise, nick-named Corby, who sings like a bird,
On Mondays his voice 'bove all others is heard.
Then last, but not least, although failing the light,
With gavel saluting, Steve C. passed from sight.
"Twice twelve minus one," I make count as they go,
And then I awoke, and the fire had burned low.

We are indebted to The Chronicle for the pictures of the bird's wing, the x-ray apparatus and the key and ring, appearing in this month's supplement. The other three pictures are our own.

COMMUNICATION

To the Editor of The Sagamore:

Will you allow me a little space wherein to say a word about military drill, as it is now carried on at the High School?

I think there are very few members of the school, with the possible exception of the fourth class, to whom drill is simply a novelty, who care about, or take any interest in it. I have had occasion to observe the companies while drilling, and I could not but notice the lack of interest and the entire absence of enthusiasm evinced by the majority of the boys in the exercise. Military drill, to be a success, no matter under what conditions it is carried on, must embody the unquestioning and absolute obedience of a subordinate to his superior officer; otherwise, it is actually harmful instead of beneficial. No such state of affairs, however, exists at present at the High School. The men in the ranks do about as they please, and show very little regard for the authority of a superior officer. Such conditions certainly cannot be conducive to any very beneficial results.

But to my mind the most important side of the question is that which has to do with the physical effects of the training.

No one, I believe, can truthfully affirm that a growing boy's physical condition is improved by carrying on one shoulder a weight of ten pounds, more or less, for one hour a week, and by marching up and down a drill-hall, with his body in a certain prescribed position from which it must not be moved.

Not only is drill of no especial benefit to boys, but in some instances it is actually harmful. The writer is informed on good authority that within the past few years four or five boys have fainted in the ranks, as a result of the excessive physical and nervous strain imposed upon them. Then, again, it is a well-known fact that the carrying of heavy guns, such as are provided at most schools, tends to bear down the right shoulder, sometimes to the extent of creating an actual deformity.

And now comes the question of how to remedy these defects.

Why cannot military drill be abolished, and in its place be established a regular system of athletic training? At the head of the

department would be an experienced athletic trainer. The course would be compulsory, as drill now is, and the gymnasium could, at no great cost, be fitted with the necessary apparatus. The advantages of such a system are evident. The course could not fail to awaken a new interest in athletics. The weak would be developed, and not the strong alone, as is now the case. But it would accomplish much more than this: it would bring about what can never be done by drill; it would teach a boy that most important of all things, the proper care and development of his own body. Such a course, if properly conducted, would teach moderation and self-restraint, as well as regularity in athletic exercise; it would prevent the stronger from over-straining themselves, and would give confidence to their less fortunate fellows, who would otherwise have taken no part in athletics.

It is my opinion that if such a course be established, the Brookline High School will turn out a better class of fellows, physically, mentally and morally, than ever before. And that is saying a good deal. X., '9—.

LECTURE ON X-RAYS

ON Tuesday evening, March 31st, the seating capacity of the physical lecture-room was taxed to its utmost. The occasion was a lecture by Mr. J. C. Packard, our professor of physics and chemistry, on the results of his investigations with the X-rays. It will be remembered that the last number of THE SAGAMORE contained a description of how Mr. Packard obtained his first pictures, but since then much improvement has been made, both in the method of taking the pictures and in the apparatus employed.

Before coming directly to his subject, the lecturer, without entering into technicalities, explained as clearly as possible the nature of the electric current, so far as it is known, and its analogy to a current of water. Both have resistance, which increases as the

diameter of the conducting wire or pipe decreases, and both have a high or a low potential according to the amount of pressure exerted at the point of origin.

The difference between low and high potential currents, and the meaning of the terms volt, ampère and ohm, were explained.

The speaker then passed on to the phenomena produced by the passing of a high-tension current through a partial vacuum. It was shown, by means of an induction coil, that even a current of very high potential could be made to traverse only a small space of air, showing air to be a poor conductor of electricity. The poles of a tube, about two feet long, were then connected to the induction coil. By means of the air pump, a partial vacuum was made in the tube, which now became filled from end to end with streamers of a bluish, phosphorescent light.

A number of Geissler tubes, having a higher vacuum than that obtainable by the air pump, were connected successively with the coil. Some of the tubes gave really beautiful pyrotechnical effects, but in all was visible, although to a lesser extent, the bluish light observed in the first tube.

Mr. Packard then connected one of the Crookes tubes with the coil. It became filled with a steady, apple-green light, very different from the illumination observed in the preceding ones, which did not contain so high a vacuum.

The lecturer affirmed that after a number of experiments, he had found that this peculiar green light was essential to obtain a picture. Whenever this light was present in a tube, good results had been obtained, but if the glass became accidentally cracked, thus letting in air, the green light changed to blue, and "radiographs" could no longer be produced with that tube. The conclusion was, that a blue light in a Crookes tube generally denoted an imperfect vacuum, and that with an imperfect vacuum, the X-rays were not sufficiently strong to act upon the plate.

There has been some difference of opinion as to the point from which the X-rays emanate. Mr. Packard, however, showed a drawing made by Charles Smoot of the High School, which shows conclusively, that in the case of the particular tube with which the

experiment was conducted, the rays are reflected from the disk of platinum foil, which is interposed between the two electrodes. The method employed to reach this conclusion was as follows: Into a thin board were stuck a number of pins, at even distances from each other. A shadowgraph of the board holding the pins was then made. By continuing very carefully the lines established by the shadows of the pins, they were found to meet at a point on the central electrode of platinum foil.

After speaking briefly of fluorescent salts and their uses in connection with the X-rays, a number of pictures were thrown on the screen. We have reproduced some of the best of these.

One of the first slides showed an ordinary photograph of a bird's wing. This was followed by an X-ray picture of the same wing. In this case, however, the bones alone were visible, the feathers having entirely disappeared, and only a faint shadow of the flesh remaining. Another slide showed a remarkably clear picture of several articles of jewelry. All the stones, with the exception of the one near the middle, were opaque to the rays. The middle one was a diamond, and cast only a very faint shadow. This, the lecturer said, was an interesting fact, for besides suggesting a method by which false diamonds might be detected (the latter being opaque to the rays), it gave rise to the hypothesis that certain substances offer less resistance than others to the rays, no matter in what form they are. Thus wood, largely made up of carbon, offers no obstacle to the rays; the same is true of flesh, which contains a great deal of carbon. It would, therefore, seem only natural that the diamond, which is nearly pure carbon, should be transparent to the rays.

In closing, the lecturer remarked that it was not so very wonderful that these rays should penetrate opaque substances. Is it not more remarkable that light should penetrate glass? Glass is hard and dense. On the other hand, light will not pass through wood, although it is soft and very porous. Hence, it ought not to seem remarkable that the X-rays should pass easily through the porous wood, while they are stopped by the hard glass.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, one dollar a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — ten cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, Frank H. Proctor, 100 Davis Avenue, Brookline.

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The pupils were recently asked to answer, on paper, a number of questions such as these: "Have you improved since you entered the school?" "What is the best thing the school has done for you?" "What study do you like best?" "Make a suggestion for the improvement of the school." The answers to these questions were many and varied. But the one which elicited the most interesting answers was the last. It may be stated that only the two upper classes were asked this question. They were told to make their suggestions with the utmost frankness, and a perusal of the answers shows that the majority followed out this instruction to the letter. A large number are of the opinion that the school should meet oftener in the hall, so that the classes may become better acquainted. This is a good suggestion, and we hope it will be followed out. Second

class pupils have a good deal to say about elocution. One girl naively affirms that no one should be compelled to declaim against his will, while another says that efficient instructors should be obtained and the course made compulsory. Still another says that the girls should learn their pieces, instead of reading them, as they are now allowed to do. A practical senior wants the prices at the lunch-counter cut, while another thinks that more attention should be paid to those who are taking the general course and who do not intend to enter a higher institution. A member of the second class thinks that forty-five minutes ought to be devoted once a week to reading the newspapers and discussing the topics of the day. This last is an excellent suggestion. We were shocked when we saw the following: "The school, as a whole, has the idea of: Each one for himself, anything for the rest." We don't believe the author of the above really meant what he said; we hope not, at any rate, for we ourselves do not think it is so. The above are only a few of the suggestions made. We could cite many more, equally good, but these will serve to show the general character of the answers.

Some interesting facts are revealed by the perusal of our Head Master's report, in the Town Report recently issued. The following table compares the number of pupils and the average attendance of this and last year:—

Whole number enrolled for school year ending July, 1895	256
" " " " present year, up to date, January 31, 1896	280
Number of boys belonging to the school January 31, 1895	115
" girls " " " " "	131—246
" boys " " " " 31, 1896	134
" girls " " " " "	131—265
Gain, per cent	8
Average attendance for the year ending July 1, 1895	227
Number in each class	I., 42; II., 49; III., 84; IV., 86
Proportion of scholars preparing for higher institutions	49 per cent

"The above statement," continues the report, "shows two facts which are especially worthy of remark: First, that the proportion of college pupils is very large; secondly, that we have more boys

than girls, which is quite unusual in a school of this grade." A number of graphic charts show that between the years 1860 and 1894 the population of Brookline increased 180 per cent, while the High School enrollment increased 110 per cent, and between the years 1890 and 1894 the population of the town increased 19 per cent, while the enrollment of the High School increased to the enormous extent of 107 per cent. Another chart shows the falling off in membership of the classes from year to year, and discloses the fact that a much larger proportion than formerly are remaining to complete the course. Still another chart shows that for a number of years the percentage of pupils preparing for higher institutions has steadily increased, until now it represents about half the number of students. These facts are all very gratifying, for they show how remarkable has been the growth of the school within the past few years, and how rapidly it has gained for itself the favor and recognition of the citizens, as a result of the untiring efforts of those who have devoted their time and their best powers to bringing about these results.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE eighty-first regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held March 18, 1896, in the High School building. The subject for debate was: *Resolved, That a government Court of Arbitration be established between England and the United States.* The debaters were F. G. Driscoll, on the affirmative, and Frank Wilcox and W. H. Mayo on the negative side of the question.

On April 15, 1896, a mock town meeting was held by the Debating Club, in Shailer Hall. The moderator of the meeting was Philip R. Dunbar; the town clerk, Frank H. Proctor; and the chairman of the Selectmen, S. C. Wolcott. The articles taken up for discussion were relative to the building of a new police station, the equipment of the High School gymnasium, the construction of two new streets through the Blake estate, and the erection of a flagstaff upon the High School. The discussion of the articles was lively, and at times waxed hot. The meeting was adjourned at 9.15 P. M., until Wednesday, April 29, 1896.

GEORGE W. WALTER, Secretary.

ATHLETICS

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS

BROOKLINE'S performance this year in the Interscholastic Sports was better by far than last year. There were nineteen entries from our school. The event of especial interest to Brookline was the 45 yards hurdle race. Everyone expected that Seaver would win it. He not only succeeded in doing this, but he lowered the record in the event. Quinlan and Boyce ran well in the 300 yards dash and 40 yards dash respectively. We ought not to omit mentioning the pole-vault of Edward Dorr. He is one of our promising freshmen who bids fair, some day, to touch Hoyt's record. This year he cleared 8 feet 9 inches.

BASE-BALL

On April 13 Brookline High was defeated by a score of 6 to 0 by the Harvard freshmen team. It was our team's first game of the season, and considering that fact, they did very well. Their weak point, however, is batting, not more than one or two hits being made during the entire game. Manning pitched and Proctor played third base. The game with Milton Academy, which occurred a few days later, was an easy victory for Brookline; the score stood 22 to 4 in our favor. Several good hits were made, notably one by Kernan, on which he made a home run.

An exceedingly interesting program closed the work of the evening educational classes of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, Boylston and Berkeley streets. The male chorus, male quartette, banjo club, and orchestra, all participated, as well as representatives of the different classes and Young Men's Congress. The latter is arranging for a Presidential Nominating Convention to be held in Association Hall on the evening of May 12th, in which a number of societies will participate. This gives promise of being an interesting and lively affair. Membership tickets will admit, but non-members can obtain special admission tickets. The association will provide this summer, for its members, excellent bicycle storage facilities which will be specially appreciated by the bicycling club recently organized. This club is open to all members holding either $2.00 regular or $10 gymnasium membership tickets.

NEWS NOTES

The annual alumni meeting occurs May 8.

Members of the Library School, from Albany, visited the building recently.

M. W. Quinlan, Jr., '96, won the 440-yard run at the Boston College games, April 7.

The summer vacation has been shortened at both ends. The schools close June 26 and reopen September 8.

The Massachusetts Association of Classical and High School Teachers held their annual meeting here April 11. A collation was served in Room 16.

Thanks to the efforts of A. C. Wise, '96, THE SAGAMORE shared in the proceeds of the minstrel show. We received a sum sufficient to pay about half of our standing debt, and the editors in consequence feel much encouraged.

Those posters in the lower corridor, giving the news of the day, are well done. We notice, however, that the artist is rather inclined to favor the Democratic party in his political news. Why doesn't some staunch Republican get up a rival poster?

Mr. George H. Worthley's lecture, on "The Other End of the Hemisphere," occurred on March 24, in the Assembly Hall. The audience was very large, and the numerous stereopticon views contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. The High School orchestra furnished music.

The lower corridor is now deserted for the more attractive playground. The boys play base ball, while the girls show remarkable agility in keeping a basket ball and several smaller balls going all the time. Some of the girls can throw quite a distance, although we would not vouch for their accuracy of aim. Why don't they form a nine? Future years may witness some exciting contests on the playground. Who knows?

We have received six posters, in response to our editorial in the last number. Some of them are remarkably good, and show real talent on the part of the artists. Miss Weir has decided that Frank L. Clark's poster is the best. It is done in yellow and black, and represents an Indian paddling in his canoe, with mountains and a forest in the background. The design is very effective, and makes a very striking picture. The posters may be inspected during the first half of the recess period on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

A large plaster bust of Homer has been presented to the school by Mrs. Dwight Blaney of Walnut street.

More bicycle stands are an absolute necessity. Those already provided do not begin to afford the necessary accommodations.

Every graduating class should leave the school some appropriate memorial. '96 has the greatest of opportunities to establish the right precedent. What shall it be?

The girls' playground in the rear of the school is fast being graded and gotten into shape. We wish that room might be found there for one or two tennis courts. They would fill a long-felt want.

Mr. Packard and Mr. Sanford will spend the summer vacation abroad, touring on bicycles. A European bicycle trip similar to the trip of 1892 is being talked of. It is thought that Mr. George Wilson may take charge of it.

Many needed appropriations were made at the annual town meeting. Strange to say, however, no movement has been made for a new street joining Gorham avenue and Washington street. Have the town fathers forgotten how great the need is?

Last year THE SAGAMORE urged that the bicycle club be reformed, but nothing was done. We repeat what we said then. It seems a pity that when such a large number ride wheels, we should let such an opportunity for mutual enjoyment pass by.

Not long ago four members of one of the lower classes were seen on Beacon street carrying canes. Others have been seen still more lately. Isn't it just a little early for that sort of thing? We suggest that they wait until they are freshmen at college, at least.

Following is a full schedule of Brookline High's base ball games. Those marked with a star are league games, to which an admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged:

* April 24, with Somerville High, at South End grounds.
April 25, with Providence High, at Brookline.
April 28, with Newton High, at Newton Centre.
* May 1, with Hopkinson, at South End grounds.
May 5, with Malden High, at Malden.
* May 8, with Boston Latin, at Brookline.
May 9, with Riverdale Casino, at Brookline.
* May 12, with Roxbury Latin, at Brookline.
* May 15, with Cambridge High and Latin, at Brookline.
May 26, with Newton High, at Brookline.
*May 29, with English High, at South End grounds, (undecided.)

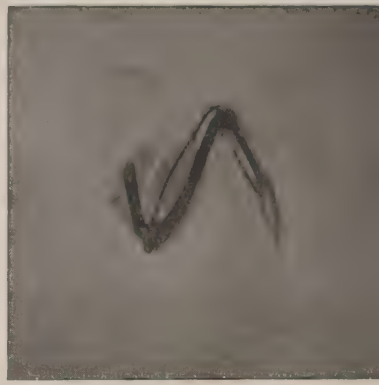
R. C. Seaver, '96, has been elected vice-president of the N. E. Interscholastic Athletic Association.

An account of the Mock Town Meeting, presented by the Debating Club, will be found on another page. The meeting was in every way a success and was fully up to the standard attained by the club in former years in its public presentations.

The second public day, which occurred March 31, was better than the first. A little more music would have made it still more interesting. Perhaps next time the orchestra and the mandolin club will favor us with some. The exercises began with a recitation by Chas. W. Kellogg, Jr., '97, entitled "An Ambitious Guest." The selection was well given, being delivered in an easy and natural manner. Miss Marion Hay, '99, then recited "The Bishop and the Caterpillar." Miss Hay did remarkably well. She showed a talent for elocution which should bring her well to the front in the prize-speaking contest. R. C. Seaver, '96, recited that well-worn selection, "Arnold, the Traitor," with his usual excellence. Next followed a recitation, "Abraham Lincoln," by Earl Hollander, '99. The selection was well memorized, but lacked expression. George W. Walter electrified us with the "Defence of Hofer." Mr. Walter's recitation was perhaps the best of all. He did full justice to the piece, delivering it with fire and enthusiasm. Miss Victoria Goodspeed recited "The Revenge of Hamisch," but hardly loud enough to be fully appreciated. We suggest that if the speakers stand farther forward on the stage, they will be better heard. The next selection was by far the most interesting, from the fact that it was original, for Miss Effiie Haywood delighted us with a dialect story entitled "A Queer Wooing," from her own pen. The story was remarkably well written, and was told in a delightful manner. If Miss Haywood has any more stories as good as that one, we could make excellent use of them. W. S. Smith, '97, gave a very amusing extract from the play of "Rip Van Winkle," which kept the school in a roar of laugeter. He was followed by Miss Helen L. Parker, '96, who gave a selection from Edward Everett Hale, with force and clearness. Miss Marvin, '96, recited a French piece. It was well memorized, but it is safe to say very few understood it. Richard Bishop, '97, recited "The Dandy Fifth." He did very well. The last speakers were Miss Simpson and Spaulding Coffin, both '96. The former gave "Abigail Becker," and the latter a selection from "Ian McClaren." Both acquitted themselves creditably. Miss Broadman and Miss Cushing favored us with piano solos.

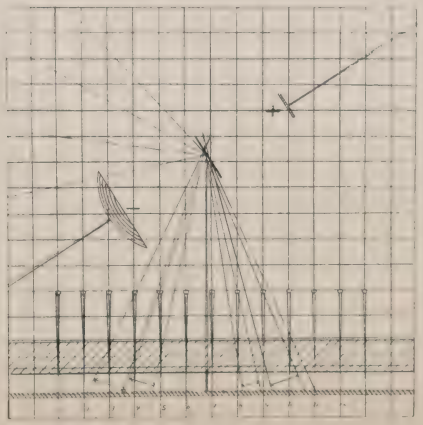
Key, ring, steel ball and brass disc in wooden pill-box.

Apparatus for making Shadowgraphs.



Bird's Wing.

Strip of Glass and articles of Jewelry.



Drawing showing that rays were reflected from platinum foil.

The Fingers of a Grad.

SOME SHADOWGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE HIGH SCHOOL

A PROPHECY

I WAS in my senior year at the Brookline High School when it happened. For three years the school had had a fire department, and for three years this department had had nothing to do. But its chance was coming. The chief for that year was Rob. —— of our class, and there was a sub-chief for each hall.

It was the 22d of January. We had just started out for a recitation, when the big gong rang four times, showing that there was a fire in the basement. Rob called to all the boys in our class to follow him, except four or five whose business it was to run to the different class-rooms, each of which contained fourteen members of the department. When we arrived in the basement we found that the fire had started in the lunch kitchen, and was fast spreading. In less time than it takes to tell it, the hose in the basement were playing, and in a minute more the two on the first floor were dragged down the stairs to aid the others.

Once a week there had been a fire-drill in each class-room, so that now perfect order prevailed, and with one or two exceptions the classes filed out, just as if they were going to recess. Not one pupil was allowed to remain to see the fire.

Luckily the fire was put out without much damage, thanks to the aid of the plucky boy fire department, and a very serious conflagration was averted by prompt action. M. H. S. '99

Some adventurous members of the second class were neatly trapped the other day. They had climbed out on the roof, and being unable to lift the skylight from outside, they had to wait until the janitor came and let them down in ignominious disgrace. We refrain from giving their names.

An occupant of Room 7 was seen not long ago to place his Latin book on the floor and to walk over it several times. On being asked the meaning of this strange performance, he replied that in obedience to his teacher's instructions, he was studying his lesson hard, and that he had already been over it four times.

SOME BROOKLINE BOYS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CENTURY

By Burt G. Wilder, Class of '59

III.—How They "Played Indians"

THE boys named in the first article of this series duly experienced the redskin fever that probably attacks most healthy country lads, and a few of their experiences may interest their successors. From Cooper's novels and the works of Catlin and thers we saw the necessity of painting our faces, wearing rings in our noses, and attaching feathers to our hair. Parental authority interfered with the reduction of our garments to a strictly aboriginal pattern and with the reduction of our hair to a scalp-lock. But the paint and the rings were artistically applied, and our heads were adorned as follows: A feather was inserted in a hole in an ordinary cork; this was set on the top of the head, and the adjacent hair tied up tightly about it. The effect upon beholders was impressive, and compensated for the self-inflicted torture. Scalping-knives were whittled from laths. Tomahawks were made from the lateral thirds of barrel-heads by sawing near one end crosswise from both the straight and the curved margin; the removal of the longer side-pieces thus outlined left the handle and head of the weapon continuous. Bows and arrows were purchased, and we practised at slender trees or other convenient marks. I am happy to say that we never tried to shoot birds or squirrels, much less cats or dogs. Fortunately for ourselves and the community our realism was not carried so far as in a case reported in The New York Tribune for April 15. Four boys "playing Indian" tied a fifth to a tree and set fire to the underbrush. The boy was scorched, and much valuable timber was destroyed, for which the parents will have to pay. Our forest home was Perry's woods, which then covered much of the interval between Brookline village and Longwood station. We were the only tribe in town so far as I remember, and had, therefore, no natural antagonists. Once we incautiously ventured too near a lot of Irish boys bathing in the creek, and were suddenly

surrounded by overwhelming numbers. With true Indian stoicism we awaited our fate, but nothing worse than sarcasm was inflicted upon us.

Two difficulties were encountered. In the first place, the literature at our command mentioned no "private" warriors; hence all were chiefs, in name, at least. My title was Osceola (a Seminole, I believe); the others I forget. Secondly, although naturally peaceful in our tendencies, the absence of squaws and papooses gave us the appearance of being perpetually on the war-path. Finally two of our girl friends* were persuaded to accompany us to the woods one day and sew up two sheets for a wigwam. Perhaps, as with Rome, the advent of luxury marked the decline of enterprise. So far as my recollection goes, the tribe of Brookline Sagamores shortly after ceased to exist.

The interscholastic tennis tournament comes May 2. The school should be represented by at least eight fellows, and in order to have a tournament and enter these men, every one ought to join the tennis association. There is no reason why the school should not make a good showing in tennis.

Mention was made in THE SAGAMORE not long ago of the Tau Beta Beta, a society formed by some of the girls of '97. The club is now in fine working order, and has a meeting every week. There are at present thirteen regular members and one honorary member. Of the initiations nothing need be said, suffice it that they were blood-curdling and horrible. In February the society had a theatre party, and other interesting features are promised. It is the only girls' club in the school, and the pleasure that its members derive from it should encourage the other classes to make a like venture.

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*Lottie Denison (daughter of the founder of the Waltham Watch factory), and her visitor, Estelle Hyde.

AN OLD DIARY

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1785

Wednesday, Mr. Goddard came up from Portsmouth..... Thursday, Stormy. Enoch Corey & Bill Ackers came here about two o'clock & staid till ten..... Fryday, Lecture Day, went.....

Sunday, March 5. I did not go to meeting in the forenoon, went in the afternoon, Ebby carry'd Mr. Goddard to Boston in the Afternoon, he set out for Portsmouth. Monday.....Ebby tackled up one tom pung & Bill Ackers another & we all went to Singing, the town people met in the School House for March Meeting, no Singing. We went along Took in Becca Sharp, Polly Marshall & Mrs. Goddard & went to Colonel Aspinwall's..... Wednesday.....Ebby went down to see Jo Downer. Thursday, Mrs. Goddard, Caty Aspinwall & Lucy, Becca Sharp & Polly Marshall spent Afternoon & Ev'ning here..... Ned Brewer & Jose Goddard spent Ev'ning..... Saturday.....Kata Luis went away to day She came yesterday.....

Sunday, March 12.....Eliza & I both staid at noon with Miss Hannah Goddard. Betsey Shed Din'd here. Monday night my Aunt Heath watch'd with Mrs. Davis, Eliza & I call'd for the Miss Ackers, went to Singing Meeting before Sundown, Becca Sharp & Polly Marshall came before dark. Tuesday.....Sally Ackers & Nancy, Betsey & I, Bill Ackers & Ebby, Spent Ev'ning at Mr. Nat Winchester with Mr. Stephen Sharp, Becca & Polly Marshall,—got home about One. Wednesday.....Ebby Spent Ev'ning at Mr. Ackers with the Club..... Fryday my Aunt Heath stay'd with Mrs. Davis all day & watch'd with her at night.....

Tuesday [March 21] in the Afternoon my Aunt Heath & Betsey went down to see my Uncle Daniel Craft; Call'd to see Mrs. Davis, Joseph Heath, John Brewer of Roxbury, Ned Brewer, Tom White, Joseph Downer, Ben Davis, Jose Jackson, Mr. Taft, David Hyslop, Enoch Corey & John, & Bill Ackers spent Ev'ning here had a fire made in the Parlor, came out to supper in the other Room. Jose Jackson staid here all night. Wednesday....at Mrs. Ackers, Nancy gone to Boston to Stay..... Thursday.... my Aunt Heath watch'd with Mrs. Davis. Fryday, Mrs. White spent afternoon here & little Moses* White. Saturday, nobody here. Mrs.

* Moses White, son of Moses, baptized 22 July, 1781.

Dunn, Betsey & Bill went out to pick Birds just after Dinner, my Eyes very sore could not go out, Betsey & Sally Ackers walk'd round about in the Evning.

Sunday, March 26, very pleasant, I did not go to Meeting, Sore eyes.... at night Betsey & Sally Ackers together again..... Tuesday I took Salts. My Aunt Heath & Betsey spent Afternoon at Mrs. Wolcotts, Sally Ackers came here about Sundown staid till Eight. Wednesday.....My Aunt Heath & Mrs. Dunn spent Afternoon at Mrs. Duicks. Thursday, Mrs. Duick stopt at the Door a few Minutes, they were all Moving to Roxbury in the Ev'ning. Went to a Singing Meeting down at Mrs. Bakers, all Hands, a great many there, very good Singing, danc'd a few Reels..... came home after twelve..... Saturday, snowy in the Afternoon.

Sunday, April 2, the worst Snow* storm there has been this Year, nobody went to Meeting out of our House. No Meeting in the Afternoon, about twenty there in the forenoon..... Thursday, April 6, Fast Day went to Meeting.....My Aunt Heath watch'd with Mrs. Davis, Betsey & I went up to Mrs. Whites a little before Nine O'clock, Cate there, Staid about an hour. Cata Jones & Nancy came home with us eat some bread & cheese. Fryday, Mrs. Meriam here a little while before dark..... Spent Evning at Mrs. Goddards, Ebby & Bill Ackers came to come home with us. Saturday.....Betsey & I went with the Ackers on their hill.† I sat down there a little while & walk'd round & came home.....

Monday, [April 10].....Nabby Baker spent Afternoon here. Eleazor Baker.....spent ev'ning..... Wednesday went to Singing Meeting over at Enoch Coreys, a large number there. Staid & danc'd a little while after Singing. Thursday, my Aunt Heath & I went to Boston, bought me muslin gown &c. Betsey spent afternoon at Mr. Goddards, she & a number of others was at the School House when we come along. I got out & went to them, walk'd as far as the Pond & back again. Fryday went to Mrs. Davis's‡ Funeral, Ebby, Betsey & I drank Tea & spent the Ev'ning at Mr. Jacksons.....

* "The most violent storm we have had this season began last Saturday about noon, and continued without any intermission until the afternoon of Sunday — the wind blew exceeding hard, at N. E. . . a quantity of lumber was floated off, and several chimneys, a blacksmith's shop, fences, railings and sheds, were blown down — the ferry way on this side Charles River was broken up, and the materials dispersed."— *The Massachusetts Centinel, April 5, 1786.*

† Above Dr. Channing's, now known as Fisher Hill, 240 feet high.

‡ Died 1786, 11 April, Ann Davis, widow of Stephen, dropsy, age 66.

Monday, [April 17] Bill carr'd Mrs. Dunn home..... Wednesday, Stormy. My Uncle brought all Mrs. Davis's things here..... Thursday Morning went up to my Aunt Jerusha's, Staid till Saturday night. Stormy all time I was there.....

Sunday, April 23.....Betsey Shed came here at night. Monday, stormy. Nobody here..... Wednesday, Sally Jackson at the door a few minutes on a Horse..... Ebby, Betsey Shed, Betsey & I spent Ev'ning at Mr. Ackers. Thursday, Betsey finished here about Noon went to Mrs. Moses Whites in the Afternoon..... Fryday, went to Lecture.... Saturday went to Hannah Raymonts* Funeral.....

Monday, [May 1] Mr. Jackson, Mr. Samuel Sewall here & Nancy Wollcott a little while in the forenoon. Betsey went on a Single Horse up to the Weavers in the afternoon..... Tuesday.....we went down the Road in the Ev'ning to meet Sally Jackson, met her & Nabby Baker, a little afterwards come across Mr. Hancock, Sally Ackers & Nancy. Ebby come to us, went home with Nabby Baker & Sally Jackson. Wednesday morning Ebby went down to Boston in a chaise & brought Mr. Sewall up. Mr. Jackson din'd here. Thursday, Ebby carried Mr. Sewall back in the Afternoon. Betsey & I drank tea.....at Mr. Ackers.....Enoch Corey & Nat there. Fryday.....at my Uncle Crafts.....my grandfather & Betsey Craft there to stay all day.....

Sunday, May 7, Stormy, went to Meeting, my Aunt Heath staid at home..... Tuesday Morning my Uncle Craft brought Caleb here to stay Nabby Coburn come to stay all night. Wednesday, Clean house..... Thursday, Betsey & I spent the Day at Cap'n Deans, Mrs. Seaver & Nancy Ackers went to Boston with us. Nancy went to Cap'n Deans, in the Afternoon Nancy Ackers went out to do a few Errands. Sally Dean went with us to Mrs. Simpkins.....Sally & Sukey went with us to see Charlestown bridge† went back to Cap'n Deans to drink Tea. Nancy Hogan spent the

* Died 26 April, Hannah Raymond, age 18, convulsion fits.

† This was the lower Charlestown bridge, close to Copp's Hill, built by a Medford shipwright named Cox. The complete success of Mr. Cox, in the construction of this bridge, occasioned his being sent for to build one over the Boyne at Londonderry.—*Reminiscences of the Last Sixty-five Years.* E. S. Thomas.

In his Diary, Deacon Tudor notices its opening as under: "Sutch a Concourse of people, Carriages &c I never Saw at one Time before: Said Bridge is 1503 feet long encluding the abutments and is the greatest peice of Work ever don in Emerica. For the first pier of the Bridge was drove on the 14th June 1785 & the Bridge completed on the 17th June 1786 12 mo & 3 Days. The greatest depth of the river from the upper floring 46 feet 9 Inches, Small part 14 feet at high Water: The breadth of the Bridge 42 feet & Ornamented with 40 Lamps, which make a Sparkling Show in the Night The town & Contrey soon found the Advantage of this Bridge."

It yielded a profit of from thirty to forty per cent per annum, until the West Boston bridge was built in 1793. *Ib.* Thomas.

Day there. Cap't Low & a Mr. Boman Drank'd Tea there. Joseph Dean & Mr. Boman came out of town with us..... Saturday, Ebby & I went up to the Weavers by Newtown Meeting house, came home through Watertown & little Cambridge.....the Ackers on the bank a few minutes at night.....

Wednesday, [May 16] Ann Tucker here in the Afternoon..... Thursday Morning my mama, Mrs. Goddard & two Children sat out from Portsmouth in a Stage at half past three & Doct'r Goddard on a horse, my Uncle Heath & Ebby went as far as Mystic to meet them in two Chaise they got here about Sundown.....

Sunday, May 20.....My Mama stay'd at home all day..... Tuesday, Mrs. Goddard, Betsey, Jack & I spent Afternoon at Mr. Goddards.... Thursday my Aunt Heath & my mama went to Boston. Fryday, Doct. Goddard set out for Portsmouth. Mrs. Goddard, Betsey & I spent the Day at Mr. Jackson's, Jose Jackson & Mr. Lawrence drank Tea there.....

Sunday, May 27.....My Mama staid at home all day..... Monday Night fetch'd Betsey Shed..... Tuesday.....Mrs. Goddard, Betsey Shed, Ebby, Betsey & I went over to Isaac Gardner's in the Ev'ning. Wednesday, Election Day..... Fryday afternoon my Uncle Craft carried my Mama & Caleb & Harry* up there, My Aunt Heath, Mrs. Goddard & Jack rode up in our Chaise, Betsey & I walk'd.....

Wednesday, [June 7] Lucy Heath & Betsey Curtiss of Boston spent the Afternoon here, Betsey Heath & Betsey Fellows rode round for a ride & drank tea here. Thursday, Mrs. Goddard, Betsey & I, spent the Afternoon at Mr. Samuel Goddards.....

[June 12] Monday, Mrs. Goddard & Betsey rode in a Chaise & I on a horse to Mrs. Mears's. Mrs. Goddard spent the Afternoon there. I got in the Chaise with Betsey & went to Boston..... Tuesday, Mrs. Goddard & Ebby rode, Betsey & I walk'd to Mrs. Henly's funeral. The House was full, we went in at the Doct'rs, drink'd tea there, it rain'd very hard after we got there. Ebby brought the Chaise back for us. Wednesday, Mrs.

*Henry Goddard, born November, 1785, married 1810, Elizabeth Leavitt Payson, daughter of Jonathan Payson, Esq , of Portsmouth. They made their home in Portland, and had five children, three being sons, John, Henry Warren and Charles William. Susanna Heath Goddard left an infant son named Samuel, born 1787, he grew up to marry Mehitable May Dawes of Brookline. From 1818–1827 they lived in Manchester, England, and then returned to Dorchester, Massachusetts. Miss Julia Goddard, their daughter, has an interesting portrait of Samuel, taken in childhood. It represents a thoughtful little boy in a white frock, with a blue scarf crossing his left shoulder and tied under his right arm. Mr. Samuel Goddard's father-in-law was the William Dawes who rode out through Roxbury, April 18, 1775, to alarm the countryside; his son, William D. Goddard, was the first Brookline volunteer in the Civil War.

Goddard, Betsey & I spent the afternoon at Mrs. Seavers, Mrs. Warner & her nurse there..... Thursday, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Boylstone, Mrs. Davenport, Sally Ackers & Nancy spent afternoon here..... Mrs. Goddard went home with Miss Hannah Staid all Night. My mama spent the day there carry'd Harry..... Saturday.....Ebby & Mrs. Goddard went in the afternoon to see Charlestown Bridge.

Sunday, June 18, went to meeting Betsey staid at home. My uncle Craft din'd here. Monday, wash'd & Iron'd. Doct'r Aspinwall & my Uncle Craft here in the Afternoon & Ev'ning to look over Mrs. Davis's things. Tuesday my Aunt Heath & my Mama went up to my Uncle Crafts in the Afternoon brought the things away from there. Wednesday my Aunt Heath, Mrs. Goddard, Betsey & I went to Mrs. Nehemiah Davis's* funeral..... Thursday we went with a number to pay the Wedding Visit to Increase Davis†..... Saturday, Mrs. Goddard & I spent the Day at Mr. Jacksons, Betsey & Jack came down in the afternoon, Sally Jackson & Jose, went with Mrs. Goddard, Betsey & I down to Mrs. Wollcott's, Deacon Gardners' & Mrs. Clarks' a little while before tea.

Sunday, June 25. Went to Meeting in the Afternoon. Staid at home in the morning..... Monday.....Mrs. Goddard, Jack & Harry spent Afternoon at Mrs. Daniel Whites..... Tuesday, Mrs. Goddard & Betsey rode in a Chaise, Sally Jackson and Hannah Goddard in a Chaise, Ebby & I on Horses—Betsey rode on a Horse home—Went to Cambridge to see Jose Jackson's Chamber..... Thursday, Sukey Williams, Sally Jackson & Sally Jewett spent the afternoon here, it rain'd hard at night. Elisha Gardner came in a Chaise after them, they staid the Evning. Fryday my mama, Mrs. Goddard, Betsey & I went down to my Grandfather's in the Afternoon. Betsey & I walk'd. When we got there we got into the Chaise, rode round one of Dorchester Squares, drink'd tea at my grandfathers. Went to Isaac Gardners in the Evning with Sally Ackers, Sally Dean, Polly Hagar, Nancy Akers, Bill Ackers & Enoch Corey there. Ebby & Mrs. Goddard came just before we come away.....

Monday, [July 3].....Betsey & I pick'd Cherries.....in the Ev'ning Luck here. Tuesday.....Betsey & I spent the Afternoon at Mrs. Boylstones.....went to Mrs. Winchesters in the Evning.

---

* Died 1786, 19 June, Nehemiah Davis's widow, suddenly, age 79.

† 1786, 8 June, Increase Davis married Rachel Dana.

HUMOR

An exchange, in describing the location of three prominent institutions of its city, says: "The medical college is on the road to the cemetery; the divinity college is on the road to the poor-house; and the law school is on the road to the jail."

Hoyle says that "whist playing depends a good deal on good playing." One of our editors thinks that good playing depends somewhat upon a good deal.

"Shall I brain him?" said the hazer,
And the victim's courage fled.
"You can't, it is a freshman;
Just hit him on the head."—[Ex.

Thieving has been graded as follows:—
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Taking $25,000 is only misappropriation.
Taking $50,000 is a case for litigation.
Taking $100,000 is a case of shortage.
Taking $1,000,000 is a stroke of genius.—[Ex.

Do you hear the ocean moaning,
Ever moaning sad and low?
'Tis because that fat old bather
Stepped upon its under tow.—[Ex.

Professor (dictating prose composition)—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?"

Startled Soph—"It is under my coat, but I was not using it."—[Ex.

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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JUNE

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There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 2 JUNE, 1896 NUMBER 8

LIFE AT TECHNOLOGY

IT has been said that you learn how to spend money at Harvard and learn how to make it at Technology. However true this may be, it suggests the atmosphere of the two institutions. Technology was founded by business men, on business principles, and throughout each college year evidence of these principles may be observed. In this little business world of almost twelve hundred students, you are thrown upon your own resources; you are treated as men, and if you do not faithfully do your work, the rulers do not coax you, but, in short, let you fail.

It is conceded by nearly everyone that dormitory life tends to promote college spirit; indeed, to many people the two are synonymous; but college life is present at any college where you, with your circle of friends, so choose to make it. You may define college life to suit yourself. To the man, therefore, who is not afraid of work, who is ambitious, and who finds ability to carry on his studies systematically and to enjoy college life, this article is addressed. It may be well to offer a few suggestions, and then to point out the probable experiences which a man will find during his course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Take the advice of your head-master. To be explicit, do not think because you have achieved a little fame, perhaps held many of the prominent social positions during your preparatory school course, that you are going to do likewise at Technology. If you attempt this, you will meet a distinct class of men there who are ever ready to parade before the student-eye your few slight mistakes or faults, and who never for a minute acknowledge any good quality in you. If you wish, then, to allow yourself the pleasures of a few responsibilities, remember this: "Never seek to advance your own cause, but allow it to be promoted by others."

At the opening of the term your first duty is to register. Everything is strange and new to you. You find among the new arrivals a choice lot of "agriculturalists," all puzzling out their "tabular views"—something new to them,—which, with the accompanying sheets, announce that recitations begin the next day. After having organized, the class makes its first arrangements for the cane rush. The foot-ball team is successfully launched for the occasion, and early in November, on the appointed day, it is whispered around among the freshmen to meet at the "gym," where line will be formed to march to the South End ball grounds, under escort of a German band. The class cheering, combined with the discords of the wheezy band, hurried to the scene of action, the rude transparancies and the garbs carefully planned for the scrimmage, serve to start the excitement for the afternoon. An attempt by the freshmen a few weeks later to get a class photograph (something never done yet in front of any of the buildings), precipitates another rush with the sophomores. A revival comes with the base ball game in the spring, and so on for two years we have this struggle of freshmen vs. sophomores, and sophomores vs. freshmen.

It has been remarked that in athletics and in military drill the best opportunities are afforded for meeting the men of your class and for studying them. For your own good, then, make yourself proficient in each of these branches. During these first few years another door to Technology life is opened to the man who cultivates good habits, good companions, and shows good qualities. It is fraternity life—the pleasantest and truest college life of all. Only to those, then, whose privilege it is to enjoy this secrecy is college life at Technology realized. Of course, during these first two years, you have not failed to keep predominant in your mind the object of your mission at Technology—your profession. This done, you have added to your list of acquaintances and broadened your views as well.

You enter upon your third year's work with a feeling of relief that "it's half over," and with a feeling of pride that you are an upper-classman. This latter conceit shows itself in many forms, the most common of which is seen when an upper-classman greets

some of his first- or second-year instructors, whom he once looked up to with fear and respect. This year, unquestionably, is the brightest of all to the Tech man. He recalls many times the amusing experiences of previous years; he has the pleasure of gaining respect from seniors and instructors, which means a good deal to him. As junior, he has the honor of managing all the social affairs and assumes the management of all organizations, for the seniors relieve themselves of their responsibility early in their year.

With the senior year come deeper thoughts and reflections, and hence more attention to the actual pursuits. You appreciate the development of your course which you selected in your freshman year. The subjects allotted to you in the first three years have laid the foundation and walls of the structure in which you will live soon, so the subjects in the fourth year are distinctively the roof of this edifice of knowledge. You are in a position in your fourth year to see where the previous subjects were placed and to make your roof as finished in design as you choose.

Technology, then, in these four years of hard work is not without her charms. Her customs and traditions, which are simple and few, are dear to every Tech man.

When it is all over, you will appreciate the watchfulness and good feeling shown by the faculty, and you will look upon the finished course as one of the rarest privileges of your life. Furthermore, you will obtain that which you have sought so long — your degree,— an honor which attests your faithfulness to duty, your manliness, and your professional capacity.

BENJAMIN HURD, B. H. S., '92, M. I. T., '96.

It must have been a feeling of bitter sarcasm which prompted soom mischievous boy, not long ago, to hang a square of white cloth, with the face of a clock painted on it, over the place on the tower where a clock *should* be !

TWO SKETCHES

A SUMMER ACQUAINTANCE

HE is a little barefooted boy, called Earnie Hill. He lives on a small island about eight miles out of Portland. His father died when he was a baby, and his mother supports herself and her three children by "keeping store" in half of her kitchen. She sells knitting yarns, long sticks of white candy, with pink stripes around them, chewing gum, spools of thread, and many other incongruous and nondescript articles.

Almost the first thing I remember about Earnie is, that one day when I stopped at Betty Hill's for some candy, he was sitting on the doorstep industriously wringing the necks of all the chickens that came within his reach. Four dead birds lay at his feet, and the performance showed no signs of coming to an end. When I asked him what in the world he was killing those dear little chickens for, he said, "Oh, it 's jest piles of fun to hear 'em squeal."

At another time, Earnie brought some green corn to our cottage for dinner. He lived about three miles away, and when he came up the hill with his arms full, he looked so very hot and tired that my grandmother asked him if he would not have a glass of milk and some bread and butter. At this question, Earnie drew himself up with great dignity, and said, with a touch of wounded pride in his tone, "Guess I can get *my* grub t' home." D. S., '99.

ZIPH

When I first saw him, he was prodding a small donkey with a pointed stick, and crying: "Look on it! Look on it, for Mary Anderson." He was a brown, dirty little rascal, wearing a tunic which had once been white, and a bright red fez stuck on the back of his black curly head. His face was round, shiny, and more intelligent than most of the donkey boys' faces, and his small black eyes twinkled with merriment. I sat on the steps of the temple watching him, and when he came back with his donkey I called him to me. I found out his name, how he liked Chicago, and that

the man who shouted, "Bum-bum, nicee bum-bum! Gyptium candy! Gyptium candy!" was his father, while he sat on the step below me watching his small brown toes wiggling and squirming in the dust. In a minute, however, he was up and off, chasing "Mary Anderson," who was carrying a shouting college fellow. But that interview established our friendship, and whenever I went to "Cairo" I was sure of a welcome from Ziph. s., '97.

"CLOSED FOR REPAIRS"

THE banker looked very cross when he entered his office that morning, and did not notice that everyone else looked so, too. He opened his desk with a bang, jammed his fingers and swore so loudly at the office boy that the latter fell through the window he was cleaning; and, to cap the climax, he tried to sign a check after sticking his pen in the glue-pot.

The fact was, that the banker's mind was elsewhere; truth to tell, he was thinking of his new wheel. Suddenly he arose, said he had some business to attend to, and would not return until a little before twelve.

The cashier smiled as the banker departed, and that troubled look which had been on his face while the banker was present, faded from sight. He, too, was thinking of his new wheel, and what a fine day it was for a ride. He smiled so broadly that the pen which was behind his ear fell down and stuck into the cat, which was sleeping on the desk. With a cry of pain she sprang into the air, upsetting as she did so two piles of well-arranged notes. When the cashier beheld that chaos, he swore an awful oath at the clerk who was perched upon a high stool winding the clock. He was upon the point of moving the hands when the cashier spoke, and although it was not yet ten, the hands flew around to twelve, as the clerk fell backward and alighted on a spindle on his desk. This made him jump to the floor, where he lay panting for breath. The cashier took no notice of this disaster, but remarked: "Hig-

gins, after you have rested, please pick up these papers. I have to go out on important business, and will not be back until quarter of twelve." Then he departed.

Higgins arose. As he did so, he caught sight of a bicycle whirling by the window, and he said to himself, this would be a fine chance for a ride, so taking down his hat, he turned to Willie, the office boy, and said: "Willie, I have some business to attend to, but will return at half-past eleven," and he likewise departed.

Willie sat for a few moments in deep thought. No one would return for at least an hour, and in that time he could take a ride on his "bike." He found a large square of pasteboard, and wrote thereon in large characters, "Closed for Repairs." This he pinned on the door of the office.

At the end of an hour, the banker began to think he ought to return; there was a great deal to be done, and it should be done that morning. About the same time the cashier's conscience began to trouble him, and he started to return; likewise Higgins and Willie. It so happened that they had each taken a different direction, and as the building was on a corner they were all making for that corner at the same time. As they neared the bank the fire-engines rushed by, and the cry was heard, "B—— Bank is on fire."

All four men heard the cry at the same time, and all started to sprint, for the B—— Bank was next door to their own. The banker thought of his years of savings; the cashier remembered the notes he had left on the desk; Higgins recollected that a bundle of his love letters, tied with a pink ribbon, reposed in the left-hand drawer of his desk; and Willie longed for the pie he had brought for lunch.

Alas! all came around the corner at the same instant, and there was a crash. The fire was two blocks away; and four very much bruised and surprised people arose and made their way home. The sign was not taken down for two days, and many were the passers that smiled as they read that sign, "Closed for Repairs."

R., '96.

These were the last words of the aged king,
And, as he spake, with feeble force he hurled
His useless weapon 'gainst the hollow brass,
Which, bounding back, hung harmless from the boss.
Then, in reply, proud Pyrrhus to him cried:
"Now, thou thyself shalt go and find below
That sire of mine, and tell my awful deeds,
And let him hear of his degenerate son.
Now, die, old man, abandoned of the gods!"
And, while he thus spake, he with cruel hand
Dragged to the altar steps the aged king,
Who, trembling blindly from his broken years,
Slipped in the weltering blood of his dead son.
There at the shrine itself, with his left hand,
Disdainful Pyrrhus grasped his victim's hair,
And, with his right drawing his gleaming sword
He sheathed it to the hilt in Priam's side.
This was the monarch's end! Thus he by death
And unrelenting fate was claimed below.
Before his dying sight the flames of Troy
Shone gleaming 'mid the ashes of his home.
Old Troy is dead, its walls will rise no more,
That once were sovereign of a mighty realm,
And there upon the shore the huge trunk lies,
The noble head is from the shoulders torn,
And for that silent body none can feel
The awe which Illum's mighty monarch claimed.
Then for the first time through my limbs there crept
The chill cold horror of that savage crime,
And as I stood and gazed upon the king,
Breathing his life out with his cruel wound,
My loving father's image rose and neared me there,
Looking with pity on his hapless friend,
The same in years. And, then, midst it all,
The thought of her I loved, my wife, Creusa,

Rose like a vision of some torturing dream.
My home destroyed and robbed of all its spoils,
My little son in danger of his life ;—
All came and passed before my tortured mind
Beckoning and calling me with outstretched hands.
Wildly I turned. Where are my noble men ?
Those sons of Troy who followed me in fight.
They, too, have gone and either thrown themselves
From some high turret to the welcome earth,
Or else despairing at the hopeless end,
Had cast their weary bodies in the flames
Which, as the demons of the lowest hell,
Writhed 'mong the ruins of my dear, lost Troy.

V. R. G., '98.

A BASKET-BALL GAME

HAVE you had the privilege of witnessing a basket-ball game at the Brookline High ? I say the privilege, for not every one is allowed to be present at the games, and you may consider yourself favored if you can find room on the crowded steps of the girls' gymnasium to see a little of what is going on.

I recently saw a game between '97 and '98, and very interesting it was. I had early secured a good seat on the grand-stand (which means the lowest step of the gymnasium stairs) and I was there long before the game began, taking in the novel scene. The girls stood about in groups or practised throwing the ball into the baskets, which, I should have told you, are fastened on the wall at each end of the room about ten feet from the floor. Such confusion ! The girls all talked at once, or screamed from one end of the room to the other, while the two umpires and the referee were constantly blowing their whistles,—the shrillest and loudest ones ever heard,—to get order.

After much consulting among captains and umpires, the goals were decided upon, and the "men" took their positions — '97 was to

try to get the ball into the basket at the left end of the gymnasium and '98 played for the right end. There was a momentary hush before the ball was tossed up in the center by the referee, and then play began. The '98 center "man" got the ball almost immediately and with a good strong throw sent it flying down to her "man" at the right-end goal. (I shall never again make fun of a girl's throwing, for I see that I have not before appreciated her capabilities.) At that goal, however, '97's players did good work, and the ball was soon up at the left goal, where the '97 thrower could make a try for her basket. The ball was well aimed and dropped squarely into the basket amid deafening cheers from '97.

The referee now tossed the ball up in the center again, and another scramble began. This time there was a good deal of fumbling, many wild throws, and much excitement. Shrieks resounded far and wide. Cries of "Get it, May!" "Throw it, Edith!" "Good catch, Ella!" and the like, finally terminated in a shout from an umpire: "Foul! foul!" The dreadful whistle sounded above the girls' screams, and the ball was given to '97 for a free throw. Standing fifteen feet away from the basket, it is no easy matter to make a goal, but '97's "man" did it, and even '98 could not but admire the skillful throw.

This play ended the first half, and the players took a five minutes' rest. The way the girls rest seems curious. The side ahead assembles at one end of the room and cheers itself hoarse, while the other team discusses this or that move with feminine fervor, or torments the umpire with "Do you call it fair to do so-and-so?" and "Are we allowed to do this and that?" One cannot help noticing that the girls do "squabble" considerably more than boys under similar circumstances, although the contrary would be stoutly maintained by the feminine side.

In the second half of the game, the referee was continually running to and fro to toss up the ball in the "ties" which were frequently called. A "tie," I might explain, is when two girls hold the ball together and neither can get it from the other. At one time the ball was knocked right in among the spectators and I thought I had never before been so popular; at least half a dozen

girls were hugging me and sitting in my lap, but as they explained afterwards that it was all for the sake of the ball, I did not feel so much flattered.

In this half, '98 seemed to "brace up," and got the ball many times. The goal-thrower, however, was excited, and made only two points out of five chances. The score now stood two to two, and there was only one minute left for playing. The girls were fairly wild in their excitement, and I was told that their yelling was heard on Washington street. I cannot blame them for that, however, for even I, cold spectator, could not help shouting a little at times. An eager captain would cry, "This way quick, Bessie!" then some one on the other side, "Did you ever get left!" as a good square catch was made, and "Long throw, Annie!" "Good try!" "Keep cool, May!" "Oh, what a muff!"

The spectators were on their feet, everyone was shouting herself hoarse as '98 got the ball by a brilliant play, and it seemed as if another goal would be scored, when time was called and the game ended. The score being two to two, allowed free cheering on both sides, and the girls cheered heartily and well.

As for me, ever since that game I have been an enthusiast for basket-ball, and I am looking upon girls as superior articles in the athletic line.

M. S., '97.

GEORGE AND I AMONG THE ROCKIES

ALL day long the train had swept toward the white peaks of the Rocky Mountains, bearing George and I, two junior youths of Brookline, '97, on our longed-for vacation in Colorado. After puffing through the foothills of Pike's Peak, the train dropped us about nine o'clock at Manitou. I wanted to see the sights a little, but George said he was too beastly tired,—George is using dreadful language since he became a junior,—so he dragged me off to bed.

The next morning I awoke first, and then lay dozing, while that delightful feeling which comes to every fellow when he knows he

has no Latin, Greek or Math. to prepare, ran through my whole frame. Suddenly, a terrible noise awoke me in earnest, and I sat up and dug my elbow into George's ribs.

"Wasermarrer," he mumbled.

"Listen!" said I.

The noise sounded again, and we both rushed to the window. A dozen little, long-eared beasts were standing all saddled and bridled in the hotel yard.

"Why," cried George, "those must be the animals which the guide-book calls burros. The tourists ride them. They call 'em here 'Rocky Mountain canary birds,' on account of their musical voices. Sounds to me, though, as if they had no fundamental note and about twenty-five overtones."

"Oh, let up on physics! Don't you know this is vacation? Anyway, we 'll have a ride after breakfast," said I.

After breakfast we came out and selected our mounts. I took an innocent-looking gray one with an amputated tail. George wanted a black one, with extremely long ears and a wicked look in his eye. I was impressed with this wicked look and remonstrated with George.

"George, why do you meddle with such a dangerous animal? Think how I should feel to go back to Brookline alone and tell your mother that her son was left in a strange—"

Thus spoke I, who am two months older and also more cautious than George. But George, having red hair, and therefore obstinacy, interrupted me with a "Pshaw," and had his own way. We mounted. We started up a mountain road. For the first quarter of a mile the burros evinced an extreme unwillingness to proceed, and George said that we advanced in the same ratio as we had strength to belabor them with a stick. Frequently they dashed suddenly around and made a break for the hotel, but each time we jumped off and by dint of winding ourselves around the trees we succeeded in stopping them. At last, after many other escapades, the burros brought us to a small hotel hemmed in by mountains. Above the hotel there was a large silver mine called the Menindota, which we resolved to enter.

Permission was readily given by the superintendent, and soon we were swinging down a long, cold shaft in an iron bucket. The bucket reached the bottom and we stepped out. Many shafts ran from here, and by the light of the lamps stuck in the walls, we could see the men at work. Some were drilling the ore for a blast, some pushing along cars of ore, others shovelling ore in buckets.

Taking as many specimens as we wanted, we seated ourselves on a loaded bucket, and then looked up, watching the circle of light at the mouth of the shaft grow larger as we neared the top, till we reached the open air once more.

George said he felt all hollow within, and as I began to feel a little that way myself, we jogged back to the hotel on the burros. As we sat down to dinner, George said: "My expectations of Colorado are not disappointed, and I wish all the fellows were here."

W. A. P., '97.

VICTORIOUS ATHLETES

THROUGH the efforts of Mr. Ben. Hurd, '92, the school had the pleasure not long since of listening to a very interesting account of the doings of the victorious B. A. A. athletes at the Olympic games. The speaker was Mr. John Graham, who accompanied the team to Athens, and acted in the double capacity of trainer and manager.

After giving a short account of the sea voyage to Naples, he said that the team arrived at Athens on a Sunday night. They were enthusiastically greeted by a crowd of several thousand people. The following morning the games began. Mr. Graham witnessed the trial run for the race from Marathon to Athens. Eight of the ten contestants ran the twenty-five miles with bare feet. That same afternoon, Lane, Curtis and A. W. Blake won the first, second and third heats in the 100-yards race. Mr. Graham described the Stadium as being a wonderful place. It is shaped like a horseshoe and will seat 55,000 people. The track is a quarter of a mile in

circumference. It was not in a very good condition, and this accounted for the comparatively poor time made by Burke in winning the quarter-mile race. His time was 54 3-5 seconds. A few days ago he did an exhibition quarter-mile in 51 2-5 seconds.

The results in the broad jump were not very good, because Prince George, who was the judge, allowed no one to put his foot on the "take-off" in jumping. This made a difference of about nine inches in the results. Garrett of Princeton won the discus-throw, without ever before having seen a discus. Mr. Graham described the discus as weighing about four pounds and as being about the shape and size of two dinner plates set edge to edge.

The start in the 100-metre race was very amusing. The contestants took all possible positions, some resting on their hands, others standing, etc. The starter spoke French, but as the men knew what to expect no difficulty was experienced.

Mr. Graham closed his talk with a description of the twenty-five mile race from Marathon to Athens. The road was very rough and hilly. Arthur Blake, who was entered in this race, held third place until he was obliged to drop out. At one time he led the race. It was announced at the Stadium by telegraph that the American led. Later, when Louis the Greek peasant came in a winner, the spectators went wild with excitement and enthusiasm.

Mr. Graham described the Greeks as being courteous and agreeable, and a bright and generous people.

On April 23d, the boys of the school listened to a practical talk on athletics by Mr. B. A. Waters, ex-captain of the Harvard football team. The speaker was introduced by Mr. George B. Wilson. In the course of his talk, Mr. Waters gave our fellows some good sound advice on football and base-ball playing, and it almost seems as though the phenomenal success of the base ball team were a result of his encouraging words.

THE SAGAMORE

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Within the past few weeks a system of athletic training has been put in practice at the Brookline High School, which, if it proves successful, will do much toward changing and improving the present state of athletics in the school, and will throw open to every one this branch of amusement which until now has been closed to all but a favored few. The idea was suggested by W. B. Boyce, captain of the track team, and he has pushed it through almost unassisted. The plan is, briefly, as follows: It is proposed, once a week to have handicap meets, to which no entry or admission fees will be charged, and at which no prizes will be awarded. Any member of the school, without reference to age or class, may enter any of the events, and he will be given what is considered a fair handicap. It is, of course, on the system of handicapping that the success of the venture will depend.

Mistakes will at first be made, but as the handicappers gain in experience and in knowledge of the men entered, the results will be more and more satisfactory. Soon it will be possible for a member of the lowest class, who perhaps was never before entered in an athletic event, to compete on equal terms with the star athletes of the school. That is the plan. The first meet, which was held a week ago, was successful beyond all anticipation. Among the fifty or more entries were many members of the lower classes and others who had never before figured in High School athletics. So far as we know, ours is the first public school in the country to adopt such a system, and it will be greatly to our credit if we can successfully continue it. If so, the advantages of the system will be obvious. It will do away with the most objectionable features of school athletics, the development of the strong and physically well-built men to the exculsion of those who are most in need of the training and who greatly predominate in number. It will develop a loyal school patriotism, and will greatly add to the strength and efficiency of the school teams. Most important of all, it will afford to every one a chance for physical training without the necessity of trying for the team, as is now the case.

Two beautiful and costly marble tablets have just been placed, one on either sider of the main entrance, in our new building. On one tablet have been graven in gilded letters, the date of the establishment of the Brookline High School, the dates at which its two former homes were first occupied and that of the dedication of our present building. On the other tablet are similarly engraved the names of the building committee and of the school committee. This is all very fine, and these inscriptions will doubtless help to keep fresh the memory of the most important epochs in the history of the school, as well as the names of those to whom we are so much indebted for the beauty and perfection of our new building. But, we venture to ask, could not the money spent upon these tablets have been more advantageously utilized for some more practical purpose? There is a crying need for a clock overlooking

the playgrounds. It does not seem to be fully realized how urgent is this need. The playgrounds are very large, and even the loudest gong would be unheard at the farther extremity, while the face of a large clock would be plainly visible. The playgrounds are now almost daily crowded with High School scholars, either witnessing some athletic contest or practising for one. They have left their watches with their every-day clothes in the locker-room, and some convenient means of telling the time is almost a necessity. If the town can afford to erect two such costly tablets as now grace our first floor, surely it will not refuse to ornament the plain front of our building with a clock, which will immediately prove of more real practical value than the tablets can ever be.

On the evening of May 8th occurred the annual meeting of the Brookline High School Alumni Association. Refreshments were served from 6.30 until 7.45. Then followed a business meeting, at which short speeches were made by the following-named gentlemen: Bishop Lawrence, Mr. Francis Blake, Mr. Edward B. Drew, Mr. W. T. R. Marvin, Mr. Archibald M. Howe, Mr. William H. White and Mr. D. S. Sanford. Bishop Lawrence and others of the speakers gave some very interesting reminiscences of Brookline during the Civil War. Mr. Sanford, our head-master, spoke especially of the increased tendency in the school toward fitting the pupils for higher institutions without affecting the advantages offered to non-collegiate pupils. In speaking of school patriotism he made allusion to the pluck and "sand" displayed by A. C. Wise in the phenomenal catch made by him that day in the Boston Latin game. He also alluded to the prompt measures taken by the senior class not long ago to stop the sudden epidemic for matching pennies, etc., which had broken out in the school. From 10 until 12 dancing was enjoyed in Shailer Hall.

NEWS NOTES

The graduating exercises will take place June 18th in the Town Hall.

Mr. W. T. Search of Los Angeles, Cal., addressed the school April 24th.

The Senior Class reception will take place on June 17th in the Town Hall.

The new board of editors will be elected at the last meeting of the present board, which will occur about the middle of June.

Mr. Packard has added a fluoroscope to his apparatus for the study of the X-rays. We are informed that he has obtained some very satisfactory results with it.

Do not fail to leave your address with Frank Proctor, the business manager, so that the last number of THE SAGAMORE may be forwarded you. It will not appear until after the close of school.

The portrait of Mr. John E. Hoar, former head-master of the High School, which his pupils have had painted to be hung in our new building, has been completed. It is now on exhibition at the picture store of H. Eastman Chase, 344 Boylston street, Boston.

Mr. J. Murray Kay, a great friend of the school, entertained us on May 4th with a very interesting talk on the literature of Scotland. After giving a short history of Scottish literature, he read us some extracts from works characteristic of the various periods in the history of the country's literature. The talk was greatly enjoyed by all, and the readings proved especially entertaining.

The candidates nominated for next year's officers of the debating club are as follows: President, Charles W. Kellogg, Jr.; vice president, J. Gilbert Peirce and John T. Floyd; secretary, Henderson Kellogg and John R. Marvin; corresponding secretary, Richard Bishop and Arthur M. Osborne; treasurer, Austin H. Parker; directors, Charles Bishop, Woodworth James, J. Nelson Manning and Harold K. Wead. The members who will represent the debating club in the joint debate with Newton High are the following: Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., Henderson Kellogg and J. Gilbert Peirce; alternate, R. Chauncey Seaver. The debate will take place on May 29, in the drill hall of the Newton High School. The subject is: *Resolved, That the United States Government should recognize the state of belligerency in Cuba.* Brookline will support the affirmative side of the question.

The prize-speaking contest will occur June 16th in Shailer Hall.

The School Battalion will, as usual, perform escort duty to the veterans on Memorial Day.

R. C. Seaver and W. B. Boyce, each with a handicap of nine yards, were entered in the 146⅔ yards hurdle and the 150 yards dash, respectively, at the Harvard A. A. invitation meet, May 8th. Boyce surprised every one by winning his event. He was the only non-Harvard man in the finals.

A very marked improvement is shown in the way our fellows cheer at the games. They put more vim and snap into it than before. Several new cheers have been gotten up of late, and the fellows have even taken to singing songs "especially composed for the occasion," at the league games. Such enthusiasm is a new thing at the High School, and we have no doubt it has helped our team to more than one of its brilliant victories this season.

The first handicap games were held Thursday, May 14th. The events were 100- and 220-yard dashes, half-mile run and broad and high jumps. The handicapping, when one considers that it was mostly guesswork, was remarkably fair. Henceforth, of course, it will be still more satisfactory. The handicaps were slightly in favor of the limit men, especially in the case of the broad jump. Boyce ran an extraordinary "two-twenty," accomplishing it in 25 1-5 seconds. The school record is 25 seconds. Following is a list of the events:

100-yards dash—First, E. M. Dorr, '99; second, N. J. Rust, '96; third, A. E. Ritchie, '97. Time, 11 1-5 seconds.

220-yards dash—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97; second, H. S. Hirshberg, '96; third, F. L. Bullard, '97. Time, 25 1-5 seconds.

880-yards run—Won by N. J. Rust, '96; second, A. H. Parker, '97; third, H. S. Hirshberg, '96. Time, 2 minutes 30 second.

Running broad jump—Won by L. C. Richardson, '98, with handicap 20 feet; second, W. H. Smith, '97, with handicap 19 feet 11 inches; third, L. S. Hallett, '98, with handicap 19 feet 4 inches.

Running high jump—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97, height (scratch) 5 feet 2 inches; second and third, tie between Dunbar, '96, and Ritchie, '97, height (3 inches) 5 feet 1 inch.

Class points—

Class	'96	'97	'98	'99
100-yards dash	3	1	0	5
220-yards dash	1	5.3		
880-yards run	5.1	3		
Running broad jump		3	5.1	
Running high jump	2	5.2		
Totals	12	22	6	5

We are glad to see that the suggestion made by THE SAGAMORE, and which was brought out at the mock town meeting, has had the desired effect. The school building now has a flagstaff.

The third public day of the year occurred Tuesday, May 19th. The exercises were not very interesting, and the speaking was hardly up to the standard. The speakers were William Mayo, '99, Herbert Hirshberg, '96, Edwin Brush, '98, Miss Brown, '96, H. S. Coffin, '96, and W. A. Parker, '97. The mandolin club favored the school with a few selections. They were enthusiastically received, but as all the members were not present, they hardly did themselves justice.

The seniors are having their class pictures taken. One of them, whose pictures are in great demand, attempted not long ago to satisfy his friends. Attired in his neat and stylish suit of brown, he visited the photographer. After some trouble he attained a satisfactory pose, and a sharp click told that the deed was done. Now, our senior has rather a manly face, and what was his surprise on beholding the proof to see his face greatly changed. On his head was a little white cap, and although the eyes and nose were his, the mouth was that of a small child wearing a large smile, and instead of his neat suit of brown, appeared a long, white dress. The photographer had evidently blundered, but our friend has not tried again.

The congress of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, Boylston and Berkeley streets, is in a flourishing condition. The recent mock presidential convention, held under the auspices of the congress in Association Hall, in which twenty debating and church clubs participated, was a great success. The opening of a bicycle storage room with the facilities for inflating tires, also cleaning and repairing wheels, is a greatly appreciated membership privilege. Any of our readers can avail themselves of this feature by the payment of the regular annual fee of $2, which includes many other advantages, or by taking the full $10 ticket, which includes the additional privileges of the gymnasium and baths. In the fall a new $5 annual ticket will be issued to cover the enlarged educational work and several new features which will be added, and that will render this popular young men's organization even more attractive.

ATHLETICS

FIVE TIMES VICTORIOUS

BROOKLINE High School made a fine showing in its first game of the Interscholastic base-ball series at the South End grounds Friday, April 24th. The game was with Somerville High, and was, without doubt, the best effort the team has made so far. It seemed as if "Bert" Waters' talk had had the desired effect. As will be seen by the score below, the hits and runs by both sides were bunched in a very advantageous manner. At the end of the second inning the score stood 7 to 0 in Brookline's favor. It was gratifying to note how well our fellows batted. Teague, Somerville's pitcher, is the most experienced and claimed to be the best in the league, but our men seemed to find little difficulty in hitting him. Manning let only one man to base on balls. Our outfield made only one error during the whole game. Let us hope this victory will not make the base-ball men as over-confident as the foot-ball team was last fall. The score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline High . .	2	5	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	—9
Somerville High . .	0	0	0	2	0	4	0	0	0	—6

Our second Interscholastic game was also a victory. It was played with "Hoppy," on the South End grounds, May 1. The game started with a series of errors on each side, and the only reason Brookline led at the end of the inning was because "Hoppy" made a few more errors than their opponents. The fourth inning was the climax of Brookline's game; six runs were made. From that time till the end, we netted but two more. In every game Brookline plays there seems to be one inning when the team goes all to pieces. In this particular case it was the eighth. But for our good lead, the four runs which "Hoppy" made, with two men out, might have turned the tide of victory. Brookline's batting was the best yet; there were several two-baggers, and a home-run over the fence by Kernan. The outfield was as good as usual. Hutchins' throwing to second base and Lancey's playing at third showed great improvement. During the game we had an opportunity of seeing a fellow "forget himself," as Mr. Waters puts it.

Lewis had to leave first base to stop a hit, and he passed the ball to Manning, who was running toward the base. The latter saw that the "Hoppy" runner was ahead of him, so he threw himself bodily upon the base, arriving there just before the base-runner.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
"Hoppy"	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	4	0	— 8
Brookline High . .	4	3	0	6	0	1	1	0		—15

Again we are victorious! The game with Boston Latin School, the third in the Interscholastic series, was by far the most even, interesting and exciting of any played so far. Brookline started off at an excellent pace, and at the end of the third inning we had seven runs to our credit, while Boston Latin had not yet scored. The next three innings passed without any event of note. The seventh inning, however, poured a perfect deluge of runs upon Brookline, till at the end of the eighth we only led by one run. It was in the ninth inning, with men on bases and Boston Latin at the bat, that the star play of the game was made. It is seldom that "sand" shows out in base-ball, but it certainly did in this instance. A fly was knocked to right center, and Wise made for it and caught the ball almost in the road after having badly hurt his shin on one of the benches. The catch probably saved the game for Brookline. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Boston Latin . . .	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	2	0	—7
Brookline High . .	1	5	1	0	0	0	1	0		—8

Roxbury Latin School was encountered in the fourth Interscholastic game on May 12th at the Playgrounds. It was an easy victory for Brookline, of 14 to 1; but the game hardly showed Roxbury at her best. Her team was disabled by the illness of her pitcher, so that an entirely new man had to occupy the box. The game started in well for Brookline with six runs in the first inning. From then till the end of the game we had little difficulty in keeping our lead. Roxbury won her only run in the fifth inning. The score is as follows:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline High . .	6	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	4	—14
Roxbury Latin . .	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	— 1

In a practice game on Patriots' Day our team defeated a nine composed of members of the Riverdale Casino, by a score of 16 to 8.

On Saturday afternoon, April 25th, on the Playgrounds, the Brookline High School nine defeated that of the Providence High School, in a very loosely played game, by a score of 17 to 14. There were wild throws and muffs galore on both sides, and the numerous hits kept the crowd interested. The star features of the game were a home-run by Manning in the third inning and two double plays by "Wallie" Aecthler in the fifth and sixth innings. The score by innings is as follows:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Providence High. .	3	0	5	1	0	1	2	1	1	—14
Brookline High . .	1	3	4	2	5	0	2	0		—17

Brookline received its second defeat this spring at the hands of Newton High School on April 28th. The game throughout was well played. The turning point was in the last part of the fifth inning. In the first half of the inning the score stood 8 to 3 in Brookline's favor; at the end of the inning it was 11 to 8 in Newton's favor. From that time till the end of the game few more runs were made, and the final score was 15 to 9 in Newton's favor. Kernan showed up very strong at the bat. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Newton High . . .	0	2	1	0	8	1	1	2		—15
Brookline High . .	0	2	4	0	2	0	0	1	0	— 9

Two six-inning games were played on May 3d and 4th. The first was with the "Tech" Sophomores on the Playgrounds. Brookline was defeated by a score of 5 to 3. The second was with the Malden High School. Brookline won, 12 to 9.

A large and enthusiastic Brookline crowd witnessed the game with Cambridge High and Latin School on Holmes' Field, May 16. The cheering was very lusty, and was intermingled with the new song—

> Cambridge High and Latin has a dandy team, they say,
> But Brookline High is going to win a glorious game today,
> For we will start to score when the time is called for play,
> So here 's to Brookline High, etc.

The tune was "John Brown's Body." The first inning gave to Brookline two runs, and from then till the eighth our team played beautiful ball; hardly an error was made in the whole field. Our "black sheep" inning was the eighth. The score stood 7 to 2, with two men on bases and two out. At this juncture a pop-fly to short-

stop was muffed, and with three men on bases, a wild throw from left-field let in four runs. After this little dash of carelessness, Brookline braced up, and the Cambridge High and Latin School crowd realizing that victory was no longer possible for them, spent the last two innings shouting "base on balls, base on balls: what 's the matter with a base on balls?" It is needless to say that their words had not the slightest effect upon Manning. Aechtler made a home-run on errors. Captain Lewis's hitting was the feature of the game. The great fault of the Cambridge team was their careless fielding; in fact, six of Brookline's runs can be attributed principally to errors made by the other side. The score:—

BROOKLINE	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Seaver, l	5	1	2	0	1
Lewis, 1	5	2	5	1	0
Hutchins, c	3	0	4	3	0
Kernan, r	4	0	2	0	0
Aechtler, 2	5	3	8	0	2
Manning, p	5	1	2	4	1
Lancey, 3	3	1	1	0	0
Proctor, s	3	0	0	3	1
Wise, cf	3	1	3	0	0
Totals	36	9	27	11	5

CAMBRIDGE	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Columbus, cf	3	0	1	0	1
Lockman, c	4	0	7	0	0
McCarthy, 2	4	1	4	5	0
Beardsell, s	4	2	0	3	1
Saul, l	3	1	1	0	1
Warnock, 3	4	0	0	3	2
Moynahan, r	4	1	0	0	0
W. Clarkson, p	3	0	0	4	1
F. Clarkson, p	1	0	0	0	0
Downing, 1	3	1	11	0	1
	33	6	24	15	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline High School	2	0	0	3	0	1	1	1	.	—8
Cambridge High and Latin	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	4	0	—6

Runs made—Lancey, Lewis, 2, Kernan, Aechtler, Proctor, Wise 2, Lockman, McCarthy, Beardsell, 2, Saul, Moynahan. Earned runs—Brookline 2. Three-base hits—Lewis, Aechtler. Sacrifice hit—Hutchins. Stolen bases—Moynahan 2, Seaver, Lewis, Lancey, 2, Wise 2, Proctor. First base on balls—By Manning, 3; by Clarkson 6. First base on errors—Brookline 4, Cambridge 3. Left on bases—Brookline 10, Cambridge 3. Struck out—By Manning, 3; by Clarkson, 7. Double plays—Clarkson, McCarthy and Downing; Manning and Lewis. Passed balls—Hutchins 3. Time—2h. 5m. Umpires—Farren and Moore.

INTERSCHOLASTIC TENNIS.

In the Interscholastic tennis at Harvard, May 2d and 4th, R. C. Seaver reached the final set, when he was, however, defeated. In the final match he won the first set with apparent ease; then his opponent, Y. Marcy Edwards, of English High, took the next from Seaver with equal facility. The last two sets were deuce, and both went to Edwards. The score was, for Edwards, 3—6, 6—1, 8—6, 7—5. The fellows entered by Brookline were: S. Ware, J. N. Manning, R. C. Seaver, R. Bishop and A. C. Wise. Brookline High won 8 points, and was tied for third place in the contest, Newton High winning first place with 17 points. C. W. Kellogg, Jr.

SOME BROOKLINE BOYS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CENTURY

By Burt G. Wilder, Class of '59

IV.—How They "Played Knights"

BY a transition apparently abrupt, but really quite natural, our period of savagery was followed by the "days of chivalry;" we were suddenly transformed into "knights of high degree." As with the Indians, subordinate personages were either nameless or ignored by us. Willard Wellman was Sir Amyot of the Withered Branch. His brother Henry was Sir James Douglas. My brother Edward adopted the earlier title of Ivanhoe, "The Disinherited Knight." I was Sir Archibald Douglas, "Knight of the Bleeding Heart," as described in "The Fair Maid of Perth." My shield was strictly in keeping, and at the same time exemplified our devotion to the principle of encouragement to home industries. The basis was of wood, shaped by Delano, the carpenter. The tin facing was applied by Kenrick Brothers. B. F. Baker, also at that time Town Clerk, painted upon it a gigantic blue heart, transfixed by an arrow and dropping clots of gore. Willard Wellman made a wonderful two-handed sword of ash; he had also a spear with a real iron head, that made several holes in the tin cover of my shield. Our combats were noisy, and no doubt occasional bruises were inflicted, but I recall no serious wounds or lasting animosities.

Chivalry without ladies, however, was too much like Hamlet with that part omitted, and I think the knightly fashion lasted for only one or two seasons. It is to be regretted that none of the weapons of the period were preserved.

Through the kindness of Town Engineer French, the base ball grounds have been surveyed and accurately laid out.

If a sloping board were placed on the curb before the boys' entrance, for the benefit of bicycle riders, it would save a good deal of time, bad feelings and some broken bicycles.

AN OLD DIARY

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1785

Wednesday, Mrs. Goddard & I went to Roxbury. Stopt at Mrs. Meriams, at Old Aunt Harris's, drink't Tea at Mrs. Griggs' Stopt at Mr. Dudleys, Mr. Mayos, & Mr. Ezra Davis's. Ebby met us on the Plain, come round by Roxbury Meeting House. Thursday my Uncle Caleb Craft & Miss Sally Sharp* were married. All her brothers & sisters, my Uncle Daniel Craft & his wife, my Uncle Heath & Aunt, my mama, Mrs. Goddard, Ebby, Betsey & I, Nabby Craft & Hannah Clark were present. He drest in dark broad cloth Coat, Jacket & Breeches. She drest in dark Ducape, black Sattin Petticoat, black Sattin Shoes, muslin Apron & Handkerchief. They went home about Sundown. My Aunt Heath & my mama went home first & sent the Chaise back for us. Danc'd two or three reels after they were gone, went home about Nine. Fryday....pick'd a few Cherries..... Saturday.... Mrs. Furnell from Portsmouth & Hannah Crosby of Boston came here in the Afternoon. Staid over Sunday..... Wednesday.....Mrs. Doctr. Aspinwall here. Thursday, Mrs. Goddard & Jack, Ebby, Betsey & I went out to get some rasberrys about Sundown. Fryday, Mrs. Mears, Mrs. Besson.....here. Doctr. Goddard came up from Portsmouth at Night. Saturday.....Ebby, Betsey & Jack went to take a little ride.

Sunday, July 15.....my mama staid at home..... Wednesday,

---

*Robert Sharp, a descendant of Robert Sharp, of Islington, England, bought land in Brookline of William Colborn in 1650. His home was near the corner of Harvard and Auburn Streets, four years later Harvard Street was laid out through his farm. He did 1654. His son John was a Lieutenant in King Phillips War, and fell at Sudbury fight, leaving four children,—Robert, who married Sarah Williams of Roxbury, and died in an expedition to Canada against the Indians in 1690; William, who moved to Pomfret, Conn.; a daughter, Martha, who married Joseph Buckminster of Brookline; she had a grandson, William Buckminster, Colonel of the Barre Minutemen at Bunker Hill. From the latter's brother was descended Dr. Joseph Buckminster of Portsmouth, and his son, the Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster of the Brattle Square Church in Boston. Capt. Robert (3d) Sharp built a house on Harvard Street, opposite Alton Street. He died in 1765, aged seventy-seven. His widow presented the First Congregational Church in this town with a silver tankard in 1770. Robert (4th) married Sarah Payson of Roxbury; they had a large family. Their third son, Stephen, is remembered as Esquire Sharp; it was he who seized the notorious thief, Tom Cook, in the act of roasting a stolen goose in the school-house; he died 1820. His sister, Lucy, married into the Davis family, and from another, Mary, descended the present Jones family of Brookline, and the Clarks of Walnut and Warren Streets. The eldest daughter married Caleb Crafts. Through the Buckminsters, the families of Rev. Dr. Lothrop, George B. Emerson and Judge Lowell are connected with the Sharps.—*Miss Woods' Sketches of Brookline.*

The Inventory taken 1792 of Robert Sharp's estate gives an interesting picture of old Brookline life. Mention is made of a "Market Wherry," a "Shay," Ox cart, 2 yoke of oxen, 1 of Steares, "Great Horse" & "Little Ditto," 2 Swine, 7 cows at $10.66. In the Middle Room. 1 eight Day Clock 22 Dls. Looking Glass, Maple Dining Table & Carpet. "Small Cheretree" Table, one Black Walnut Do., 1 Cherritree Stand. 6 Green Chairs, Handirons, Shovel & Tongs, Hearth Broom. In the Middle Chamber 6 Common Chairs, 2 old Chairs, Brass tops Handirons, Chest of Drawers 3 Dls. Old Chamber Table. Old Harritan Curtains, Best Suit of Clothes, 10 Dls. pr hose 4 Dls 66c 1 hat, 3 Dl 50 Great Coat at 5 Dls. 5 Collers & Linnen Shirts, 1 pr Shoes, 1 Gown, 6 pr Pillow Cases, 1 Counter pin . . . etc. etc. 2 Winegar Kegs, Kitchen handirons, Shovel & tramels. Furniture in the South Room, viz.: Corner Tea Table, Dining Do. Tea Tray "Cheenay 7 Dolls." Looking Glass, Handirons, hooks, Shovel & tongs. 1 Desk Small Server 4 Dishes 2.50 2 Delph Dishes 67 cents. 30 Stone plates Celery Dish 4 Pewter Boats 2 Teapots 1 cream pot . . . 3 cups & Saucers 1.50 9 small plates, 12 Tumblers 4 Small Decanters 3 Bowls & 2 mugs, 2 mustard pots 2 peper Casters, 1 Winegar Cruet, 2 Salt Cellars, Candle Sticks 1 Arm Chair & 1 Common Do. in the South Chamber 6 Chairs, "Beaurough Table 14 Dolls," Easy Chair Looking Glass, Bed no 1 66 lbs at 45 cents. Bed-

*Commencement Day Doctr. Goddard & Lady in a Chaise, Betsey & I in a Chaise, Ebby on a horse, went over to Cambridge in the Afternoon. Staid a little while at Jose Jackson's Chamber, then went into the Meeting House and drink'd tea at Mrs. Wigglesworth's. Thursday, Betsey & I went to Boston in the afternoon, drink'd Tea at Mrs. Marshalls, found Doctr. Goddard & Lady & Jack there. They stopt at Mr. Goddards, Mr. Davenports & Cap'n Heaths as they came. We came home over Charlestown bridge. Met Ebby a little this side Cambridge bridge. Fryday, Ebby & Mr. Goddard went over to Roxbury to Mr. Daniel Harris's..... Mrs. Goddard & Ebby went to Mrs. Hyslops in the Ev'ning. Dr. Goddard stop't there as he came home from his Brothers. Saturday I carry'd Harry down to Mrs. Ackers in the forenoon.....

Sunday, July 22, my Aunt Heath staid at home.....

End of Miss Nancy's Book.

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stead 12 Dolls. Curtains & Counterpin 20 Dolls. Bed No 2 Wt. 45 lbs. etc . . . Carpet Great Bible [2] Dolls. 1 Tankard 1 Porringer 6 Tea Spoons & Sugar Tongs at 6/2 pr Ounce 6.50 Sword 6 Dolls' Spurs .50 in the Maid's Chamber Bed No 3 at 1/10 pr lb 32 lb. etc. . . . Bedstead Cord & under bed . . . etc Kitchen Chamber Bedstead Cord & under Bed 2.50 Bed . . . 96 lb. . . . Meal Chist Best Riding Saddle & bridle Old Riding Sadl. high post Bead Stead 3.50. Mens Chamber Bead & under Bead . . . Bead on same . . . 42 lb. . . . & 74 lb. . . . 2 chairs, Pigen Net 1 Dollr. . . . 1 Linen Wheel 1 Bunch Slay Bells 6 kitchen chairs, 1 pine Table, 1 Do. 2 pr Flatirons 1 Spit .66 cts Bellowses .33 cts 2 pr Candle Sticks 1 Lamp .40 cts . . . Large Brass Kettle 7 Dolls. Small Do. 2.25 2 Brass Skillets, Brass Bason, 3 tin pans Coffee pot & Cullonder, other Tin Ware 4 Puter Dishes, 2 basons 3 porringers . . . Mortar & pestil 12 knives & forks 1.50 White handled Do. 50 cts Bake pan Spider Chafin Dish Tea Kettle & Driping Pan glass Bottles 7 Winegar Casks. Referance is made to his salt marsh lands, 2 woodlots, the hill pasture & homestead.—*Ms. number XLV. Gift of the Misses Clark.*

Inventory of Sarah Sharp's estate made 1792 mentions further "Six Pictures at /8d Warming pan Eight Vollumes of the History of England at 2/8 Two Large Books."—*Ib. No. XLIV.*

By his will made 1763, Robert Sharp left his wife, Susanna, "One half of my new dwelling House and the Garden with the grass platt . . . also my negro woman Jane, and my Silver Tankard . . . also . . . one half of my Poultrey, and honey Bees, . . . also . . . two cows to be kept winter and summer by my Son Robert for her use, and one horse with the Chaise . . . also the sum of twenty pounds Lawfull money year annually . . . also . . . all the money I leave in the house . . . I also give her Twelve Bushell of Indian Corn and Six Bushell of Rie a year Annually so long as she remains my widow, and also ten score of well fed pork, and Twelve Score of Good Beef a year annually And her Firewood at the Door, and so much of the fruit of my orchard as She wants for her own Use, and Six Barrels of Cyder a year annually. . . . Further that my said Son at my decease provide for my wife Two Suits of mourning one for Every Day, and the other for Sabath days, and also a mourning Suit for my daughter Lucy if she remain unmarried . . . ."—*No. XXXV. Copy in Clark Collection. Pub. Lib. 7.*

Nancy's mother, Elizabeth Craft, daughter of Dea. Ebenezer was b. in Roxbury 1747, & m. in 1767 Caleb White, son of Benjamin & Sarah (Aspinwall) White of Brookline. He was b. 1741 grad. Princeton 1762. He was of unusual promise, but d. in 1770, after a fever which deprived him of his reason. His widow "Aunt White," then but 23, lived to the great age of 92, greatly beloved. Mrs. Dana owns an interesting silhouette of her which has been reproduced in the Crafts Book. About 1820 Mrs. White went to her daughter's home in Portsmouth & after her death in 1832 stayed a while with her grandnephew, Henry Goddard at Portland, but soon returned to Heath St. in Brookline, where she died. She mourned her husband's untimely loss, and some MS. meditations on his death are still existing in Mrs. Dana's possession. Also several of her verses on sundry occasions. The Crafts Book gives her description of the Dark Day of 1780, and her account of a freshet in Cypress Street, 1795, in a letter to her niece Betsey.

* "Yesterday being the anniversary of Commencement at the University in Cambridge, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, his Excellency the Governour, his Honour the Lieutenant-Governour, with a number of the Council and Senate, and other gentlemen of character, arrived at Harvard-Hall, having been accompanied on their tour from Boston, by the Sheriff of the County of Suffolk, the Roxbury train of artillery, and a select company of young gentlemen of the town." Among the speakers, E. Gardner of Brookline took part in "A syllogistick dispute of this thesis, *Intercorporis mortem et resuscitationeum, anima cogitutioneum non intermittit.*"— *The Massachusetts Centinel, July 22, 1786.*

HUMOR

We take pleasure in presenting to the public the following exquisite bit of poetry from the pen of our noted humorous correspondent :—

DANDY.

Oh, pup, the rollicking pup,
Drinking his milk from a beautiful cup ;
Gamboling 'round so frisky and free,
First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea ;
Running and jumping after the pony,
Poor little pup, you will soon be
Bologny. G. A. V., '96.

Sophomore — "Every rule has its exceptions."

Junior — "If what you say is true, then it *cannot* be true. For if *every* rule (without exception) has exceptions, then, certainly, *this one* rule, just stated, has *no* exceptions. Therefore, if your statement is true, it is for that very reason *not* true."

A ROMANCE

Chapter one—Maid one.
Chapter two—Maid won.
Chapter three—Made one.—[Ex.

"ASK ME AN EASIER ONE!"

A tall, Illinois lass, named Short, once loved a big Mr. Long. While Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's short-comings. So Short meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Query: Did tall Short love big Little less because Little loved Long?

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subscriptions to THE SAGAMORE may begin with any number. Price, one year, by mail, one dollar, payable in advance to Mr. F. H. Proctor, 100 Davis Ave., Brookline.

A binding will be furnished for files of The Sagamore in good condition; the binding will be in stamped buckram and will cost fifty cents. Files may be left with Mr. Proctor.

The Sagamore appears during the third week of the month. Subscribers will confer a great favor by promptly notifying the Manager of their failure to receive copies.

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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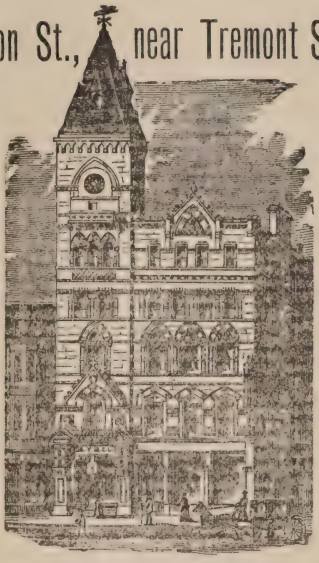

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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 9

JULY

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 2 JULY, 1896 NUMBER 9

THEN IT IS JULY

When you meet a black-eyed daisy
"Coming thro' the rye,"
When you see a primrose nodding
To a butterfly,
When the mullein stalks are gayest,—
Then it is July.

When in ambush by the river
Cardinal flowers lie,
When the purple fringèd orchids
Hear the rushes sigh,
When the Indian pipes are blackened,—
Then it is July.

When the last wild rose of summer
Lingers, but to die,
When the wind thro' tasseled corn-fields
Croons a lullaby,
When all nature laughs and blossoms,—
Then it is July.

—M. B. D., '98.

THE GRADUATING EXERCISES

THE graduating exercises of the Brookline High School took place in the Town Hall, June 18th. The entire school, including the orchestra, was seated on the stage. The boys and girls of the graduating class had their places on either side of the musicians. The audience numbered fully a thousand. Mr. Edward Atkinson delivered the farewell address to the seniors. His subject was "Training for a business career," and he treated it in a very practical manner, giving much sound advice and many valuable suggestions, the result of personal experience. At the conclusion of the address the school sang "Kyrie," a selection from Gounod's "St. Cecilia Mass." Then followed the presentation of diplomas by Mr. W. H. Lincoln, chairman of the School Board. After another selection by the orchestra, the J. Murray Kay prizes, consisting of $50 worth of books, were awarded as follows: For excellence in elocution, the girls' prize, to Miss Effie Heywood; the boys' prize, to Walter S. Smith. Miss Elizabeth E. Marvin won the prize for the best essay on Robert C. Winthrop, while Miss Katherine R. Briggs was the winner of the other historical essay, "Brookline during the Civil War." Next followed the award of the Wm. H. Lincoln medals, by Mr. Lincoln himself. The awards were made as follows: For excellence in English, a gold medal to Edward North; for excellence in French, a silver medal to Miss Pamelia S. Adams; for excellence in Latin, a silver medal to H. Spalding Coffin; for excellence in physics, a silver medal to Arthur M. Osborne; for excellence in mathematics, a silver medal to J. G. Peirce. Commissions were then presented to the officers of the battalion. They are: Major, R. C. Seaver; Adjutant, S. W. Lewis; Sergeant-Major, W. H. Smith. Company A—Captain, F. H. Cook; 1st Lieutenant, F. H. Proctor; 2d Lieutenant, W. W. Aechtler; 1st Sergeant, O. D. Talbot. Company B—Captain, E. L. Parker; 1st Lieutenant, P. R. Dunbar; 2d Lieutenant, F. B. Talbot; 1st Sergeant, J. G. Peirce. Company C—Captain, Benj. Lancey; 1st Lieutenant, E. N. Dorr; 2d Lieutenant, R. S. Shewell; 1st Sergeant, F. Durkee.

The exercises closed with the singing of "Gloria," from Gounod's "St. Cecilia Mass," by the school.

PROGRAMME.

Overture — "The Amazon," . . . . . *Kiesler*
Address — Mr. Edward Atkinson.
Kyrie, from "St. Cecilia Mass," . . . . . *Gounod*
Marian D. Richards, Soprano.
Maude E. Cushing, Contralto.
William H. Smith, Baritone.
Presentation of Diplomas — Mr. William H. Lincoln, Chairman of School Board.
Turkish March, ... *Mozart*
Award of J. Murray Kay prizes — Rev. W. H. Lyon, D. D.
Award of Lincoln medals — Mr. W. H. Lincoln.
Gloria, from "St. Cecilia Mass," . . . . . *Gounod*

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Mary E. Hayes, Annie M. Plummer, M. William Quinlan, Jr.
Gertrude M. Sander, Arthur C. Wise.

IN HONOR OF THE CHAMPIONS

IT is not often that the Brookline High School has shown such genuine enthusiasm as it did on Saturday evening, May 23d, after the decisive baseball game with the English High School, which won for our team the championship of the League, after an unbroken series of victories. We had good reason to be enthusiastic. Our team made no great showing last year, and no one expected much from them this season. It was a surprise to many when we were admitted to the League at the beginning of the year. Surprise increased to astonishment, as we won game after game with apparent ease, until finally we had an unbroken record of six victories to our credit, and the championship was ours. Our team

enjoyed the additional honor of being the first winner of the League since 1892, with a record unbroken by a single defeat.

After the game with the English High School, the team was given a dinner at the Massachusetts Yacht Club, by Mr. H. H. White, and afterward spent a delightful afternoon in Mr. White's yacht, cruising in the harbor.

Toward evening the High School began to show signs of life. The Tau Beta Beta Society gave a reception to the Senior Class. Room 16 was tastefully decorated for the occasion with rugs, cushions, piano lamps and lounges. While the reception was in progress, members of the battalion, dressed in white duck trousers and uniform, were gathering in the lower corridor. At dark the assembly was sounded on the playground, and it was found that nearly the entire battalion was present. The majority had brooms, but a goodly scattering of tin horns gave promise of plenty of noise. Line was formed in front of the main entrance, where were gathered large numbers of admiring teachers and fair wearers of the red and blue. After giving the school cheer, the battalion broke into columns of platoons and marched toward the village, headed by the now immortal members of the baseball nine and a large band. It is safe to say that quiet old Brookline has not been so thoroughly aroused for some time. Whenever the band and the tin horns ceased, out of sheer fatigue, the cheering began. There was cheering by platoons, by companies and *en masse*. There was singing and tooting; in fact, there was not a moment of silence during the whole march.

The battalion finally halted before the house of Mr. Wilson, our athletic B. A. A. instructor in mathematics. In response to cries of "Speech!" "Speech!" Mr. Wilson congratulated our team on their excellent work. He said that their victory was an example of what pluck and determination could accomplish. The first requisite for a winning team is, of course, a good leader. Sam Lewis was certainly *the* ideal captain. Mr. Wilson went on to enumerate the good points of every player in turn, and each name was the signal for renewed bursts of applause.

The battalion finally returned to the playgrounds, where, after dress parade, the companies were dismissed.

NEWTON-BROOKLINE JOINT DEBATE

THE annual joint debate between our school and the Newton High School occurred May 29th, at Newton. For the first time since the institution of the debates, judges were appointed and a decision on the merits of the debate was rendered. Brookline was defeated by a small margin, for, although our debaters presented a better appearance on the platform, and perhaps had their subject more in hand, yet the judges decided that the weight of argument was on the Newton side. The subject for debate was: *Resolved, That the United States should recognize a state of belligerency in the Island of Cuba.* Henderson Kellogg opened the debate for Brookline, on the affirmative side. He reviewed the Cuban struggle for liberty, and dwelt especially on Spain's failure to keep her promises of reform. Cuba is in much the same position as were our colonies in 1776, and it has an equal claim to freedom. Arthur W. Hollis of Newton followed in the negative. He said it was a question of fact, not sentiment. For the United States to recognize belligerency it must first exist. The Cubans could fight, but they fulfilled none of the requirements which constitute belligerency. J. Gilbert Peirce responded for Brookline. He suggested that a recognition of belligerency was not a declaration of war. In any event war with Spain was not to be dreaded, when the cause of humanity was at stake. Ernest W. Clarke responded in the negative. He believed that if the United States were to recognize Cuban belligerency, she would lose her high place among nations. Cuba knows nothing of government and is not fit to be a nation. Charles W. Kellogg closed the arguments for the affirmative in a speech which won for him well-merited applause. He demanded, if there were no war in Cuba, why Spain had been obliged to send 150,000 troops to the island. The Cubans were fighting bravely for right and liberty, and deserved recognition at the hands of the United States. A war with Spain was not to be dreaded by us. Ernest H. Wilkins of Newton was the last speaker of the evening. Mr. Wilkins thought the mystery which surrounded the status of affairs in Cuba justified the refusal of belligerent rights. All the essential elements were lacking. War with Spain was not to be dreaded, but it might not be right.

HISTORY OF BROOKLINE

IN Governor Winthrop's time, Brookline, called then the hamlet of Muddy River, was a mere wilderness where Indians were daily seen canoeing up and down the little stream. On the banks of this river were excellent oyster beds, and barrels of oysters were shipped to Boston for export. It is supposed that most of the brick used in the houses of Boston during the seventeenth century were made of rich clay taken from this town. The forests were magnificent; but, as ship-building in Boston increased, they slowly dwindled into barren fields.

In 1705, the hamlet of Muddy River became the town of Brookline. The only way to reach this town from Boston was by going out over the neck to the Norfolk House Hill, then by Tremont street to the Roxbury line and up Washington street to Brookline village. Where the Lyceum Building stands on Washington street was the site of the first Punch Bowl Tavern, and here was to be found the life of the town. The farmers of Newton used to visit this tavern on their way home from market, as did the farmers of Brighton and Cambridge. The last Punch Bowl was on the corner of Washington street and Brookline avenue, where the Brookline gas-house now stands.

The Milldam was built in 1821 at the cost of half a million dollars —a very large expenditure for a small town. It was seldom used at first, for the farmers were not willing to pay the fourpence toll; their descendants are reaping the benefit of their prudence.

During the year 1833 only six gentlemen of means resided in Brookline the year round. In 1857 the Longwood bridge across Muddy River was built and about this time Aspinwall avenue was constructed. The plan for the great Park system was made in 1880. It extended from the Back Bay Basin through Brookline to Jamaica Pond, thence to the Arnold Arboretum and Franklin Park, thence to the great pier at City Point. This makes a fifteen mile ride from Boston through the suburbs and back to Boston without leaving the Park. The beauties of this park are seen in the magnificent sandstone bridges, in the Telford roads and in the pleasing effect of the gardens and groves.

While Brookline was growing, its need for a pure and abundant supply of water increased, till in 1872 a committee was sent to the mayor of Boston to see if that city would supply its neighbor's want. When Brookline found that Boston could not afford to share its water supply, it obtained by petition to the General Court the right to take water from Charles River. A dam and tide-gate were built in this year on Brookline avenue to keep the tide-water from causing a nuisance in Muddy River. The tide used to come up this river as far as the gas-house and up the old brook to the bath-house. The Creek, as it was called, between the Longwood bridge and the village, used to be the swimming place for the boys. This town is now supplied by its own water works in Cow Bay, West Roxbury, and it has both a high and a low service supply.

As fast as the town grew the schools improved. In the forties, the High School was started with about a dozen pupils and one instructor; we have in the school today two hundred and seventy pupils and seventeen teachers. The lower schools have increased even more rapidly.

While the town was thus developing, it kept the streets in good condition, always spending money freely. In the forties it enjoyed a reputation for good roadways and today the streets are recognized as the best in the Commonwealth.

In the forties, traveling was by omnibus. A ride to Boston cost twelve and one-half cents; now we have electric cars and steam cars; while it took the omnibus one hour and a half to reach Boston we can reach the city by the electrics in thirty minutes and in the steam cars in ten minutes.

The post-office has enlarged its quarters and increased its delivery department, so that now instead of going for mail the citizens receive it at their own houses three times a day.

The fire department in the fifties consisted of one hand-engine, Hunneman I., and forty-five call men, who drew the engines to all the fires. Since then the town has prospered and has here and there added a hose carriage and other apparatus until we now have three hose carriages, one steam engine, one chemical engine, one combination wagon, one hook-and-ladder truck, and one coal wagon.

During the ten years preceding the war there were constables protecting this town. The head constable in the village was John Dustin, and he could call for whatever aid he wanted, usually receiving more than was needed. The constables would join in most of the games with the boys. Just think of such a thing happening today! At present our force consists of a chief, one inspector, two lieutenants, three sergeants, twenty-five patrolmen, and five constables.

Only about a dozen boys lived in the village proper during the early fifties, and all were learning trades. Once a week these fellows would go to the old National Theater, at the North End, on the corner of Portland and Traverse streets. Every Sunday the boys would meet in the village and decide how many were going. Money at this time was scare and twenty-five cents, the sum needed, was often hard to save during the preceding week. The following night, Monday, they would assemble in the square, and the smallest boy would buy the steam-car tickets from the ticket agent, who sold them for nine cents, thus making a cent, while the boys saved a cent. When they reached the theater, the oldest and strongest boy would secure tickets for the upper balcony for thirteen cents. After the play was over, the party would walk up Sudbury street, through Court and out Washington street, over the "Neck," and over the Norfolk House hill to Tremont street as far as the Roxbury line, and then follow the present Washington street to the town pump. The place occupied by this historic landmark was in front of the house now owned by Mr. J. Guilfoyle on Washington street. Here a grocery store was kept by Mr. J. Anson Guild. Before going home the boys would sit around the pump and drink the sparkling water, while discussing the merits of the actors and the play. It surely was a case of "we won't go home till morning."

The advantages for a boy today are a hundred times better than forty years ago. Then, there were no Public Library, no electric cars, no public water supply, and all the water was carried by hand; the school system was imperfect and the protection shown to night travelers from Boston was so defective that a number of murders occurred. We have today a Public Library, a grand school system,

and our own water supply, and these are recognized by every State in the Union to be the best. With such a glorious foundation any young man can make a good living if he will accept the opportunity offered, by the richest town in the Commonwealth, noted for the excellence of its roads, for its superb school system, and for the admirable way in which it governs itself. —Q., '96.

An exhibit was opened at the High School on June 11, 12 and 13, of the work done in manual training, physics, art, biology, domestic science and dress-making. The exhibit was not confined to work done by High School pupils, but included some fine displays from the lower grades. The art exhibit was remarkably fine, and included pencil, pen-and-ink, charcoal and water-color work. The display of manual training work, done by High School pupils, was especially noteworthy from the fact that the course was offered for the first time this year. Mr. Packard's exhibit in the physical laboratory was perhaps the most interesting of all. On the tables were placed the apparatus used in performing the forty experiments required at Harvard. Beside each group of apparatus was placed a neat paper, with drawings illustrating that particular experiment and a description of the method of procedure. On one table an X-ray machine, consisting of a Holtz machine driven by a motor, and a Crookes tube was in constant operation. Here, with the aid of a fluoroscope, visitors were enabled literally to gain an insight into themselves. In the domestic science room was exhibited a tempting array of dainty dishes,—jellies, cakes, pies, etc., were displayed in bewildering profusion. Most of the dishes had evidently been prepared with an eye to artistic effect, but "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Edward North, Edgehill Road, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 12th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

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This number closes Volume II. of THE SAGAMORE. The editors of the class of '96 yield their places, with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction, to those who are to follow. With regret at being obliged to quit an occupation both interesting and beneficial — with satisfaction in the knowledge that their places are to be well and ably filled by those chosen to succeed them. The present editors have tried to conduct the paper with one aim always in view — that of making it distinctly a High School production, devoted to the interests of the school, as its title implies. They have tried to uphold the high standard set by last year's editors, and to place the paper in the hands of their successors in as good a condition as they found it. This, of course, could not be accomplished without the coöperation of the

members of the school. Although the interest manifested in the paper during the first of the year was not as great as might have been desired, yet the steady increase in number and the improvement in quality of the contributions received, soon showed a willingness on the part of all to further the interests of THE SAGAMORE. If, during the coming year, the members of the school stand loyally by THE SAGAMORE, and give the editors their hearty support, both financially and otherwise, we feel confident in predicting that a short time will suffice to make it a leader among High School publications.

At a meeting of the Editorial Board, held June 10, the editors for the school year of 1896-7 were chosen. They are as follows: Editor-in-chief, Walter A. Parker, '97; associates, Maude B. Dutton, '98, and Henderson Kellogg, '97; class editor, Frederica Sawyer, '97; business manager, Chas. W. Kellogg, Jr., '97; assistant business manager, J. Nelson Manning, '98. All members of the board who do not graduate this year retain their positions thereon, with the exception of Albert C. Morse, who has resigned because of his studies.

We extend (figuratively speaking) our inky editorial fingers in greeting to our successors, and wish them all good luck.

The School Committee have voted to discontinue military drill at the High School. We are glad to hear it. It is a step in the right direction. There cannot be the slightest doubt that a regular system of physical training, substituted for the drill, will be of much greater practical value. It is proposed to have some such system, and at the same time to retain the setting-up exercises and the marching. The manual of arms, however, will be entirely done away with, and the carrying of guns will be a thing of the past. Thus the really beneficial features of the drill, supplemented by other exercises, will be retained, while the positively harmful effects caused by carrying a gun, will be eliminated.

NEWS NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Packard will spend the summer journeying a-wheel through Germany.

Mr. Sanford and family will make a bicycle tour through Normandy and part of England during the summer.

Next year a shed will be put up to accommodate the increasing number of bicycles. Lockers are also to be provided, at last, in the "locker-room."

Mr. F. W. Hobbs has presented to the school a picture of Columbus sighting America. The picture is unique, from the fact that it was designed and woven in silk at the Arlington Mills, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. Cabot has been giving a series of valuable practical talks to the senior girls. The last one took place the day after graduation, when luncheon was served in the reception-room from the domestic science laboratory.

A number of fine pieces of statuary have been bought with the money donated by Mr. George W. Armstrong for that purpose. These new acquisitions to the art department are to be known as the Armstrong collection.

The Senior Class reception occurred in Shailer hall on the evening of June 17. A large number of invited guests were present. The matrons were Mrs. Ira B. Cushing and Mrs. Willard A. Vose. There was dancing from eight until twelve.

R. C. Seaver, '96, and Beals Wright, of the Boston English High School, won the Maine Interscholastic Tennis Championship in the doubles. They played against Dana and Pendleton, the Maine champions, beating them 6-3, 6-4, 7-9, 3-6, 6-4. The match occurred at Portland, June 13. Mr. George Wright, of Wright & Ditson, accompanied the players, and they were shown great kindness by Mr. Marsh, one of the principals of the Portland High School.

Frank Hutchins, who played such a phenomenal game behind the bat for B. H. S., heads the list of interscholastic catchers with the enviable record of 1.000 per cent; that is, he went through the season without an error. Nelson Manning easily leads the pitchers, with the fielding average of .968. Capt. Lewis is a close third on first base, with .953 per cent. R. C. Seaver tops the list of left fielders; his average was .933. Arthur Wise is second among the center fielders, with .882 per cent to his credit. Sam Lewis is second on the batting list, with .464.

Mr. Prescott F. Hall, a member of the Immigration Restriction League, addressed the school on June 2d. He spoke of the laws recently enacted for the restriction of immigration, by which certain classes, such as idiots and paupers, are now denied entrance into the country. Mr. Hall described the method by which a load of immigrants is landed at New York. The steerage passengers are carried to Ellis Island, where they go through a medical inspection and are examined as the law requires. Those not detained pass on to another part of the building, where are situated railway ticket offices, telegraph and steamship offices, missionary and contractors agencies. The Italian government has an agent here, who gives advice and information to Italians. From Ellis Island the immigrants are put on board trains or vessels which will take them to their destinations.

Dr. George L. Meylan, a graduate of the University of New York, and physical director of large experience, is to be the Medical Director and Associate Physical Director of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Frank O. Speare, a practical educator of ten years' experience, has been appointed Superintendent of the Educational Department of said Association. The standard of this work will be raised, making it more thorough and meeting the needs of the young men much better. Both of these appointments will take effect September 1st next. The Association course next fall will also be considerably improved. Starting with November 5th there will be sixteen first-class entertainments, which alone will be worth the price of membership. The rates will remain the same, $2 for regular ticket, and $10 for the gymnasium ticket, except that a new $5 ticket will be issued covering the educational privileges, not embraced in the $2 ticket. The meetings for young men and Bible classes will be in the hands of able leaders. The College Department of the Association is also laying broad plans for the fall and winter work, which will be inaugurated with a large students' reception in the association building.

The annual J. Murray Kay prize speaking contest occurred June 16, in Shailer Hall. The large audience present showed how great was the interest excited by the event. The speaking was excellent, and was fully up to the standard of former years, but, contrary to all established precedents, the senior class won neither of the prizes. The winner of the girls' prize was Miss Effie Heywood, '98, who recited a dialect story, entitled "A Queer Wooing," from her own pen. The story was remarkably well written. Miss Heywood undoubtedly has literary talent. Her delivery was natural, easy and free from constraint and labored gestures. The competition for the

boys' prize was very close, and the judges found it difficult to make a decision. Walter S. Smith, '97, was finally announced as the winner. His selection was a humorous scene from the play of Rip Van Winkle. The piece was a difficult one, but Mr. Smith acquitted himself creditably. The judges were Mr. Walter H. Page, Hon. C. F. Sprague and Miss Helena S. Dudley. The programme:

Music: "Princesse de Trebizonde," . . . . *Offenbach*
THE ORCHESTRA.

1. The Victories of Peace, ... *Charles Sumner*
WALTER PARKER.
2. The Maiden Martyr, ... *Anon*
MISS C. LOUISE BROWN.
3. Selection from Ian Maclaren, ...
H. SPAULDING COFFIN.
4. How Girls Fish, ... *Anon*
MISS LOUISE PARKER.

Music: Solo and Chorus—"The Image of the Rose," . . *Reichardt*
THE GLEE CLUB — MARIAN D. RICHARDS, Soloist.

5. Selection from "Elaine," . . . . . *Tennyson*
MISS HELEN PARKER.
6. The Defence of Hofer, ... *Anon*
GEORGE W. WALTER.
7. Eva's Death, ... *Mrs. H. B. Stowe*
MISS ROSALIE SIMPSON.
8. The Gamin, ... *Victor Hugo*
WILLIAM H. SMITH.

Music: Cornet Solo—"Softly Rang the Bells of Heaven," . *Catlin*
CHARLES BISHOP, Cornetist. GLEE CLUB.

9. The Bishop and the Caterpillar, ... *Anon*
MISS MARION HAY.
10. The Strike at the Forge, ... *From the French of Coppée*
R. CHAUNCEY SEAVER.
11. A Strange Wooing, ... *Effie Heywood*
MISS EFFIE HEYWOOD.
12. Selection from the play of Rip Van Winkle, . . .
WALTER S. SMITH.

Music: (*a*) Solos and Chorus—"The Moon Just Peeps from out the Sea," *Bishop*
GLEE CLUB.
MARIAN D. RICHARDS, First Soprano.
HELEN L. PARKER, Second Soprano.
MAUDE E. CUSHING, Contralto.
(*b*) March—"King Cotton," . . . . *Sousa*

W. B. Boyce, '97, with a handicap of 1 ft. 6 in., won the broad jump at the Boston Athletic Association's open handicap games, June 16. Boyce's actual jump was 20 ft. 9 in.

The cup won by the base-ball nine was offered by the Boston Athletic Association. It is to be open for competition during ten years, and will then become the property of the school which has won it the greatest number of times. It is ours now, and we will not give it up without a hard struggle.

The High School Directory has appeared this year in an enlarged and improved form. One of the most valuble additions to the book is the course of study offered at the High School. This includes the classical, which prepares for any college; the sub-classical, which prepares for the literary and Latin-scientific courses at college; the technical, which prepares for scientific and technical schools; and the general, which aims to give a well-rounded education. A list of books for collateral reading in connection with the regular work of the school is given. It is intended that this list shall be enlarged and improved from year to year, so that it will soon be of great value, especially in the study of English literature.

ALUMNI NOTES

S. F. Sears, '92, graduated from Harvard *cum laude* in June. He will teach this fall.

C. M. Proctor, '94, has made a most acceptable president of the Winthrop Lyceum during the past year.

S. H. Foster, '91, and W. G. Nash, '92, has opened a law-office in Brookline.

W. C. Preé, '94, was graduated *cum laude* from the Boston University Law School in June.

The engagement of Mr. C. B. Duncklee, '89, to Miss Elizabeth Dana is announced.

Edward B. Drew, a former sub-master, is to be the host of Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of China, when the latter visits America. Mr. Drew has lived in China many years, and has been made a mandarin by the Emperor.

ATHLETICS

BASE-BALL.

THE last and decisive game of the season, and the one which gained for us the championship of the League, occurred on the South End grounds, May 22. Our opponent was the English High School, and it proved by no means as formidable as in foot-ball last year. Our fellows shut the E.H.S. out entirely in one of the finest games played this season. The whole game, as far as scoring is concerned, was played in the first three innings. During these innings we made our six runs, while not an English High man reached first base. Lewis and the battery did all the work. There was but one put-out in the out-field during the game. Hardly a man on either team made an error after the fifth inning. Manning pitched the game of his life. In the fourth inning, with no one out and a man on third base, he struck out three men in one, two, three order. The score:—

BROOKLINE.	ab.	r.	bh.	tb.	po.	a.	e.
Seaver l	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Lewis 1	3	0	3	3	10	0	1
Hutchins, c	5	1	1	1	10	1	0
Kernan r	5	2	0	0	0	1	0
Aechtler 2	5	2	0	0	1	2	1
Manning p	3	0	0	0	0	5	0
Parker s	4	1	3	3	0	0	0
Lancey 3	4	0	2	2	5	2	0
Wise m	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Total	37	6	9	9	27	11	2

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.	ab.	r.	bh.	tb.	po.	a.	e.
Nettleton 3	4	0	1	1	4	4	2
Whitney r	4	0	0	0	0	1	1
Murphy s	4	0	0	0	1	4	3
Bogan m	4	0	1	1	3	0	0
O'Reilly 2	3	0	0	0	5	1	1
Carroll 1	3	0	1	1	7	0	0
Walsh l	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
Cronin c	2	0	0	0	6	3	1
Stewart p	2	0	1	1	1	3	0
Totals	29	0	4	4	27	16	9

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Brookline	0	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0—6

Stolen bases, Seaver 2, Lewis, Parker, Lancey, Whitney, Stewart. Sacrifice hit, Lewis. First base on balls, Seaver, Lewis, Cronin. Struck out, Seaver 2, Kernan, Wise 2, Murphy 3, Bogan 2, Cronin, O'Reilly 2. Hit by pitched ball, Manning. Time 1h 50 m. Umpires Farren and Stone.

Following is a summary of the league games played this season:

Brookline High School	vs.	Somerville High School	.....	9 to 6
" " "	vs.	Roxbury Latin "	.....	14 to 1
" " "	vs.	Boston " "	.....	8 to 7
" " "	vs.	Hopkinson's "	.....	15 to 9
" " "	vs.	Cambridge High and Latin School	.....	8 to 6
" " "	vs.	English High School	.....	6 to 0

Of the players on our team, Lewis, Seaver and Lancey lead in batting average, .465, .322 and .315 respectively. In fielding, Hutchins has the almost unprecedented average of 1.000, or absolutely perfect; he had 46 chances.

The Interscholastic standing is:

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent. won.
Brookline High	6	0	1.000
Cambridge High and Latin	4	1	.800
Somerville High	3	2	.600
English High	2	2	.500
Hopkinson	2	3	.400
Roxbury Latin	2	4	.200
Boston Latin	0	6	.000

The second weekly handicap games occurred Friday, May 29th. The numerous close finishes showed that the handicapping had already greatly improved. The summary:—

120-yards hurdle—Won by E. Ritchie, '97 (handicap 15 yards); second, R. C. Seaver (scratch). Time, 14 1-5 seconds.

Broad jump—Won by F. B. Talbot, '96 (handicap 2 feet); second, J. M. Driscoll, '96 (scratch); third, W. B. Boyce, '97 (handicap 3 inches); distance, 19 feet 1 1-2 inches.

100-yards dash—Won by H. F. Woods, '98 (10 yards); second, W. B. Boyce (scratch); third, M. W. Quinlan, '96 (scratch). Time, 10 4-5 seconds.

High jump—R. Morse, '99 (6 inches), and E. Ritchie, '97 (4 inches), tied for first place; second, W. B. Boyce (scratch); R. C. Seaver (scratch), H. F. Woods (6 inches), R. Shewell (8 inches), tied for third place. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

440-yards run—Won by E. Ritchie (28 yards); C. L. Perkins '99 (30 yards) and H. S. Hirshberg, '96 (20 yards) tied for second place. Time, 56 seconds.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS.

The Interscholastic sports occurred on Holmes' Field, Cambridge, June 5th. Brookline had fifteen men entered. W. B. Boyce won the hammer-throw and made five points for us. He threw the hammer 123 feet, coming within two feet of the Interscholastic record. Brookline was tied for sixth place among thirteen schools.

OUR ANNUAL SPRING MEETING.

The annual spring meeting this year was the largest which has yet been held, but it was less interesting than usual on account of the few entries in the track events and the unusually large number in the field events. '96 beat '97 by only one point. This does not, however, include the pole vault, which had to be postponed because no pole could be had. It was a pretty close thing for '96, but by hard work they managed to come out ahead. Boyce did practically all the work for his class, winning every event in which he was entered. The only record broken was the half-mile (880 yards);

Seaver lowered E. N. Wrightington's time of 2 min. 24⅖ sec., to 2 min. 20⅘ sec. Summary:

100-yards dash—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97; second, M. W. Quinlan, Jr., '96; third, N. J. Rust, Jr., '96. Time, 11 seconds.

220-*yards dash*—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97; second, M. W. Quinlan, Jr., '96; third, E. M. Brush, '98. Time, 26 seconds.

440-yards dash—Won by R. C. Seaver, '96; second, M. W. Quinlan, Jr., '96; third, A. E. Richie, '97. Time, 58 1-5 seconds.

880-yards dash—Won by R. C. Seaver, '96; second, N. J. Rust, Jr., '96; third, H. S. Hirshberg, '96. Time, 2 minutes 20 4-5 seconds.

100-yards dash (fourth class)—Won by E. N. Dorr, '99; second, W. Mayo, '99. Time, 12 seconds.

220-yards hurdle—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97; second, R. C. Seaver, '96; third, M. W. Quinlan, Jr., '96. Time, 28 2-5 seconds.

Running high jump—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97; second, R. C. Seaver, '96; third, A. E. Ritchie, '97. Height, 5 feet 3 5-8 inches.

Running broad jump—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97; second, J. M. Driscoll, '96; third, R. C. Seaver, '96. Distance, 19 feet 3-4 inch.

Running hop, step and jump—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97; second, R. C. Seaver, '96; third, J. M. Driscoll, '96. Distance, 40 feet 6 inches.

Throwing 12-pound hammer—Won by W. B. Boyce, '97; second, L. T. Hallett, '98; third, C. A. Sylvester, '97. Distance, 112 feet.

Class points—	'96.	'97.	'98.	'99.
100-yards dash	4	5		
220-yards dash	3	5	1	
440-yards dash	5.3	1		
880-yards run	5.3.1			
220-yards hurdles	4	5		
Running high jump	3	5.1		
" hop, step and jump	3.1	5		
" broad jump	3.1	5		
Hammer throw		5.1	3	
Pole vault	..	..	..	..
Points in spring meet	37	24	6	5
Points for indoor meet	39	38	4	0
Total	76	62	10	5

C. W. KELLOGG, JR.

HUMOR

FROM OUR FUNNY EXCHANGES

Teacher—"Define quartz."

Milkman's son (absently)—"Pint and a half."

"Let me in. I'm the court sculptor," said the nihilist as he edged his way into the royal palace. "Hold on. How's that?" asked the guard. "I'm preparing to make a bust of the Czar," replied the former as he lit the bomb.

Johnny—"Hey, Jimmy, what yer got that leather in the seat of yer pants fer?"

Jimmy—"Teacher's going to see me after school and this is me base relief. See?"

We had a dream the other night,
When everything was still,
We dreamt that each subscriber came
Right up and paid his bill.

"I hear the Apache Indians have broken out again."

"Heavens, how many have they murdered?"

"Nobody; they've got the measles."

Should Paderewski play Tcharkowski
'Twould make me feel sofriski,
I'd have to leave the operhouski
And take a nipofwhiski.

Literary young man (at party)—"Miss Smith, I suppose you are familiar with Crabbe's Tales?"

Young lady (scornfully)—"I was not aware that crabs had tails."

Literary young man (confusedly)—"I beg your pardon, Miss Smith, I should have said *read* Crabbe's Tales."

Young lady (still more scornfully)—"I was not aware that they had red tails either."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Mrs. Brayton-Valise, in "Points About the Flour of the Family," Boston Household, August, 1895.

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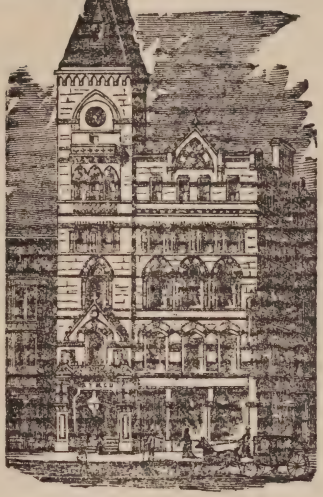

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